

Lil' O, Rags to Riches

(*DJ Screw talking*)

Ha-ha, boys ain't gon like this know I'm saying
Houston Texas, Screwed Up Click
Bar None Click what's up Lil' O, Fat Pat
(Yungstar), know I'm saying we deep down here in the South
Putting it down know I'm saying, let y'all boys know the real

(Hook: Yungstar - 2x)

It's like rags to riches, Cadillacs and bitches
Champagne in the club, acting bad taking pictures
Strapped at all times, cause these haters wanna kill us
Hundred dollar billers, trying to stack seven figgas

(Lil' O)

I'm Gucci shaded up, big Benz plated up
Boppers looking like what, man this boy done came up
But my life still strenuous, the average hustler would faint
But even in my darkest hour, I shine like candy paint
I hit the freeway, sipping coedine
I'm out of drank, got's to go get some mo' lean
I'm starched and ironed, bald fade bitch I'm so clean
Deuce out the roof, Southside pocket full of green
Know what I'm saying, hit a lick bought a brick so I could make mo' scrilla
This for my certified thugs, in Hiram-Clarke to the Village
For my hustlers in Southwest, Woolfair and Clubkrey
To all my 8900, Braeswood block G's
For my niggaz in the 3rd, Sunnyside and the 4
For my niggaz in Mo City, Sugarland and South Park
It's Lil' O, bar none boys from the South to the North
I represent hustle city, had to break these boys off

(Fat Pat)

I'm talking rags to riches, mobbing for bitches
Sliding on my switches, Southside got riches
How'd you figga, we wouldn't make that cash
Mash up on the gas, now we passed up your ass
Climbing the ladder, squash the chatter watch the plexers
It's Houston Texas, nationwide watch me wreck it
Long and strong, riding with that playa Lil' O
So watch your girl, 'fore I take that motherfucking hoe

(Hook - 2x)

(*DJ Screw talking*)

Know I'm saying, this how it's going down
Riding on you punk bitches and snitches
Out for our riches, know I'm saying
H-Town Texas, feel us, Screwed Up baby fo' life
Everyday and all day, Southsi' for li'