

Screwed Up Click, My Grizzlet

(*talking*)

Yeah-yeah (yes sir), yeah (this your nig) C-Wig
Ya dig (ya dig), oh-oh I'm tripping (yeah), oh yeah
They already know though shit, I'm out of line man
This is Volume 2, this is what the fuck we do
Nigga I told you that shit huh
(do you hear this motherfucking shit), yeah-yeah listen

(Chris Ward)

A lot of hoe niggaz speaking war, but really mean peace
Fuck hibernating, cause shit I am a mean beast
I love the South, I was raised on these mean streets
I run through dirty turf, and stil I come out with clean cleats
Oh you looking for some work, in the green sheets
Fuck that, I'll get you some work to stack some green sheets
Cars to hustle, you don't know how much time I spent
On the grind trying to structure, and design my print
I'm the one behind the chrome grill, behind the Bent'
And you can see the pinky ring, on the grill behind the tint
Along with that the bracelet, and the charm got freeze
A lot of niggaz play hard, but softer than hot cheese
I'm C-Wigg, or C-Weez
The same one that told y'all, he's fresher than Free-Breeze
I'm stil most wanted, stil most hated
My mail come heavily steadily, whether or not it's postdated
And cause I'm out on bond, they say I'm a mobster
But I ain't looking for trouble, I'm just looking to prosper
You might catch me eating chicken and shrimp, fetticini pasta
S.U.C,'s my click, and M.O.B. is the roster
I stay's on my grizzlet, because I got's to
One day I'm Dickie suited, the next day it's LaCasta
But if you'd like, you could come to my la casa
Then you'd understand why, I walk and talk with a posture
That let's you know, that I'm one of the freshest
But if you play with me, I'll leave you and your crew stretched out on stretchers nigga
You ain't gotta like my kind
Matter of fact, you ain't gotta like my rhymes
That's why everytime I spit it, I make sure you feel it
And let these haters know, I got a trifling mind bitch

(*talking*)

Ha-ha, that's real spit (for real)
Like 40-Water would say, just listen

(Hook - 2x)

I grind cause I gotta grind, shine cause I gotta shine
I'm the reason that they wearing shades, cause I got 'em blind

(*talking*)

Ha-ha you know, it don't stop mayn
I do this all the time mayn, for real you know

(Chris Ward)

I ain't come here looking for love, I came looking for a check
But at the same time, I ain't even looking for respect
Cause I take what's mine, and that's what's good to me
And there's nothing, that these wanna-be rappers can do to me
Real niggaz feel my shit, cause I spit it truthfully
That's why when it comes out, it sounds beautifully
Real niggaz feel my shit, cause I spit it truthfully
That's why when it comes out, it sounds beautifully
Fa sho, the Yellowstone Spokesman's in the house
Whatever you need get at me, in my neck of the South I got ya

(*talking*)
Naw on the for real though
When you in my neck of the South, I got ya nigga

(Hook)