

# Screwed Up Click, Reppin S.U.C.

(\*talking\*)

Yeah, for the motherfucking struggle  
Southwest-West y'all, Fat Rat Lil' O nigga  
A nigga still here nigga, still holding it down ya feel me  
I ain't just there yet but nigga, I'm pretty close

(Lil' O)

It can't rain forever, but dear Lord change the weather  
I'm getting tired man, I've been chasing change forever  
And I still ain't got me, the Range with leather  
Will I have, hunger pains forever  
No I will not, no I will not accept that fate  
It's like moving rocks forever, I'ma get that weight  
It's like starving forever, I'ma get that plate  
I'm a motherfucking hustler, let's get that straight  
That means I'm use to the losses, and minor set backs  
And anything a nigga lost, a nigga'll get back  
Lil' O's back to ball, tell them niggaz I said that  
My balls is my word, so believe you can bet that  
I do, what I said I would do  
And when I go triple plat', I yell I did it for Screw  
Yeah all my H-Town niggaz, yeah I did it for you  
P-A-T, Mafio, B.G. Gator all my homies dead and gone  
I can't forget the whole crew, who ain't here to see the mills  
Cause growing up in H-town, where it's real in the field  
When I say S.U.C., know that blood got spilled  
When I say S.U.C., know that thugs got killed  
So when I say S.U.C., know it mean a lot to me  
It mean before I stop, you gotta bring a glock to me  
It means when I drop dog, how could you not Screw me  
And listen to these beautiful words  
Slow down, this is how it go down in the cocaine state  
Where if you sip on the syrup, man you gon gain weight  
Where if you ride on 4's, man you gon get hate  
But if you try to jack my 4's, man you gon get ate  
By a 44 Caliber  
I am a nigga, on a whole nother caliber  
Swing on a nigga ass, like Excalibur the sword my Lord  
Look at how he chopped up the Boulevard, he's hard for real nigga

(\*talking\*)

Yeah, West-West y'all  
It's Lil' O nigga, S.U.C. baby whoa