

Screwed Up Click, We Jam Screw

(*talking*)

Nigga S.U.C., you already know nigga
In the motherfucking South, you don't gotta ask
What we listen to nigga, for real

(Hook - 2x)

Bitch we jam Screw, bitch we jam Screw
Bitch we jam Screw, bitch we jam Screw
Ay them Texas boys, bitch we jam Screw
Ay the whole fucking South, bitch we jam Screw

(Lil' O)

Niggaz always wanna ask, why my mug on mean
Why my pockets so right, and a thug so clean
I tell 'em bitch I'm from the H, the city of coedine
And ain't nothing bout me friendly, when I hog the scene
And you already know how I do, top down jamming Screw
Rolling on 84's, candy red what it do
Hit the parking lot, swanging banging nigga fuck the boos
With my nigga Mike D, I told him to po' up a deuce
Fuck it po' eight, this is Lone Star State
Where we got the cheap prices, nigga home of the weight
And I'm a stand-up nigga, I won't fold like a cake
I hop out with so much iron, that my shoulders'll break
And get to busting at you hoes, nigga this is the real
Southwest Houston Tex, nigga land of the trill
I'm kinda like James Bond, with a license to kill
I put a nigga ass yo sleep, like he swallowed some pills

(Hook - 2x)

(Mike D)

I'ma tell a nigga, watch his mouth one time
Give me fifty feet like O say, and respect my mind
Next motion, gon be reaching for my plastic glock nine
It's hot down in Texas, and it's my summer to shine
Coming down, like a hard dick in your chick
Fresh off the banana boat, with a bag full of bricks
You know your boy out here, really living that mob life
Corleone, that laid back Godfather type
Wouldn't rat on my niggaz, if they was off'ing life
So if you thinking bout telling, then it's off with his life
I'm trying to squash that 0-6 Benz, with that new body homie
Brand new H.K., with no bodies on it
You wanna play nigga, I put a few bodies on it
Boss Hogg S.U.C., y'all know it homie
Fifteen gang years, no average cat out here eating
You was a baby, when I was running the streets say
You don't know bout crack and cars, allies in that 3rd Ward
Screw cop it white horse, on that verse 3 N' The Morn'
Yeah, when Screw tapes was still fast
It's history behind my cash, get up on your bitch ass
Screw made me who I am, never could deny that
It's Southside Houston Texas, is where we ride at

(*talking*)

Jamming Screw nigga, doing what we do
You feel that nigga, come on
Bitch we jam Screw, bitch we jam Screw
Bitch we jam Screw, bitch we jam Screw
And I'm from H-Town, I'm from H-Town
I'm from H-Town, I'm from H-Town Texas

(H.A.W.K.)

Yeah we jam Screw, we don't jam you
And by the way nigga, we got them grams too
See I'm a damn fool, that'll body slam you
Wam-bam fool, cause nigga that's what fam' do
See I'm a Screw Head, and I'm Screw bread
It ain't Chopped & Screwed, nigga Screw dead
It ain't Screwed nigga, you ain't that dude nigga
Call it Slowed & Chopped, don't start a feud nigga
Cause down in H-Town, we got a different sound
And we ain't banging your shit, unless it's slowed down
I'm in my low now, so I'ma drop the top
Turn it up a notch, and bang Screw down the block
R.B. nigga, he made me nigga
I'm S.U.C. nigga, till I D-I-E nigga
Wish you could see nigga, how we keep it true
We from Texas nigga, and we jam Screw bitch

(*talking*)

Bout to take this bitch over nigga, (S.U.C.)
Screwed Up Click, it means suck my dick nigga (suck it)