

Screwed Up Click, Breathe

(*talking*)

Take Over, the album coming this summer baby
2005 get ready for it baby, they said it wouldn't ever happen
It's going down right now, young gun Po-Yo, Lil' O
Mike D, 3-2, breathe-breathe-breathe (just blaze)

(H.A.W.K.)

I breathe with ease, just like I throw them B's
Puff on trees, like Fat Rat I chase the cheese
I'm in the matrix, like Keanu Reeves
Equipped with thieves, and G's with college degrees
Please believe, our franchise better than Steve's
We push V's, with tops down feeling the breeze
Your main squeeze, is on these N-U-T's
On her knees, and she's aiming to please
Cause I'm riding in a Coupe, the color of mustard
Inside custard, one deep ain't no room for busters
Inhale exhale, and spit flawless raps
And I'm gon give these boys hell, till my lungs collapse
And if you ashmatic, don't start no static
I be hanging erratic, the situation could get tragic
So take heed, or motherfuckers bound to bleed
With your homeboy yelling, my nigga please

(*talking*)

Y'all niggaz better breathe, y'all niggaz better breathe
Y'all niggaz better breathe, Say Den check game my nigga

(Mike D)

Your boy right back home, y'all been missing the real
Corleon gon give it to ya, get ya crunk like a X pill
This for the real, don't let them fakes sing along
It's the Boss Don-Dadda, Michael Corleone
Pimp out this, not a simp out this
Get my gangsta strut on, when I limp like this
I'm certified, mafia strings laced up
Keep a bad game face down, while I wake's up
Y'all cats face up, I'm back in the do'
Harder than ever, cause hard times make a real nigga grow
I done seen in triple X's, making hope niggaz fold
The fake gon be fake, and the real gon roll on
I don't know no other way, for this Hogg named Corleone
I ain't had a damn thang, probably all my life
Shit I struggled, but that's my life
Yeah you better check it nigga, that's my life

(*talking*)

Corleone, CMB-S.U.C. (hold up)
(you know, you-you-you know, what)

(Grace)

Game runner after cash, execute and put it down
Rhyme ripper syrup sipper, Screwed Up in H-Town
You know my name and my game, how I do what it do
Legendary Dub maker, got the game from Screw
Pimp pens and bust guns, transact with coupons
Dues paid and stripes earned, my nigga the blue Don
Get it right go all night, I'm a true block bleeder
Dat Boy Grace from the Fare, certified with the heater
Pick a point you phony buster, bad decision paper stacking
Keep it cracking steady macking, transacting and bad ac'ing
Hoover Groover that'll do ya, make the Ruger run through ya
Catch a rat in my cheese, watch them hollows pursue ya
I got it all on my mind, paid the cost to shine

S.U.C. day one nigga, it's a constant grind
I hit the booth and breathe, kill a track with ease
L.O.S., Den and Grace true Southwest G's