

Screwed Up Click f/ H.A.W.K., C-Note, D-Red

"Know Who to Call"

Visit "[Know Who to Call](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[H.A.W.K.]

This is for my thugs on dubs, with them ten karat stubs
And my women, looking for love
Girl what's up, let a nigga butter you up
Rub on your butt, then get deep in your guts
I bust my nut, now it's time to go
Hook up with my niggaz, and smoke some dro
Gotta go gotta go, cause I'm on a prowl
And I need a lil' rest, for my next booty call
I'm balling y'all, that's why they calling y'all
And the V12 engine, ain't stalling y'all
Just watch and peep me, H.A.W.K. is so-so sneaky
And all the chicks know, that I'm so-so freaky
I do this weekly, but I keep it on the under
If you wanna hook up, just dial my number
I layed the lumber, so come on with it
If you want good sex, just dial my digits

[Hook]

This is for my thugs, that love to ball
When it's time to get dirty, ain't scared to brawl
And your car shined up, rims three feet tall
When you run out of dro, you know who to call
This is for my gals, that love the mall
In them six inch heels, looking six feet tall
Big breasts big legs, and the waist be small
When you need good sex, you know who to call

[C-Note]

You know who to call, C-Note off the heezy
Blowing big kill, with my nigga D-Reezy
Wrists looking freezy, chick looking freaky
Told the girl some'ing like T.I., be easy
Mashed on the gas, smashed on the ass
Chick told me fuck her slow, but I fucked her fast
Man it couldn't last, now I'm out the do'
Nigga know who to call, when it's time to sco'
Nigga test hit a lick, and he back for mo'
Gotta move these bricks, push 'em out the do'
See me, with the thingy on Holloway
And it's some'ing like Chingy, one call away

For the summer, these bitches yeah they like to stalk
But I'm chilling with my broad, like my nigga Big
H.A.W.K.
Look at here playa, cases don't talk
And you say you want it soft, well keep running your
mouth

[Hook]

[D-Red]
Holla at me baby, good green baby
You off the heez' baby, it's D-Re' baby
Ay yo I'm ten toes in the game, repping the block
Packing my glock, rims'll stop hoes'll bop
Why not and rock, with a G like me
Why not, rhyme for a G like me
Cause I got to get it, cause my habit so superb dog
I got to get it man, fuck what you heard dog
And bring the fame boy, what you lame boy
Are you insane boy, man I got them thangs boy
Your baby need love, from a G but don't sweat it
And the goddess that I put in her brain, that brought
me the feddy now
Pop the bottle cuz, I'm getting back rubs
All night long plan, me some bubble suds
G's up pimps up, haters down nigga
Watch your mouth, while you waiting on the clown
nigga

[Hook - 2x]

(*talking*)
H.A.Dub-K baby, the incredible
Thug Dirt, we hit 'em where it hurt baby
Pull up your skirt baby, you know how we do it down
here baby
This the South, we put it in your mouth baby
This how we do it, we love to ball baby
You know who to call, H.A.Dub-Thug Dirt we
representing

Visit [Screwed Up Click f/ H.A.W.K., C-Note, D-Red](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.