

# Screwed Up Click, Pop Your Trunk

(Hook: Drastic - 2x)

Gon and pop your trunk, and sip your drank  
With your wide body, hogging the road  
Gon and smoke your dro, throw up your set  
Where you from fool (7-1-Tre)

(H.A.W.K.)

7-1-3 boy, smoke good tree boy  
Jam Bun B boy, free Pimp C boy  
Yeah it's me boy, raised in the 3 boy  
The South's Jay-Z boy, get a load of me boy  
I'm so thoed, riding in a wide body load  
Remote control, just to see the top unfold  
I'm hogging the road, in something with fo' do's  
With fo' hoes, ready to take off they clothes  
You been exposed, to a place ain't no dirt roads  
It's elbows and vogues, or you rolling deuce 4's  
Fades and afros, and designer clothes  
You in the big leagues now, you dealing with pros  
We been doing this, since '86  
T-tops and ricks, and I bang the six  
Y'all boys new to this, to us it's old  
Remember 7-1-3, is the area code

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Where you from fool (2-8-1)

(Lil' Keke)

Ok I get it how I live, cause it must be done  
It's either 7-1-3, or probably 2-8-1  
They say Lil' Keke is a legend, so how long will you mourn  
Smoke the dank and sip the drank, because I'm Texas born  
I'm a Custom Made Gangsta, C.M.G. on the plate  
I'm in a wide body beamer, call it quarter to eight  
Catch me slipping and sliding, prolly banging up in my tape  
If you coming 2-8-1, then you exit the Beltway  
Take I-10 to 6-10, but take your time  
I'm passing by the galleria, them laws from 59  
Got three area codes, cause we back in demand  
But don't ever get it twisted, it's Priches or Timmy Chan's  
Thug Dirt layed the fire, so it's def'nitely good  
From the bottom to the top, I give it back to the hood  
It's the 7-1-Tre, call it the 8-3-2  
We represent for 2-8-1, cause my niggaz that's what it do

(Hook - 2x)

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With your wide body, hogging the road  
Gon and smoke your dro, throw up your set  
Where you from fool (8-3-2)

(Big Pokey)

Sensei'll kill the beat, make a nigga feel the heat  
Yellowstone Texas nigga, tough as guerilla meat  
15's in the trunk, kicking like guerilla feet  
Hard top flat screen, palamine pillow seats  
Never let a broad, take me out of my mind  
Podina gon make her break, and pay me like a fine  
Me I get the work, go straight to the mound  
Old school hitting switches, nigga scraping the ground  
I'm the same nigga repping for time

At the house screaming money over bullshit, safe on the grind  
Them wankstas in the way daddy, they finna find  
The flood gates open, soon as I'm finna break me it dizzown  
The rap game, kinda remind me of the grid iron  
In the heat all day on my feet, putting my bid down  
I go off like a seed nine, cold in the booth  
7-60 with the wig down, 8-3-2

(Hook)

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Where you from fool (8-3-2)