Screwed Up Click f/ Big Pokey "In Yo Pocket"

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Freestyle..

[Big Pokey]

Niggaz wanna knock me, when they see me in the do' Cause I spit it hard nigga, got the gangstafied flow Nigga do a show, walk in the booth one deeper On the creeper, mayn I got to do this for my people I'm fin to start this off right now, I'm missing Reaper Cause when that nigga out, we gon put it in a sleeper D-1 ready to go, Whoadie on the flo' And you know that nigga Sensei, is A-1 and fa sho Bitch it's M.O.B. is the tree, but it's S.U.C. right now dog And it's for life, niggaz know Mayn and I don't play, when niggaz call me Yo Call me Dina dog, I'm the dude with the snow Dog I be repping the Stone, cause this my home and uh And you know, a nigga roaming uh And uh, I ain't a wanksta, bitch I'm a hustler Slash playa, bitch I'm laid back but then I'm a gangsta When a nigga test my gangsta, then I show him roster Mayn cause, I'ma flush him like a thang of pasta Know I'm saying, when I'm reacting it's reacting Tough acting like Tenactin, niggaz get they head cracked in

Mayn cause, why they tripping on that nigga Yola Nigga heat it up, and hit it with that Coca-Cola Bring it back butter, show these niggaz gutter Who it is in that top down, burning rubber Do this for my nigga, and my nigga brother Mr. Fat Pat, dog get your hat cracked

(*talking*)

Screwed Up Click, Vol. to nigga
On the streets, yeah and right now if you listening to
this here
I'm in your pocket, 'ppreciate ya

[Big Pokey]
So I might, bring that back
Might pull up on the curb, swang that Lac
I don't give a damn, cause they know we got a bag of

that do-do

Pulling up nigga, in that Maybach that fo' do'
Man what's the logo, you know it's on the plates
Man, and you see it all on the flo's and gates
When you pull up in my crib, peep my estates
Million dollar crib, man how it feel
Man it feel real, a nigga come from the gutter
Cause a nigga slanging white, and this butter
And you know I'm out here, trying to juggle
When I grind and get it, I just wanna see my re-up's
double

Cause you know, how it's going on
A nigga flipping and I'm flowing strong, representing
this nigga cause it's home
And you know it's Stone, nigga all the time
With the roof back, fifth wheel falling down
Nigga fuck that, that shit is nine some'ing
I'ma break these boys off, and then recline some'ing
Jump out so clean, watch I shine some'ing
Nigga go on and get it mayn, I'ma grind huh
Everyday like, I don't give a damn
Mayn cause, in the kitchen and I'm cheating grams
When I heat it up, nigga then I beat it up
Nigga then I embed it lock up, and then it's on the
street

I don't give a damn dog, but I got to eat
And you know it ain't the click, if it ain't complete
That be everybody H-A-Dub, Lil' Ke'
Sensei, Lil' O, Miggity Mike D
And that nigga Moe, and my nigga Old
Mr. 3-2, nigga fin's to do a show
And the nigga E.S., to the motherfucking Gizzle mayn
And my nigga M.Jayzie

Mayn and you know, they can't stop the big baby Mayn and I got these hoes on lock, they can't play me Mayn they can't fade me, mayn I'm too sweet On my feet niggaz cheat, I delete leave em in the street This for Mr. Sweets, mayn I miss my dog Everytime I hit the booth, I dismantelog Leave em clogged up, in they chest like Mayn I don't give a fam' fuck, mayn they chest tight When I rhyme it's tight, sometime I'm off the head Mayn sometime, factory paint floss the red When I wanna do, I been a corner fool Me and Lodi-Dodi, mayn and it's on the cool When we rolling home, and you see us on them rims And we shined up dog, bitch we rolling chrome Or we in the Houptie, mayn cause And you know this shit don't stop, blow my dick bitch like ya soup too hot

Cause you know a nigga pull up, on these hoes

And I don't give a fuck, what they talking bout yeah

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