

# Screwed Up Click, Black Superman

(\*talking\*)

Yeah, West-West y'all  
It's the Fat Rat with the Cheeze, Lil' O nigga  
Did you miss me nigga, hey

(Lil' O)

It's been, a long-long time  
But you waited patiently, like a long-long line  
Now I'm back with the crack, and the stracks on the grind  
Got the jugs from the drank, and a trunk full of nines  
If you need it then I got it, cause believe a nigga bought it  
Just to sell it back to you, trying to see a lil' profit  
If you ask me if I ball, if I feel the need to cop it  
And it cost a hundred thou', best believe that I can drive it  
So you do the math, nigga do the analysis  
I'll be in the kitchen whipping chickens, till my hand gets calises  
This hand costs ten, when I'm done  
Can you tell me what they value is, I bet you can't nigga  
Lil' O certified, bet you ain't nigga  
But these rocks, on my wrist'll make a nigga think nigga  
Like man, I ain't hustling right  
How the fuck that boy shine, like the sun in the night  
I heard he just went to the jeweler, and he done him so right  
That if you stare up at his chest, it'll fuck up your sight  
But if you jack, thinking that you gone luck up tonight  
You better know the P-89, ain't nothing nice  
In fact, nigga I got choppers that can cut up your pints  
I got goons that can rope your kids, and tuck in your wife  
In other words lil' daddy, I can fuck up your life  
You better stop playing with me nigga, I'm black Superman

(\*talking\*)

West-West y'all, yeah  
This the Screwed Up Click underground nigga  
It don't get no more gutter than this nigga

(Lil' O)

I'm the from the group, where the niggaz hearts cold  
But the block's on fire  
Boys in the Penn or the jail, they do not retire  
Nobody snitch where shots get fired, it is what it is  
If you gotta go to war, then you handle your biz'  
And I'd for my pride, you can't handle the kid  
And I'd box for my pride, you can't handle the kid  
Nigga win lose or draw mayn it is what it is, hey  
Somebody better tell em  
I got million dollar thoughts, all up in my cell-bellum  
Anybody try to stop it, best believe they end up smelling  
Found asleep in his car, with a hole in his melon nigga  
This is mobster shit  
Nigga S.U.C., we a mobster click  
Some of us got the drank, others got them bricks  
But we all got flow, nigga knock this shit  
This is real, like Pac and shit  
This is pull it out music, go on ahead and drop your top and shit  
Man my flow will make a nigga, wanna cop a brick  
Knock off a piece and chain, and go rock his wrist  
Cause I'm gutter nigga

(\*talking\*)

S.U.Ceezy baby, Fat Rat with the Cheezy baby  
It's Lil' O nigga, South West-West y'all whoa