

Screwed Up Click, This Is 4 My

(*talking*)

Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah
Yeah-yeah-yeah, music come on nigga

(Intro)

This is for my niggaz, on thye block that be grinding
This is for my niggaz, locked up doing time and
This is for my niggaz, that ain't scared to move snow
Move dro, whatever daddy get that do'
This is for my bitches, that ain't scared to set ya up
This is for my bitches, that ain't scared to wet ya up
This is for my bitches, that'll suck and swallow nut
Little daddy get down, and bring back the bucks

(Mike D)

I'ma tell ya like this, Corleone don't need ya
All I'ma do, is let welfare feed ya
Better call ya man, of you want a nigga to eat ya
And ask somebody, how Corleone treat ya
Reach ya and teach ya, 68 sequel
All you can do, is juggle balls like receivers
Head hunter pleaser, no dick teaser
Keep the X-O, in case your friends wanna meet a
Boss Hogg nigga, like Mike D
Boss Hogg, from that 3-R-D
And I rep that, S.U. motherfucking to the C
To the day that I D-I-E, nigga feel me
I'm so high, I'm in the booth getting gone
I'm telling y'all, it's that nigga Corleone
Now pop that pussy, pop that pussy
Pop that, now let me see what you got
Make your ass end drop, like the headboard knock
On the flo' give me mo', I'ma wear that puddy out
Go on show me what you bout, and represent that Dirty South

(Mr. 3-2)

Break yourself beat your feet, bring it all back to Boss Man
Make boys rubber up, don't wanna see you coughing
Dirty leg bitches, gon get my kishey-ishey
Drop that pussy for Pimpin', now keep it nicely
Hoe don't ask me questions, twerk your money maker
All night long, and buy me a thousand dollar dance
(You don't know who that is, bitch that's Pimpin' Chris
Tell 'em what you do to a bitch), breaking tricks
Snap the hotel up, in the fucking car sipping bar
High off X, or whatever it is plotting hundred dollar bills
Naw this ain't show biz, no kids
And old school playa, don't play the game right

(Hook)

Pop that pussy, pop that pussy
Pop that pussy, drop that pussy
Drop that pussy, drop that pussy
Take it down low, for a nigga to the flo' for a nigga
Know what I'm tal'n bout
Yeah, represent that Dirty South

(Clay-Doe)

Baby girl, take your position and show me
Let me see the position it's gon be, when it's gon be
Got 'em sprung, kept that tongue rolling
Give it to me mami, like you don't wanna owe me
Show me where that poll be, I know you get that money
Run aroused playing house, praying on them dummies

Mark that fire, now you fucking with a 3rd Ward rider
Southmore Slim, where playas and my priors
High rise windows, stay hit a lake causing
In the winter on the beach, in a short link mink
Dodge Charger, damn nail quarter broilers
Member for member, my click is straight brawlers
Smoke dro, 'til the end of the bottle
And lean, 'til we can't lean when we solve 'em

(Hook)