S.U.C. (feat. Hawk, Lil Keke)

Big Moe

[Chorus]
Screwed Up Click, my click of G's
Ah you got to feel that player M-O-E
Rolling with the Los, running with the codeine
And we about break, so take all you can[Hawk]
Screwed up, what, chest be looking booed up
With the chemistry it's brewed up tracks get chewed up
Brighten the mood up, when I'm spitting this all
Above the law, coldest nigga you ever saw
Stay there, outlaw hand me up the state
I infiltrate your chest stain and increase the death rate
Don't hate, my, it only makes us madder
Pockets get fatter, then a only makes them say matter
Squash all the chatter in the southern region
I pledge of allegiance to my niggas not breathing
We all still breathing screaming S.U.C.
And that's the story mafios, and P-A-T
Niggas can't see me cause I'm rougher than most
You boys are like bread not butter and toast
They can't even come close, they done already told ya
Like the H-A-W-K and a screwed up soldier[Chorus][Big Moe]
See when we floss our candy rides
Screens keep falling from the sky
Players ball and we stay true
And if you want to test my click
I pop problems what you get
S.U.C. and we god damn fools
We got that purple sticky dank
Chased with purple sticky drank
And forever we gone bang screw
Oh it's the Screw in us, we gone represent with pride
It's the Screw in us till we die[Chorus][Lil' Keke]
Devastating and motivating it's the S.U.C.
Showing and blowing up since the year 93'
Everybody be claiming the click, they want to be down
Wait to trip, on a flip through H-Town
Let's take it back, cause you know we love that
Poppi in the gray lay with the with the fifth on the back of the lac
You know we ride chrome everyday

Having the ghetto dreams like my nigga P-A
We crossed inside and forever we glide
And one thing's for sure man southside's riding
Let's get this cheddar, you got your wood and your leather
Sitting tall on boys pushing dubs or better
This a click full of g's, so we do it with these
Keep the block on pop and the ice on freeze
Mo yo, and Keke for real it don't stop
S.U.C. took a mission on down to Wreck shop, come on[Chorus]
Screwed up click, gone keep it true
Oh P-A to, that DJ Screw
We gone morne you so deep for you
And I want to say to you, without you fool

Songwriters
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