

Screwed Up Click f/ H.A.W.K., Lil' Keke, Mike D

"S.U.C. 4 Da 713"

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[Hook - 2x]

It's the S.U.C., for the 7-1-3

[H.A.W.K.]

Thinking, of a masterplan
Ain't nothing but a mic, inside my hand
Plus a couple hundred grand, and some female fans
In a Sedan, fame when they touch my hand
Yeah I'm the man, the flow is hotter than kayan
Not lying, boys can keep trying
Catch me in a black van, inside's pecan
Rubberband man, wild as the Taliban
I'm half bird half man, you know they ran
Before I began, fools wonder who that man
Ask your girl she's a fan, I'm in high demand
And man to man, I got her doing a handstand
You holding hands, I hope I didn't ruin your plans
I'm just saying, now you know the man
It's Dub-K, don't rub me the wrong way
Or I'll display a K, and blow you away
End discussion, turn up the bass and percussion
No introduction, just label me a self destruction
I'm busting and busting, y'all niggaz running and
ducking
And huffing and puffing, and really ain't talking bout
nothing
I'm stuffing and hustling, y'all niggaz broke and
something
Y'all disgusting, homeboy I came from nothing
Now y'all know, the dude that spit this flow
Is the next motherfucker, in the South to blow fa sho

[Hook]

It's the S.U.C., for the 7-1-3

It's the S.U.C., coming up is Lil' Ke'

[Lil' Keke]

Well, I'm thinking of a masterplan
By the boat by the plane, Cadillac by land
Turning corners working wood, with the sweet in my
hand

Kicking blow freestyle, in the back of the van
Brand new Lex truck, it's the color of sand
24's popped up, inside is tan
Purple kush sweet tooth, shore line again
Might get a better deal, if you spending a grand
Not a coward I'm a G, never took off or ran
I'm the truth young nigga, not a flash of the past
It's Churches or Popeye's, so I'm back to the Chan
It's Malibu or South Beach, when I go to the sand
I could be sitting broke, out here kicking a can
Instead I'm two story, on some acres of land
But you bitches out here, trying to ruin my plan
When the smoke clear up, a nigga still gon stand
Young Don

[Hook]

It's the S.U.C., for the 7-1-3
It's the S.U.C., coming up is Mike D

[Mike D]

The way I twist my palm, and work my wand
The way I shoot my gab, and handle my runs
They think jail shake a G up, I'ma bake a ki up
Holla at my vatos, drop out and re-up
I'm S.U.C.'d up, POLO Jabo and Re'd up
The streets gon love me, the way my niggaz eat up
It's still a few cakes in the click, we gotta cross
I swear I'ma get em, for crossing the young boss
I'm tired of dreaming of my click, flying in them hemi's
Reality need to be my nigga, swanging in Bentleys
Screwed Up Click, we started it gon finish it
Pull up in that new joint, rims doing that spinning shit
It's Corleone, macking on my cell phone
Stay because sister, ese's and bad yellow bones
S.U.C. homie, Boss Hogg D homie
We check the phonies, now I roll by lonely coming down
with that

[Hook]

It's S.U.C., for the 7-1-3
It's the S.U.C.

(*talking*)

S.U.C. 7-1-3, Take Over baby
The album coming soon baby, Summer 2005
Get ready for it

Visit [Screwed Up Click f/ H.A.W.K., Lil' Keke, Mike D](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

