

# 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