

Screwed Up Click, Reppin S.U.C.

(*talking*)

Yeah, for the motherfucking struggle
Southwest-West y'all, Fat Rat Lil' O nigga
A nigga still here nigga, still holding it down ya feel me
I ain't just there yet but nigga, I'm pretty close

(Lil' O)

It can't rain forever, but dear Lord change the weather
I'm getting tired man, I've been chasing change forever
And I still ain't got me, the Range with leather
Will I have, hunger pains forever
No I will not, no I will not accept that fate
It's like moving rocks forever, I'ma get that weight
It's like starving forever, I'ma get that plate
I'm a motherfucking hustler, let's get that straight
That means I'm use to the losses, and minor set backs
And anything a nigga lost, a nigga'll get back
Lil' O's back to ball, tell them niggaz I said that
My balls is my word, so believe you can bet that
I do, what I said I would do
And when I go triple plat', I yell I did it for Screw
Yeah all my H-Town niggaz, yeah I did it for you
P-A-T, Mafio, B.G. Gator all my homies dead and gone
I can't forget the whole crew, who ain't here to see the mills
Cause growing up in H-town, where it's real in the field
When I say S.U.C., know that blood got spilled
When I say S.U.C., know that thugs got killed
So when I say S.U.C., know it mean a lot to me
It mean before I stop, you gotta bring a glock to me
It means when I drop dog, how could you not Screw me
And listen to these beautiful words
Slow down, this is how it go down in the cocaine state
Where if you sip on the syrup, man you gon gain weight
Where if you ride on 4's, man you gon get hate
But if you try to jack my 4's, man you gon get ate
By a 44 Caliber
I am a nigga, on a whole nother caliber
Swing on a nigga ass, like Excalibur the sword my Lord
Look at how he chopped up the Boulevard, he's hard for real nigga

(*talking*)

Yeah, West-West y'all
It's Lil' O nigga, S.U.C. baby whoa