

Screwed Up Click, Get This Paper

(*talking*)

Yeah, what I gotta do to get this paper
I want the paper bitches, man S.U.C.
What do I gotta do to get that paper
What I gotta do, to get that paper
Tell me what I gotta do to get paper
All I wanna do is get that paper

(Mike D)

All I had to do was shift my stick, and switch my bitch
It's like oh my God, the kid back in the mix
Funny how a no good hoe, will bring you down
Put the worse on a nigga, cause y'all a playa curse
Fuck a hoe, drag off in the Lexus
Make a nigga respect this, Break-A-Hoe Texas
City with no pity, hoes hustle out they titty
Knuckle up pitch rocks, peep out it and go get it
Snatch a rack run up pack, our packs hold a gat
Hit the highway withcha, stash a half in a cat
Sick stand-up cats, run with stand-up hoes
If they bar mix packs, it be like there he blows
Off in the wind, let the GTO scratch the street
Behind tint getting bent, with Z-Ro in the deck
Something jazzy dumping ashes, bout to give me slow neck
Y'all know what it is, the same fo' came back

(Lil' Keke)

I've been through everything, but I still persevere
Bout to go live in 0-5, I'm still right here
Oh yeah it's still my year, cause that talk is cheap
By my lone' who really want me, man I ride one deep
Got my hustle right paper tight, don't matter to me
I can write a 16, or process me a ki
The streets a motherfucker, man they'll swallow ya whole
Pack it up wrap it up, nigga I'm ready to roll
Fuck these niggaz and these figgas, I stay ready to rock
Got killas with twin glocks, if you ready to plot
It's the Take Over, I'm known as Lil' Ke
A certified guerilla, is courtesy S.U.C.
Bang-bang chop-chop, man this shit don't stop
We the underground kings, it's eight dollas a pop
These niggaz be talking shit, and I'm hot no doubt
But they can suck my dick, until the cum shoot out

(Grace)

If you don't know what it was, just here to show what it is
Bitch I'm the game runner head hunter, wrecking for years
It's the boy that put it down, from S.U.C. H-Town
Southwest go-getter, Hoovergroove and to clown
Take bitches and split fame, love to grip on grain
Southside of H-Town, where they cook up caine
Chop-chop on dub 4's, swang and bang 8-4's
Drop top and blow dro, or po' it up out of 4's
Straight medicated elevated, one hundred affiliated
The underground funk King, is highly anticipated
Pimp then pen and give it to em, I'm a Grey Tape soul
You can't break the damn fool, showcasing skills that's thoed
Fuck a world Southwest G, another day another thug
Day one true to it, till this day kill scrubs
Spell it out you know my name, G-R-A-C-E
S.U.C. V-E-T, that's till I D-I-E