

# Screwed Up Click, Since I Seen You

(\*talking\*)

For the grown and sexy  
S.U.C. style, that's what it is man

(Hook)

Since I seen you, we've been people  
You're my equal, this love is see through  
I wanna keep you, I wanna be with you

(Lil' Keke)

It's been rapture for love, since I layed eyes on ya  
You captured a thug, and a real nigga wants ya  
Hips thighs legs, boo you a woman  
Horse on the track, baby girl keep running  
So-so jazzy, but a skeet taste nasty  
She was Jaguar classy, couldn't let that pass me  
True sex appeal, with the looks that kill  
Flat stomach fat ass, with Stilleto heels  
I'm a gangsta making money, so sugar that's what it's bout  
If you talking my lil' language, then bitch just speak it out  
I'm a superstar, but this chick got value  
In a slab day, dreaming of a moment to have ya  
H-Town, and I'm known as a playa  
Key to the city, VIP like the mayor  
I'm looking in your eyes, it's the windows to your soul  
28 years old, and I'm Northpole cold

(Hook)

(Big Pokey)

The sun, won't shine forever  
But as long as it's here, then we might as well shine together  
Have you rocking crock coats, and the finest leather  
Full-in minks, D.G. boots and better  
D.R. suits and sweaters, I got it you got it  
And the best part of getting it, is when I get you up out it  
I'm vibing on your skin tone, trying to be alone  
Wanna move you down put you up, so I could be at home  
But your curves, got a nigga attention  
I need a broad with benefits, like a 9-5 with a pitching  
I'm digging in your trenches, get some wig on the benches  
Sit you on the 20 inches, there's corners need some frenches  
For real, let's run up in the room and chill  
Ocean view, we can see the moon in here  
Cook a nigga some'ing, let me bump some'ing slow  
Give it to me in the bed, and wake up on the flo'  
I know what I know, and I can see what it show  
When it talk to me, say I don't need another hoe you know

(Hook)

(H.A.W.K.)

Was it love at first sight, or the sound of loud pipes  
Or the lights on the chrome, on my Harley bike  
Your jeans were so tight, that ass was just right  
I'm feeling like Betty Write, tonight's the night  
Since my game was up to par, and you know who I are  
I raised the bar, had you standing there in aw  
Now check my repitoure, since we are people  
One plus one, always equal  
Two, me up inside of you  
Hiding you, cause I can't confide in you  
And now the plot thickens, and I'm on a mission  
Switching positions, hitting from the couch to the kitchen

Now baby girl listen, as I whisper in your ear  
It go all up in ya, just like the pas-mere  
We share so many years, and I want you to know  
I'ma keep you by my side, and I don't wanna let you go

(Hook)