

Screwed Up Click, In Yo Pocket

Freestyle..

(Big Pokey)

Niggaz wanna knock me, when they see me in the do'
Cause I spit it hard nigga, got the gangstafied flow
Nigga do a show, walk in the booth one deeper
On the creeper, mayn I got to do this for my people
I'm fin to start this off right now, I'm missing Reaper
Cause when that nigga out, we gon put it in a sleeper
D-1 ready to go, Whoadie on the flo'
And you know that nigga Sensei, is A-1 and fa sho
Bitch it's M.O.B. is the tree, but it's S.U.C. right now dog
And it's for life, niggaz know
Mayn and I don't play, when niggaz call me Yo
Call me Dina dog, I'm the dude with the snow
Dog I be repping the Stone, cause this my home and uh
And you know, a nigga roaming uh
And uh, I ain't a wanksta, bitch I'm a hustler
Slash playa, bitch I'm laid back but then I'm a gangsta
When a nigga test my gangsta, then I show him roster
Mayn cause, I'ma flush him like a thang of pasta
Know I'm saying, when I'm reacting it's reacting
Tough acting like Tenactin, niggaz get they head cracked in
Mayn cause, why they tripping on that nigga Yola
Nigga heat it up, and hit it with that Coca-Cola
Bring it back butter, show these niggaz gutter
Who it is in that top down, burning rubber
Do this for my nigga, and my nigga brother
Mr. Fat Pat, dog get your hat cracked

(*talking*)

Screwed Up Click, Vol. to nigga
On the streets, yeah and right now if you listening to this here
I'm in your pocket, 'ppreciate ya

(Big Pokey)

So I might, bring that back
Might pull up on the curb, swang that Lac
I don't give a damn, cause they know we got a bag of that do-do
Pulling up nigga, in that Maybach that fo' do'
Man what's the logo, you know it's on the plates
Man, and you see it all on the flo's and gates
When you pull up in my crib, peep my estates
Million dollar crib, man how it feel
Man it feel real, a nigga come from the gutter
Cause a nigga slanging white, and this butter
And you know I'm out here, trying to juggle
When I grind and get it, I just wanna see my re-up's double
Cause you know, how it's going on
A nigga flipping and I'm flowing strong, representing this nigga cause it's home
And you know it's Stone, nigga all the time
With the roof back, fifth wheel falling down
Nigga fuck that, that shit is nine some'ing
I'ma break these boys off, and then recline some'ing
Jump out so clean, watch I shine some'ing
Nigga go on and get it mayn, I'ma grind huh
Everyday like, I don't give a damn
Mayn cause, in the kitchen and I'm cheating grams
When I heat it up, nigga then I beat it up
Nigga then I embed it lock up, and then it's on the street
I don't give a damn dog, but I got to eat
And you know it ain't the click, if it ain't complete
That be everybody H-A-Dub, Lil' Ke'
Sensei, Lil' O, Miggity Mike D

And that nigga Moe, and my nigga Old
Mr. 3-2, nigga fin's to do a show
And the nigga E.S., to the motherfucking Gizzle mayn
And my nigga M.Jayzie
Mayn and you know, they can't stop the big baby
Mayn and I got these hoes on lock, they can't play me
Mayn they can't fade me, mayn I'm too sweet
On my feet niggaz cheat, I delete leave em in the street
This for Mr. Sweets, mayn I miss my dog
Everytime I hit the booth, I dismantelog
Leave em clogged up, in they chest like
Mayn I don't give a fam' fuck, mayn they chest tight
When I rhyme it's tight, sometime I'm off the head
Mayn sometime, factory paint floss the red
When I wanna do, I been a corner fool
Me and Lodi-Dodi, mayn and it's on the cool
When we rolling home, and you see us on them rims
And we shined up dog, bitch we rolling chrome
Or we in the Houptie, mayn cause
And you know this shit don't stop, blow my dick bitch like ya soup too hot
Cause you know a nigga pull up, on these hoes
And I don't give a fuck, what they talking bout yeah