

## Screwed Up Click f/ Lil' Keke, Mike D, Grace

### "Get This Paper"

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(\*talking\*)

Yeah, what I gotta do to get this paper  
I want the paper bitches, man S.U.C.  
What do I gotta do to get that paper  
What I gotta do, to get that paper  
Tell me what I gotta do to get paper  
All I wanna do is get that paper

[Mike D]

All I had to do was shift my stick, and switch my bitch  
It's like oh my God, the kid back in the mix  
Funny how a no good hoe, will bring you down  
Put the worse on a nigga, cause y'all a playa curse  
Fuck a hoe, drag off in the Lexus  
Make a nigga respect this, Break-A-Hoe Texas  
City with no pity, hoes hustle out they titty  
Knuckle up pitch rocks, peep out it and go get it  
Snatch a rack run up pack, our packs hold a gat  
Hit the highway withcha, stash a half in a cat  
Sick stand-up cats, run with stand-up hoes  
If they bar mix packs, it be like there he blows  
Off in the wind, let the GTO scratch the street  
Behind tint getting bent, with Z-Ro in the deck  
Something jazzy dumping ashes, bout to give me slow  
neck  
Y'all know what it is, the same fo' came back

[Lil' Keke]

I've been through everything, but I still persevere  
Bout to go live in 0-5, I'm still right here  
Oh yeah it's still my year, cause that talk is cheap  
By my lone' who really want me, man I ride one deep  
Got my hustle right paper tight, don't matter to me  
I can write a 16, or process me a ki  
The streets a motherfucker, man they'll swallow ya  
whole  
Pack it up wrap it up, nigga I'm ready to roll  
Fuck these niggaz and these figgas, I stay ready to  
rock  
Got killas with twin glocks, if you ready to plot  
It's the Take Over, I'm known as Lil' Ke

A certified guerilla, is courtesy S.U.C.  
Bang-bang chop-chop, man this shit don't stop  
We the underground kings, it's eight dollas a pop  
These niggaz be talking shit, and I'm hot no doubt  
But they can suck my dick, until the cum shoot out

[Grace]

If you don't know what it was, just here to show what it  
is

Bitch I'm the game runner head hunter, wrecking for  
years

It's the boy that put it down, from S.U.C. H-Town  
Southwest go-getter, Hoovergroove and to clown  
Take bitches and split fame, love to grip on grain  
Southside of H-Town, where they cook up caine  
Chop-chop on dub 4's, swang and bang 8-4's  
Drop top and blow dro, or po' it up out of 4's  
Straight medicated elevated, one hundred affiliated  
The underground funk King, is highly anticipated  
Pimp then pen and give it to em, I'm a Grey Tape soul  
You can't break the damn fool, showcasing skills that's  
thoed

Fuck a world Southwest G, another day another thug  
Day one true to it, till this day kill scrubs  
Spell it out you know my name, G-R-A-C-E  
S.U.C. V-E-T, that's till I D-I-E

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