

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