

Screwed Up Click, S.U.C. On Top

(*talking*)

(come on) we on top nigga, it's the Take Over nigga
Lil' O said that nigga, dubs up

(Hook - 2x)

Hate it or love it, the S.U.C's on top
And we gon shine, whether you like it or not
(go 'head, and envy me, I'm rap's MVP
And we repping for the 7-1-3)

(Mike D)

Now it's about time, to square it all off
Treat you like a bone, when I tear the meat off
You ain't doing shit to me, I'm co-signed by H.A.W.K.
In every hood nigga, from the Tre to South Park
You niggaz ain't hot, you repping my time wrong
It ain't your fault, blame it I been gone
You ain't know bout me, just heard of Corleone
Better ask Raw G, I ain't saying with it all
So we could let the K bang, I don't bar a damn thang
Fuck you and your mama nigga, that's on ery'thang
Call it how u walk it, bring it how you sing it
But I'ma let the glock loose, with no aiming
A bad boy dame, and you testing a Don Juan
I'm backed in my Lexus cars, and plenty guns
Plenty of work, and plenty of funds
Kidnap your son, nigga just for fun
I swear they fucked up, I'm back on my notion
Nigga trust me, when I tell ya the game over
I guess you won't believe it, till I pull up Range Rover
And I don't need to floss, H.A.W.K. fuck the floss
I'm trying to get my mail, so the click could floss
And show these mo'fuckers, who really run the South
Huh know I'm tal'n bout, come on

(Hook - 2x)

(Grace)

You can hate me all you want, but still a G on top
Got in my mind I know it's time, that the click don't stop
I been hated and underrated, overlooked but never faded
Bitch niggaz and messy hoes, got G-R motivated
Keep hating and talking down, be the fuel of my fire
My reason to keep going, while I'm when I retire
I'm blessed and gon show it, they jealous and they know it
Like dro they gon blow it, on the mash and gon flo' it
In the mirror vision clearer, separate from the fake
Inspired to get it baby, and I'm keeping the faith
Game tight future brighter, nothing buying you hoes
Making moves to measure up, maintain to resco'
Won't stop can't quit, blood sweat and tears
I done lost too many pears, sure of too many years
Too boys I love to death, and they my reason for rhyme
I swear to God that he down, and we all gon shine

(Hook - 2x)

(H.A.W.K.)

Hate it or love, buy it or dub it
I'ma still stand out, in the eye of the public
And to the republic, for which it stands
The click finally got a masterplan, know I'm saying
I'ma twerk it and work it, on the mixtape circuit
It's gon be worth it, cause it's gon serve my purpose

To create a buzz, I'm telling ya cuz
I'm bout to show you, what the click made of cause
Of Screw we repping, quiet as kept and
Big H.A.W.K. is the secret weapon, they scared to death and
What ya gon do man, I'm H-Town's speaker new man
And I'll run, through your crew man
Mike D, will too man
We got dreams to pursue man, for Fat Pat and Screw man
Hell naw, it ain't through man
And all you other motherfuckers, gonna sink like quicksand

(Hook - 2x)

(*talking*)

We repping, for the H mayn
Hustle City, Texas