

# 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.