

# Screwed Up Click, Keep Em High

(\*talking\*)

Yeah-yeah, C. Ward baby, uh  
C-Wigga one baby, uh yeah-yeah C. Weezie baby  
(Ghetto Dreams, Screwed Up Click)

(Chris Ward)

I got so many flows, they build up like bacteria  
So many O's, I call it crack-teria  
I got 'em in you, like Luda's cafeteria  
Place your order my nigga, I'm that serious  
Yeah, I got the goodies on the block  
Out of all these so called gangstas, I'm the hoodest from the block  
And I'm the goodest with a glock, especially a 4-0  
I knock the man off of the horse, off of the Polo  
These niggaz is so, so gay  
They nothing like us no, no way  
Hey I ain't come here to play, I come to collect pay  
Say what I say, and be on my way  
Now if you feeling real fly, let your hands touch the sky  
And keep 'em high (keep 'em high), keep 'em high (keep 'em high)  
Now if you feeling real fly, let your hands touch the sky  
And keep 'em high (keep 'em high), keep 'em high (keep 'em high)  
See can't nobody do it, like I just did  
Pulled up in a Coupe, and make the whole backside slid  
Drop that top, left the fucker hid  
Then what, peeled it back like a lid  
On a can opener  
Do the top like a can opener, once the can open up  
Yeah I'm dope, and I'm up like a can of  
Opium, I'm scoping em  
Ooooh, you see this badge on my chest  
Ooooh, that's why you looking sad and depressed  
Noooo, you just mad we the best  
And the bling's worth more, than your Jag or your Lex  
That's if, you ever had one  
I'm bout to cop some'ing new and stupid, think I'm bout to go and get a Magnum  
(no you're not), the yellow and the green one fuck it  
I'ma do the plain, platinum over black one nigga  
Keep 'em high, keep 'em high  
Now if you feeling real fly, let your hands touch the sky  
And keep 'em high, keep 'em high

(\*talking\*)

Yeah-yeah, C-Wiggity-Whoadi-Weezie-Ward  
Ha-ha-ha, some'ing to bang and bump that's how we do it nigga  
(S.U.C. in a store near you, 2005, summer nigga this our summer)