

Screwed Up Click f/ Chris Ward, Clay-Doe

"Bottom of the Map"

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(*talking*)

Uh-huh uh uh, yeah yeah (bout to break some'ing off)
You now tuned in, to the Dirty 3rd district the Southside
of H-Town
Yeah and look, I'm bout to rip this here beat
I wanna give a shout out, to the C.M.B. Cash Money
Millionaires
You know, I like what they did Lil' Wayne you fly on this
one here
Mannie you fresh than a mo'fucker, it's your boy
I'm C. Ward around these here parts, yeah-yeah (C.
Weezy)
All of that and some, some'ing like that, yeah-yeah
yeah

[Chris Ward]

You see I'm some'ing like a playa, some'ing like a G
I bet some'ing on some'ing, you ain't nothing like me
So stop fronting like you me, saying you C. Ward
Cause the streets gon keep me laced, like a pair of
Nikes
The hustle plus those that hate, is what entice me
You wanna know mo' bout C. Weez, let me give you
some advice G
I say the hustle plus those that hate, is what entice me
You wanna know mo' bout C. Weez, let me give you
some advice G
Me low Caddy coupe, top look ricey
Cherry red gold, and all the stones is icey
I dropped out for this shit here, it's kinda pricey
Plus majors keep calling around here, trying to price
me
Now when I rap, I don't speak nicely
For the fact, the way I act is just kinda sheisty
I like my women fine, they attitude is spicey
Hot at all times, like some crooked trick dice be
I'm smooth like Avon, better yet like Rayon
I'm the veteran rookie, why else you think I'm playing
It's pussycat niggaz like you, that we prey on
And the jewelry box I got, look like it's sponsored by
Crayon

I got the whole, world tipsy
Leaning off the shit that I drink, except my name's not
J-Kwon
I'm the B.G. of this click, and I'm holding it down
For those, who been representing it since day one
And that's why, I do what I do
For the late great DJ Screw, whoo
Fronting around here, will get your neck clipped off
I ain't bout taking no shorts, or no rip off's
I'm bout to button up the top, and straight tip off
Like a scratched up c.d., I'm about to skip off
Track down here, and use to we whip soft
In the hardcore crack you get it, we whip soft
And I don't know if you understand, or is you feeling
my slang
Though it's not Lil' Wayne, I'm bout my cash money
mayn
You see I'm fresh like Mannie, with a three story
compressed
Into a one story flat, being built right now you
understand me

[Clay-Doe]

Hold up, before and through
Get the motherfucking lighters back lit, for DJ Screw
Niggaz don't know, bout that H-O-U
It's like the whole 4-4-2, is hating on you
Who walk identicle twins, to his talk black
And got identicle glocks, in his raw black
Living murder you heard of, but of no dirt crack
And we serving them birds boy, we don't know how to
act
I heard from the 3rd, got no problems with that
Matter of fact, let's get to the bottom of the facts
Catch Doe-shis, in the bottle with some crack
Hand painted from the top, to the bottom of the pack
Smoking that la-la, till the bottom of the sack
Extended clip, hanging out the bottom of the Mack
Trying to jack get hit, with the bottom of the gat
Choo-choo look fools, at the bottom of the track
Who-do's to 22's, on the bottom of the Lac
Bitch licking from the top, to the bottom of my tap
From the bottom of the rack, hit the bottom of the cat
And relax, and get that mind back on all do's
Take the Volvo, with the cargo
In the car do', rain daddy Wells Fargo
I got hands 'cross the land, like a bar code
A look in mirror, looking for some convo
Am I the realest, if I ain't nigga I don't know
You don't know, I'll tell you Doe
The Don, from the 3 Ward

Young C. Ward, and my S.U.C. squad bitch

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