

Screwed Up Click, The Take Over

(*talking*)

Yeah (yeah), world premier (world premier)
You're about to feel the strength of, the S.U.C. (S.U.C.)
Screwed Up Click that is, representing for DJ Screw
The legend (DJ Screw), my nigga

(Hook - 2x)

It's the take over, bout to give this industry a new makeover
And for those who have waited, now the wait's over
We too heavy for these niggaz, so they can't hold us
It's the take over

(Mike D)

One mo' gin for your mind, it's the cat Corleone
My link to the click, connect like Voltron
A teflon Don, draped in Sean John
Yes and you'd catch me, seven days on chrome
I'll tell ya, what it took to build the Screwed Up Click
It took grind it took tears, it took years
Dealing with incarceration, plus losing a few peers
Tried to take me out the game, but I's still here
Nigga, now let's get one thang clear
Only God I fear, nan nigga round here
Cause I rep it for my G's, and true cake holders
2004 Screwed Up Click, it's the take over

(Chris Ward)

You tuned in, to the almighty S.U.C.
We'll never break up niggaz wake up, who's the best you see
It's C. Ward, the last of the last real niggaz to be
Now here's for H.A.W.K., Pocino, Lil' O, Ke' and Yiggity-Ye
We smoke that under water grown, we like we live in the sea
Whenever asked if we the shit, I say fa shiggity G
We rep it step it accept it, we holding it down
It's the worldwide, take over we controlling it now

(H.A.W.K.)

The big dog is barking, so all puppies on the porch
The General of the force, I'm holding down the fort
You on a collision course, to get your ass scorched
And I'll fire up a blunt, off Ms. Liberty's torch
We'll use brute force, and show no remorse
Fuck ya like intercourse, and never been in the Source
I rep Houston, like Jigga reps New York
In a six the same color, as cranberry sauce

(Big Pokey)

A nigga, taking over the game
I'm in the driver seat, mind state fuck it when I'm holding the grain
Sensei brings the pain, takes the show
I whip niggaz with this pen, like I'm taking the sco'
Niggaz think I'm moving fast, but I'm taking it slow
I'm in the booth cooking snow, bringing back flow
I breathe money, flip it and bring back mo'
Screwed Up Click, at your front and your back do' nigga

(Mr. 3-2)

Connected like ball and chain, a cut like cocaine
Standing on frontline, prepping Screwed Up name
Blood sweat and pain, we hungry and wanna eat
Walk and stomp over this game, with bare feet
Fake niggaz cheap, we keeping it one hundred
Our verses ain't cheap, and they never get fronted
We finally done it, united as a click

Slowing the world down, taking over this bitch

(Lil' Keke)

We went from hungry and broke, to niggaz with big wealth
Fat Pat-Lil' Ke, the name speaks for itself
The click was born, we got money by the ton
S.U.C. for life, us soldiers is day one
Southside controlled, and niggaz was laying it down
R.I.P. to Screw, the king of the underground
The take over, and it sound like thunder
Screwed Up Click for real, they call me the Boy Wonder

(Lil' O)

Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze, niggaz know what it is
Smother your mother, clap your father rope up the kids
Pull out the army knife, go from your throat to your ribs
Snitch nigga don't slang, if you can't cope with the biz
It takes a special kinda dude, to stand tough in handcuffs
Tell the FED's fuck you, I ain't giving my man up
If you that type of cat, throw up your set and stand up
It's Screwed Up Mafia, get your grams up motherfucker

(E.S.G.)

T's for Texas nigga, where that S.U.C. from
The A's for the A.K.'s, we spread them haters huh
Now K's for the kilos, we whooping in the kitchen
E's for E.S.G., Escalade and 24 twisting
O's for the on the grind, how we stay on the Southside
The V for victory, E-R everybody ride
It took a lot of time, but we finally here
For my nigga Screw, take over bitch this year what

(Z-Ro)

I ain't even much gotta say my name, you know who it is it's simple and plain
I fuck up a face and I leave blood stains, and wet up a motherfucker like the rain
I don't love nothing but the S.U.C., no name rad niggaz let me be
I'm from the Guerilla M double A-B, we hunt people and set spirits free
Call me a killer call me the Crooked, you want a concert Red Boy gon book it
Look at the rap game the way I took it, with a ape on my back but a real nigga shook it
Just like a pit I'ma lock and shake, put the plex aside we got money to make
The Soldiers United with Cash, taking over baby

(Clay-Doe)

We took being independent to the limit, now we finished
Now God as my witness, we bout to handle some major bidness
Rep the click anthem, 'til it's read substantial
So don't get personal now, it's all financial
I had to bow down, the fear roll past rollers
Put 27 stash masks, on the cup holders
Grade A cocka, insane soldier
Clay fucking doja, for the take over

(Trae)

Well it's 2K we the last of the breed, mobbing with chrome
Any nigga got a problem, I swear to God I'm fin to click bitch and it's on
Screwed Up Click guerillas for scrilla, these fake niggaz get dusted
Came from broke and disgusted, but now these niggaz mad cause they busted
I'm a soldier, see Trae never been fake fuck friends
I'm about my click the Mob united for cash, for life and I'm never gon quit
The take over is over my nigga, and I promise it ain't gon stop
We run this shit for Screw, and all competition gotta be dropped

(Grace)

Making moves to monopolize, gotta plot plan and strategize
Ahead of the other guys, off the chain better realize

They call me Dat Boy Grace, a poetic picture painter
Screwed Up Click representer, prepare to deadly for paper
Blood sweat and tears we done shed, click then united the bread
It's time to do what we do, take over turn bunch of heads
With over rations verbate 'em, vivid victory vindicated
With a vision of vulk, you can validate what I'm saying

(Hook)