

Screwed Up Click, S.U.C. Remix

S.U.C. remix...

(Hook - 2x)

Still tipping on 4-4's, wrapped in 4-4's
(4-4's I'm tipping, wood grain I'm gripping)
Tipping-tipping on 4-4's, wrapped in 4-4's
Pimping-pimping fo' hoes, and packing 4-4

(H.A.W.K.)

Still tipping on 4-4's, riding with fo' hoes
With suicide do's, swanging out of control
Downtown friday night, wood wheel bub lights
Chrome grill sitting right, swanging through the red night
Man I'm looking out of sight, candy paint looking clean
Same color as a tangerine, fo' 15's and fo' screens
I should be in a magazine, I turn heads when I hit the scene
In some'ing niggaz ain't never seen, unless they seen it in they dreams
Then I got the seven deuce, candy red on juice
Big rims big roof, banging knocking the hinge loose
Shaking like a earthquake, Fat Pat on the plates
Hit the switch watch my bitch, three wheel pancake
Rearview on my dash, .40 Cal in my stash
Turning corners acting bad, niggaz catching whiplash
Screw banging in my ride, dime on my right side
H-A-Dub-K, representing Southside

(Grace)

Guess who the game runner, in your deck bout to wreck it
Turn it up and let it bang, on the mic and then check it
I been slamming do's since '94, swanging glass with the trunk on glow
Go-getter stay paid I love the do', spit hot shit they love the flow
On a daily make 'em pay me, slab pop trunk surround
Candy painted chrome shoes, raining screens in your town
Gripping grain leaving stains, through the rain switching lanes
Fo' 15's and fo' screens, five swangas that swang
We rolling out down in the South, the trunk up and top down
Pulling out and looking good, gripping wood and we gon clown
You know G-R with them touch screens, white gold and blue cream
Standing out when on the scene, blowing dro on leather green
Blue 52 we keep spinning, turning heads when corner bending
24's or 84's, coming down and we chrome tipping
Southside we swang wide, 44's or 4-5's
Bullets fly and jackers die, when fucking with them G rides

(Lil' Keke)

H-Town game colder, Sunday night strip roller
Diamond mouth Dirty South, legendary slab holder
Flipping on new vogues, in the parking lot of my shows
Might be macking on two hoes, and I'm tipping on 4-4's
Touch the button scoot back, automatic roof cracked
Fill your cup windows up, I could bulletproof that
Candy paint Southside, a wood grain wheel guider
Hit the switch raise it up, bring it back shoot fire
Beat the trunk let it bang, let them boppers do they thang
Bust a right hit my lights, catch him in the turning lane
Pull up like a boss man, driving with my floss hand
Bass hitting hard in the trunk, like a church band
Don Ke' you know it's on, Big Po' Mike Jones
Big rims big chrome, in and out your time zone
Hustlers get your swang on, gangstas let it roll
I'm tipping on 4-4's, and I'm riding under control

(Big Pokey)

I'm sitting on 4-4's, fo' point stands like a bulldog

Blue lens headlights, horse power under the hood y'all
Old school like a eight track, my cake stacked like a brick wall
Roof pushed back when the six crawl, tip in the motor I ditch laws
Do' slammer rimmed up, driveway decorated
Fo' hammers stash spots, everywhere niggaz hating
Off the gut raise it up, Afghan blaze it up
Park the car play the truck, meet the Rican weight it up
Po' it up shake it up, fo' 15's trying to break it up
Slab riding with the hockey game, I be the nigga that'll take the Cup
State to state pulling up, like a hamstring they know Dina
International worldwide, cool but ain't no hoe neither
It's pimping here I'm a hoe bleeder, jet black fo'-fo' heater
4-4's on four vogues, weed stashed in the do' speaker
On Boulevards I'm a slow creeper, hog the lane like the trash truck
Dog I chase these fast bucks, niggaz better get they cash up

(*talking*)

S.U.C., the Take Over

Get ready for it baby, Straight Wreckin Vol. 3

It's coming, we ain't stopping baby S.U.C.