

Screwed Up Click, Pop Your Trunk

(Hook: Drastic - 2x)

Gon and pop your trunk, and sip your drank
With your wide body, hogging the road
Gon and smoke your dro, throw up your set
Where you from fool (7-1-Tre)

(H.A.W.K.)

7-1-3 boy, smoke good tree boy
Jam Bun B boy, free Pimp C boy
Yeah it's me boy, raised in the 3 boy
The South's Jay-Z boy, get a load of me boy
I'm so thoed, riding in a wide body load
Remote control, just to see the top unfold
I'm hogging the road, in something with fo' do's
With fo' hoes, ready to take off they clothes
You been exposed, to a place ain't no dirt roads
It's elbows and vogues, or you rolling deuce 4's
Fades and afros, and designer clothes
You in the big leagues now, you dealing with pros
We been doing this, since '86
T-tops and ricks, and I bang the six
Y'all boys new to this, to us it's old
Remember 7-1-3, is the area code

(Hook - 2x)

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Where you from fool (2-8-1)

(Lil' Keke)

Ok I get it how I live, cause it must be done
It's either 7-1-3, or probably 2-8-1
They say Lil' Keke is a legend, so how long will you mourn
Smoke the dank and sip the drank, because I'm Texas born
I'm a Custom Made Gangsta, C.M.G. on the plate
I'm in a wide body beamer, call it quarter to eight
Catch me slipping and sliding, prolly banging up in my tape
If you coming 2-8-1, then you exit the Beltway
Take I-10 to 6-10, but take your time
I'm passing by the galleria, them laws from 59
Got three area codes, cause we back in demand
But don't ever get it twisted, it's Priches or Timmy Chan's
Thug Dirt layed the fire, so it's def'nitely good
From the bottom to the top, I give it back to the hood
It's the 7-1-Tre, call it the 8-3-2
We represent for 2-8-1, cause my niggaz that's what it do

(Hook - 2x)

Gon and pop your trunk, and sip your drank
With your wide body, hogging the road
Gon and smoke your dro, throw up your set
Where you from fool (8-3-2)

(Big Pokey)

Sensei'll kill the beat, make a nigga feel the heat
Yellowstone Texas nigga, tough as guerilla meat
15's in the trunk, kicking like guerilla feet
Hard top flat screen, palamine pillow seats
Never let a broad, take me out of my mind
Podina gon make her break, and pay me like a fine
Me I get the work, go straight to the mound
Old school hitting switches, nigga scraping the ground
I'm the same nigga repping for time

At the house screaming money over bullshit, safe on the grind
Them wankstas in the way daddy, they finna find
The flood gates open, soon as I'm finna break me it dizzown
The rap game, kinda remind me of the grid iron
In the heat all day on my feet, putting my bid down
I go off like a seed nine, cold in the booth
7-60 with the wig down, 8-3-2

(Hook)

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Where you from fool (7-1-Tre)
Gon and pop your trunk, and sip your drank
With your wide body, hogging the road
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Where you from fool (2-8-1)
Gon and pop your trunk, and sip your drank
With your wide body, hogging the road
Gon and smoke your dro, throw up your set
Where you from fool (8-3-2)