

Screwed Up Click f/ Lil' Keke, Big Pokey

"Freestyle #2"

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(*talking*)

Oh, she wanna ride with me
Say Ke, she wanna ride with me
(she wanna ride with me
Bitches wanna ride), uh though she know
Know I'm saying, Young Whodi in this bitch
We gon do this here for Southsi' for li'

[Big Pokey]

Shorty wanna ride with me, we can get it on
Come up in the Navi, go straight to the Stone
Ride with me, nigga we can hit a block
Know it's going down, and you know I keep my glock
Wanna ride with me, baby I ain't gon trip
Niggaz wanna talk, I'ma what I'ma trip

[Lil' Keke]

I'ma trip when I enter the do', I'm on fast
Coming down, showing my ass I'm on glass
3's and 4's, and I'm still in my truck though
Niggaz talking down, still freestyling at my shows
I'ma wrecking oh, I still spit
I'm still foreign, I'm still wheel and bumper kit

[Big Pokey]

And we still getting this here, we took it legit
Who it is, it's the Don and the Pit
And you know we keep it lit, nigga I'm in the kitchen
with my wand
Whipping wreckless but come in the Lexus, bitch it's
Texas
In this bitch fa sho, we in the do'
We gon break these hoes off on the real, and we in the
do'
It's signed and sealed, stamped up nigga move
around
Cause this how it go down nigga

[Lil' Keke]

Ok bitches wanna ride with me, bitches wanna slide
with me

I'm on 6-10, I think these bitches getting high with me
I smoke a what big stick, of the 'ghan
It's the Young Don, and I'm still riding on my tan
I'm on butter, I never did stutter
I jump up on the mic, cause I'm a bad motherfucker
Me and Whodi we done the song, the street life
So I'm still coming down, with my pocket knife
And my gun I'm not the one, I got a son
So I make money by the ton, cause I'm the Don

[Big Pokey]

Gotta get paid, nigga cause it's a swift trade
Hoes on my dick, popping up like a switch blade
Move around hoe, it go down
Keep the ruger nine low, if a nigga trip buck
When I pull up in the truck, on the 24's
I don't give a damn, cause you know this how it go
C.M.G./M.O.B., S.U.C.
Pulling up back to back, SUV
We in them Hummers, it's just like that
And when we pull them Hummers out, hoes think it's
Iraq move around bitch

[Lil' Keke]

It's Mobstyle, and you know we ride on them wankstas
C.M.G., that's them Custom Made Gangstas
I represent for my block, the Wood
And you know it's all good, take it back to the hood
If these niggaz talking down, I bust em in they face
I wouldn't give a damn, I keep the glock on my waist
I place em on the ground, it be under place
It's the Young Don, bout to give a nigga taste

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