

# Screwed Up Click, Down But Not Out

(\*talking\*)

They thought, we was down and out  
Nigga we up like a motherfucker, on feet  
Believe that punk, Fat Rat said that

(Lil' Keke)

I'm in the water trying to swim, but my chance is slim  
I was born not to fold, and let it swallow me whole  
I cross these H-Town streets, but I've been ten toes in  
How many independent rappers, really eating off their ends  
And I rap vicious, you false and perticious  
I'm true to my riches, it's money over bitches  
And I'm down never out, so I came with a new plan  
Now I'm on a fast break, laying it with my left hand  
I play the game day for day, cause it's costing  
These niggaz like snails in the street, and they salty  
I watch 'em melt, as the pain is felt  
And I go fishing in the pond, with the cards I'm dealt  
We entertain for a living, S.U.C. on fire  
I'm the teflon Don, independent empire  
Now the fo' do' truck, is 24's with buttons  
South Park-Herschelwood, I done came from nothing yeah

(\*talking\*)

S.U.C., we might be down  
W ain't never out, believe that

(H.A.W.K.)

I spit verses, like M-16's  
And pounce on top of niggaz, like trampalenes  
It's just in my jeans, flows through my bloodstream  
I must fulfill, Fat Pat's ghetto dream  
I'm in between, a rock and a hard place  
I spit 16's, that rock over hard bass  
And when you see my face, you know you seen the best yet  
A seasoned vet, a beast like Garnett  
I ain't wanted yet, but that won't stop a nigga  
Get in my way, I'ma break you off proper nigga  
I'm grinding mayn, trying to make my name bigger  
I wanna leave the game, on top of Jigga  
I know niggaz hating, but those are my aspirations  
I'm on a battlefield, with scars and asserations  
My mind elevating, my flow is ice cold  
I got the heart of T.O., in the Super Bowl  
It's fourth and goal, so please give me the rock  
I wanna certify my place, up in hip-hop  
And when my shit drop, I'ma squash all talk  
The next name you'll be screaming, is Big H.A.W.K.

(\*talking\*)

Mo'fuckers act, like they don't know what time it is  
It's our time to shine, get the fuck up outta here  
E to the S to the G  
Big H.A.W.K., Lil' Ke, Poke and Mike D

(E.S.G.)

Down South getting money, but some road blocking  
The mo' they run they mouth, that's my hoes I stick my cock in  
Underground bully, I ain't settling for less  
One mic one chopper, one brick in the vest  
Bout to turn your city round, by word of mouth  
Atlanta Falcons in my sofa, yep it's birds in my couch  
Rap game vet, I spit a lot of bars  
Independent entrepreneur, I made a lot of stars

This the real house yeah, you niggaz play the back  
I'm past hogg status, call me razor back  
Hollywood to the hood, on the block you can find me  
Spitting flows in the booth, like Screw was behind me  
I know H.A.W.K. was there, Mike D and that Poke  
Grace, Den, Ke and Ro, Big Moe fa sho  
There's too many to name, so I'ma leave it at that  
You ain't a real Screwed Up Click, if you ain't roll with Fat Pat  
So nigga back back, I'll leave ya dick in the dirt  
E.S.G. won't back up, my reverse don't work  
See I'm selling one-way tickets, to ride in a hearse  
Rappers wanna play gangsta, get fly in ya verse  
Oh no no love, so fuck it in this song  
It's E.S to the G, and Lil' 3rd riding chrome  
Putting it fucking down, for the Screwed Up Click  
So all ya fake niggaz, stop riding our dick g'eah

(Mike D)  
Man who hold ya down, like a real nigga 'pose to  
From via Monte, to hardtop pochious  
Kool-Aid'ing on yachts, where everythang is cosure  
Cotail derrik, viewing the ocean  
It's me and my bitch, I'm holding ya down  
You know I got ya back, and I keep that fo' pound  
I'd ride for my niggaz, I'd die for my niggaz  
It's Screwed Up Click, I can't lie my nigga  
Boss Hogg Corleone, I'm rolling with 3rd  
I'ma hold that nigga down, nigga that's my word

(\*talking\*)  
Yeah, believe that Corleone  
E.S.G., Big H.A.W.K., Keke  
Lil' 3rd, Screwed Up Click

(Lil' 3rd)  
I got the fire in my eyes, and the heat in my heart  
Some'ing like a Lord in war, it's unbeatable boy  
My shoes too fly, you ain't beating me boy  
Half a brick purple smoke, and the heat in the car  
Watch what ya saying pimp, when ya greeting me boy  
Cause I'm a young veteran, you ain't seen what I saw  
Mack match bust heads, razor cuts to the jaw  
42 pounds and 64, bricks in the drawer  
Clit hitting getting head, if I ain't playing it raw  
And shorty I don't just want head, I wanna skeet in your jaw  
I want ya to imitate, that old drunk at the bar  
Cause they ain't wanna fuck with me, till they think I'm a star  
Got stress in my head, for my brother in Bed's  
And my cousin D-5, they all locked in the FED's  
I feel it woulda never happened, if I had mo' bread  
They put 'em all on my back, but I just got two legs  
I guess I'm sick of brainstorming, I got down two heads  
Trying to scramble to plug along, like I cook to eggs  
And I never kiss ass, just to make no ends  
I'ma keep it one hundred, as the world spins yeah