

## **Screwed Up Click f/ Z-Ro**

### **"Freestyle #1"**

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(\*talking\*)

Asshole By Nature, you ain't never gon see me  
sweating

Z-Ro the Crooked, AKA King of the motherfucking  
Ghetto

Know I'm tal'n bout, Southside for life

S.U.C. I'm a Asshole, Southsi' for li' uh huh

Screwed Up Click, my nigga DJ Screw I know y'all knew

[Z-Ro]

I'm all out of space, with my game

Hell yeah nigga, got my pocket full of change

I use to have a pocket full of lint, now they wonder  
where I went

When the laws hit the corner, I'ma hit the fence

I'm gone, out do'

I'm outtie five thousand, but I'm still blowing dro

On the Castle Creek, or the Vetaven or the  
motherfucking Ridge road

Bitch, I put a widded up in your wig hoe

Motherfucking, teflon

Or seven point two sixes bitch, all in your arm

All in your chest, or all in your face

Or all in your leg, now your back is in a brace

You riding in a wheelchair, nigga can't walk

When you talk down on a nigga, I gangsta walk

Up on your bitch ass, open your ass up like Vick Sab

With a series of quick jabs, and six slabs

I ain't tripping bitch, open up your six pack

Know I'm saying bitch, lips back

Cracked open, talking that there

But I ain't even much tripping, I couldn't give a care

Cause I swear, I got killers on my team

Riding round, with the infra blue beam screen

Hell naw, the silencer is on the fucking tip

Of the motherfucking, extended clip

I rip through your flesh bitch, now I'm all up in your  
chest bitch

Better hope, God blessed bitch

Cause if you don't, that's your ass

I promise when I see you hoe, that's your ass

It's still fuck Watts, cause I don't give a fuck  
Riding in a truck nigga, South up  
Southside nigga, but the Nawf is part of the South too  
So watch, your motherfucking mouth fool  
Know I'm saying, disrespecting the Don  
I'll drop your bitch ass, with the left arm  
I'm right handed, kinda ambidextrous  
But I ain't tripping bitch, see your chin I stretch the shit  
I ain't tripping, I keep the flow going longer  
I'm still, on the motherfucking corner  
With a square of marijuana, I ride the track out until it's  
gone  
I ain't tripping, I'm still repping for my fucking home  
What's up, to the motherfucking Southside  
My nigga know I'm saying, I got to keep my mouth wide  
I showed the diamonds in the back, so shine the light  
on them  
But I ain't tripping, yeah he got the light it ain't dim  
I ain't tripping, I got the shine up in my lips mayn  
I ain't tripping, I'm on a sip mayn  
Yeah, the motherfucking Phantom red  
You heard what I said, I put the lean up in my head  
Make me lean to the left, and then I lean back  
Just like the Fat Joe, but a nigga ain't Fat Joe  
Mo' like the skinny Joe, or the thinner Joe  
I'm still a winner bitch, yeah I'm still a winter hoe  
I'm on spinners hoe, three's on the Cadillac  
Hell yeah I chop your ass, with my battle axe  
I'm still looking dead, off up in the lens  
I ain't even tripping, you better ask my partna Den  
How we get down on the South, we don't play with ya  
Know I'm saying, gun talk we say with ya  
Peep out the Skip, peep that U-G-P  
Peep out that Juvenile nigga, then peep out me  
Then peep out the mo'fucking, S.U.C.  
We got niggaz like Chris Ward, and that C  
G, know I'm saying that's the gangsta talk  
Get with it bitch, and do the gangsta walk

(\*talking\*)

Know I'm saying, I'm just fucking around  
But y'all know nigga, DJ Screw is the Don nigga  
All you hoe ass niggaz, y'all gon mind nigga  
Fuck you and your click nigga, know I'm saying  
This how I do my shit nigga, Screwed Up Click for life  
Southside nigga still sipping, wish you would run up

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