

## Screwed Up Click

### "All World"

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[Big Pokey]

It's a bunch of niggaz, knocking my hustling  
I'm on the grind going hard out the trunk, like Rocky  
when rushing  
A empty clip, the only thang stop me from busting  
When I roll nigga folding, it's not a discussion  
Ask yourself this question, what's colder than Dina  
It's a bunch of money on my den, fuck rolling a beamer  
Go hard or go home, hoe you know I'm a dreamer  
With the heart to go and get it, how you know I'm a  
schemer  
Sensei need a bad bitch, I'm looking for Trina  
Put this ham in they yams, have her looking for Xena  
We hit the do' like a battle ram, me and my team  
I pop bottles every now and then, but me I'm a leaner  
It's a small world, play pussy get fucked  
Like a call girl, bout to fold it like a tall world  
Fuck what they say-a, dog I'm some'ing like a playa  
Bitches know me everywhere, motherfucker I'm all  
world

[Mike D]

I'm some'ing like a playa, some'ing like a pimp  
Catch me at Papa Deauxxx, eating lobsters and  
shrimps  
Y'all know who it is, and I'm right back at it  
It's Boss Hogg Corleone, now come on ride with me  
daddy  
Across the state line, I do it every time  
It ain't hard to tell, how I'm on my grind  
I'm like a Carl Smitty, in his prime time  
But you can get it there, we riding for the same side  
Then you done fucked up, gave me life again  
MJ when I point em out, I want em all dead men  
It's the Don, but every nigga in my click a boss  
From Den Den to Lil' Duke, and Big H.A.W.K.  
Clay-Doe, 6-4, can't forget Bamino  
Red D and Rhino, 3-2 and Danny Boy  
C to the F to the E  
Get your mind right trick, when you fucking with me  
I'm all world, imagine just starving my baby girls

Niggaz ain't ready, I'ma let the K hurl  
You done fucked up, and let me grab a couple hundred  
And in a minute, I'ma go on ahead and start stunting  
For the summer, riding down on these cock-a-roaches  
Man they shouldn't of talked down, on the Costra Nosta  
Boss Hogg Corleone, that's me  
The black Osama, taking over this biatch

[Chris Ward]

It's the M.O.B., H-O double G  
S.U.C., raw ass nigga  
I'm that ghetto ass, gutter gangsta  
Gritty, Y.S.P. ass nigga  
All these new comers, wanna be like me  
I can't help it, y'all get off my D-I-C  
That's from me to you nigga, stamp signed and sealed  
Bout to let these niggaz know, that I grind for scrill  
All these niggaz round here cap, like I don't shine for  
real  
That's why I walk around, lookng like I just signed a  
deal  
Got bout 40 on my chest, a dime on my wrist  
And three quarts of that dime, on the same hand's fist  
I make them all boppers, be like girl look at Chris  
That nigga other hand, look like frozen yellow piss  
Is this, what it's about  
These lyrics that I spit out, is nasty once they get out  
I contaminate the streets, I contaminate the booth  
I contaminate the South, when I speak the truth  
You might see in some'ing, looking like a nasty  
mustard stain  
The top is butterscotch, and the guts is caine  
All these motherfuckers asking, what's my name  
It's C. Ward motherfucker, it's a must I came  
My nust they hang, just like my Boss Hogg chain  
You see I'm in it for the change, motherfuck the fame  
nigga

[E.S.G.]

Now guess who back and I'm hungry, I ain't aten my  
lunch  
Always into something, bad apple out the bunch  
Fuck a punchline, I'm throwing hate back like jabs  
Knocking fake slim niggaz, off the motherfucking slab  
Hate nigga game I'ma take it back, wanna know how I  
got my stacks  
Pablo came and gave me packs, stuck on mack and  
swang in Lacs  
Blue and yellow stones, it's hard to look  
Ice bucket on my chest, smelling like master cook  
At the age 15, young guerilla in the jungle

Moving quarter ki's, and weed for my uncle  
Call me Ashton Kutcher, bitch niggaz I punk ya  
Houston Tex call me Shrek, I'm a S.U.C. monster  
Mike Jones had it wrong, see Screw is the Don  
Whoever up next, only carried the baton  
Put in city where I'm from, I was born in the booth  
Had a murder charge in 9-5, I ain't scared to shoot  
Candy red or blue coupe, I'm so executive  
CEO status, you need a code where I live  
I left the gates open, you cupcakes hoping  
That you could rob the real Boss, I never leave my safe  
open  
Leave your face smoking, I'm a gangsta to the fullest  
A box of cigarillos, a new box of bullets  
So when I pull it, you bitch niggaz know the song  
Me and Mike D, sipping purple and Patrone  
Back back yep, in a 300 M's  
Black, with the motherfucking all black rims  
Known for serving fiends, straight dropping screens  
These devils trying to clip my wings, call me  
Constantine  
Bitch I be a pimp, I ain't slowing down  
It's E and the Boss Hogg, bitch we hold it down  
Yeah bitch niggaz, you niggaz all girls  
E.S.G., Poke and Mike D yeah we all world

(\*talking\*)

Uh E.S.G., what's up MJ  
Take Over year, right here  
I got my nigga in here, Lil' 3rd  
Bout to wreck this bitch

[Lil' 3rd]

I'm the Cloverland's finest, I ain't talking bout body-  
wise  
Armageddon 16's on the rise, and body guards  
Stones on my chest, change colors like models eyes  
Blowing kush smoke, purple syrup slanging them  
powder pounds  
Fired up down proof, and the slash is motorized  
Can't let niggaz see it, cause these boys is motomized  
Style is mobster, West is saying C. Whoadie ride  
E.S.G. and Mike D, pull up swanging the Rover wide  
Claim Screwed Up Click, but you niggaz not notarized  
Tails stuck in they ass, when a nigga get notified  
Fuck squashing the beef, cause Lil' 3rd fa sho to ride  
That boy hunt pump shit, I can see it in both his eyes  
K doing FED time, while I ain't thinking wise  
Mean boxing game, AK and a shank and nine  
King of Cloverland, it ain't nothing to compromise  
Sweet as a honey bun, and you filled up with bunch of

lies

If you a G, why you traumatized

A lil' fame got this nigga head, big as a Hummer tire

[Grace]

Put the chase all in your face, and rap at pace like them  
tommy guns

Busting your discussion, go-getter making suckers run

Pimping pens for ends, setting trends one of the ones

Day one dirt doer, underground like C and Bun

Bring it on, rep the click and stay standing strong

Calculator's what they call me, I'm the one that they  
counting on

Garunteed like F, underground funky like bad breath

Game runner give it to em, lay em down like bad health

We steady rapping for Screw, salute a flag that's blue

Until I'm gone it's on, like yellow west keep it true

Ya see I'm repping like I'm stepping, busting like auto  
weapons

That same boy G-R-A-C-E, got them Screw Heads  
recollecting

Another day another dub, Kalluminatti still riding high

Till the end and this the year, to tell them hoe niggaz

bye-bye

I'm so for real with the skills, equipped and ready to kill

You flip like floozies in heels, rat and roaches catching  
steel

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