

Screwed Up Click f/ H.A.W.K., Big Pokey, Lil' O "Hate in Yo Blood"

Visit "[Hate in Yo Blood](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

Yeah it's gutter nigga, Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze nigga
Southwest nigga, Screwed Up Click nigga whoa

[Lil' O]

This is mean rap, hop out of the Houptie burn a nigga
flee the scene rap

Chop a nigga head off with, call it guillotine rap
Motherfuck you pussy, if you ain't about your green
stacks

Lil' O's a hustler, what

This is for my niggaz, with the coedine in the cup
And my hustlers in the trap, moving rocks up on the cut
Money over bitches nigga, keep your money up
Motherfuck a piece of pussy, they bop when they see
the truck

On 24's, nigga I got plenty hoes

If you want a bunch of bitches, nigga get you plenty do'
They come with the territory, nigga wanna hear a story
Bout how a real nigga named O, came to glory
First thing first I got superdrive, dog I'm not your
average dude

Lil' bro, I'm super live

Hopped out the Lac, on 4's like Super Fly
Play a nigga like a hoe, I guarantee do or die you got me
fucked up

See me in the big Benz, getting sucked up
By a yellow hair under there, love to swallow nut
If I shoot or miss, then I'm gonna follow up
I got killas on the payroll, don't make me call 'em up
It is not a thang, come through popping thangs
Dog there's a price on your head, and I drop the
change pussy

No I'm not a joke, I'm not broke

Man I let the thang smoke, I'll leave ya dead like the
Pope don't push me nigga

[H.A.W.K.]

Ten-nine-eight-seven-six-five-fo'
That was the countdown, to some monstrous flow
You already know, I got monstrous do'

And the ice that I rock, got a monstrous glow
6-4 weighing, and a 2-84
And I throw a blow, that'll knock 'em all to the flo'
Remarkable, not your average dude
And I spit shit, that makes parpalegics screwed
All H.A.W.K. do, is make strategic moves
And the flames that I spit, are so hard to refuse
If you confuse, peep the context clues
Or was it like Larry Hughes, on my P's and Q's
I'm bolt to this screw, with a pair of pliers
And most of these rappers, are compulsive liars
Claiming they the best, since Hov' retired
They need to be comedians, like Richard Pryor
Show me the money, like Jerry McGuire
And I'll spit a flow, that set the booth on fire
You might of seen my posters, stickers and fliers
I'm the five-star general, of the Screw empire
You the type of nigga, that's under required
Cause skills like mine, are really hard to acquire
Pouring up a deuce, it'll piece the pie-a
You just gotta admit it, the kid's on fire

[Big Pokey]

These other playas hurt, they be hugging my belly
And a nigga tired of eating, peanut butter and jelly
I treat mic's like confeddi, clock punching is steady
Don't have to rap everyday, cause my Columbians is heavy
Go with it I'ma fade it, if the money is heavy
Bet the title too line 'em up, Hummers and Cheves
I like my money like lettuce nigga, crispy and green
Conversation for a bitch, make her piss in her jeans
A grown can't be chilling, with no chicken or teen
Even if she thick in the jeans, thick in between
Already found my queen, and she gave me a princess
Soon to be a nigga bride, watch the backside slide
Watch the backside glide, when I'm working the three-wheel
Sensei Mob boss, M.O.B. real
Girl get your hair did, peticure and a refill
In the morning, I'ma check up on my nigga and be real
For my niggaz on lock, Black Magic D.Hill
Nonproof, Hard Plack, Erik and P. Real
Nigga need three shields, and a vest to put on
Go on and stunt, I got a clip that'll shoot for a month
Grinding, everything shining in the diamond
Tee-tiller, block in the wind like it's a limon
Fuck consignment, we ain't giving you shit
S.U.C. means suck my dick, motherfucker

