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 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 & Drewed, 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)