

# Screwed Up Click, My Love Ones

For my loved ones...

(H.A.W.K.)

Nine AM in the morning, everyday I wake  
On the next pillow case, by my son's face  
Gotta make some'ing shake, I kneel down and say my grace  
I'ma hustle, till my motherfucking cash in place  
Wake my boy up at eight, and then I proceed  
To clothe and feed, and give him the knowledge he need  
To spell write and read, And to take the lead  
So he'll succeed, and he'll grow my younger seed  
Then there's Pat, he knows where my heart is at  
We play and chat, at times I think I'm playing with Pat  
I know he's gone, sometimes he stays up in my hat  
And I would give my last breath, if I could bring you back  
His son is mine, he has our blood line  
A beautiful mind, and here to suffice my grind  
As for my niece, early got me on a leash  
I wreck these beats, cause my kids got to eat

(Chris Ward)

I stay mashing for Young Whodi, his brother and his mother  
That's my justification, for always hanging in the gutter  
But it's so hot on the block, sometimes I feel I'm being smothered  
This is my struggle, and what I do to make my feddy double  
So how can I say I'm grinding for two, when I'm grinding for three  
And there's really four of us, cause I forgot about me  
I understand, there's no I in We  
But I know if I can turn this dollar into a five, I can turn that five into a thee  
So therefore, I'm trying to get my money as long as I can get it  
By the good grace of God, for as long as I can get it  
So if you still with it, then I'm with it  
Well let's do it first, and then talk about how we did it  
I possess the blood of a hustler, pumping through my veins  
Though the sun shines, sometimes it feels like thunder and rain  
If you could stand, one day in my shoes  
Uh I promise, you still couldn't feel my hunger pains

(Hook - 2x)

Mama dry away your tears, I know daddy been gone  
Day hustle to the night, but then he come back home  
It's tough love daddy know it, but it is what it is  
It's till death do us part, for my family and kids

(Big Pokey)

When I think about my daughter, I don't wanna be broke  
Fuck prank when she walk, daddy wanna be 'woke  
I'ma listen when she talk, let her tell me a joke  
Eat french fries with her, while we sharing a Coke  
Papa hands tell her no, don't play with soap  
Keep God first, stay far away from dope  
Pray and keep hope, don't play with broke  
16 first car, daddy paying the note  
Car keys get took, better stay on the note  
You ain't ready for the water, better stay on your float  
Baby keep your grades up, I'ma keep your bills paid up  
From these shoes, to these shades up  
Slacker boo, you gotta deal with me  
It's tough love baby, that's just how it is with me  
Trying to raise a God fearing, successful black woman  
The man of the house, just follow my lead yeah

(Lil' Keke)

I bust it down the middle, there's no time to be greedy

If I only make a dollar, fifty-sec on the Ke'de  
Me and baby two kids, that's twelve meals a day  
The shelter plus the clothes, and the pillows they lay  
I got a constant scratch, for the cookies to batch  
For the shoes to match, and for the do's to latch  
So I multiply, then I cash the check  
I've been gone since the morning, I'll be back by the next  
I'm the bread winner, like I'm 'pose to be  
Dedication and family ties, is my secret recipe  
Don't work without me, so I'm holding it down  
Cook the food and tuck the kids, daddy coming right now

(Hook - 2x)

(\*talking\*)

Take Over, it's that real music man  
Summer 2005, S.U.C. man (Take Over)  
It's in a hood near you, know I'm saying  
Millennium edition Vol. 2, Vol. 3 baby  
Get ready for it