

# 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