

Screwed Up Click, When Da Chips R Down

(*talking*)

Free Corey Blunt, yeah
Free my nigga K-K, rest in peace DJ Screw
It's your boy, we giving our life cold and raw
S.U.C., we back in here mayn
We giving it to 'em mayn, kick the hook nigga

(Hook)

Down, the pain just feeling down
When the chips are down, (down)
You got to lose all feeling
You heard those, running round

(Mike D)

I'm trying to live on the straight and narrow, keep my eyes on the sparrow
Reality in life, fall down to the dinero
Either you got it or don't, or out there trying to get it
And everybody and they mama, trying to come back with it
That's why I, stay on a mission in the kitchen with my extras
Moving all over Texas, trying to get all my extras
Sagging down I-10, with the FED's on my Lexus
15 to life in the slammer, is what them slippers'll get ya
That's why I stay on my toes, and did away with my hoes
Make my moves one deep, cause I'm still on parole
Living my life, like it go
Each day I walk down that road, come on

(Hook - 2x)

(Trae)

It's funny how you niggaz, said that I wasn't shit
But now I'm into they careers, and niggaz straight up sick
I remember when Screw was living, he would give me the game
And threw my song on plenty dubs, so he gave me the fame
Me and Ro was on Few Quay, living with weed
Watching them niggaz grind the streets, while I was grinding the beats
The who was game being shed, for my head in the dark
And helped me keep my faith, now I'm on the top of the charts
It's been a long road, watching everything unfold
And it's a blessing I'm still living, so I watch how I roll
And I remember what it was, so now I'm platinum or gold
Whether you love it or you hate it, I remain to be cold for real

(Hook)

(*talking*)

Your head going round and round, feel now
Corleone, putting chips down mayn, could lose it all

(Mike D)

My attitude right now fuck 'em all, can't complain though
Right back strained up, behind the same lame hoe
Some'ing gotta shake, I can't keep doing the same ole'
Shit thinking this bitch, is gon ever change bro
I'm tired of my people, hollin' bout they said it's hard
I'm tired of my heart, letting me do thangs I regret bro
It's time to love her enough, and let go
Cut my losses where I stand, let a hoe be a hoe
I done gave all I can give, ain't no mo' to give now
This shit you got me in, got me cold as steel now
I wouldn't be tripping, if I was locked up for drugs
Too real a nigga, to keep being a sucker for love

(Hook - 2x)

(Mike D)

This go out, to my niggaz in the beam

Locked up, life sentences naw I mean

My nigga Corey Blunt, I miss your ass so much

C fucked up, I'm out and you locked up

We use to run the streets together

Cut on butter, and make hoes stutter

And that nigga, K-K

True to the game, means that boy roll back in the day