

Screwed Up Click f/ Z-Ro, Mike D, Will-Lean

"No More Tears"

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(*talking*)

Stressing man, just think
Money'd take me to these levels
Hustlers understand, huh Ro
Gutter, gone

[Mike D]

I live that gangsta life mob life, oh so well
Got a-got a hundred, back on bail
FED's on my trail, I could smell the swine cooking
My faith in the Lord, not in you cowards and pussies
K fully loaded, got my goons in place
They waiting on the word, to invade your space
You niggaz is cowards, in this industry
Mention the S.U.C., get the attention of he
Him, and that whole click that roll wit ya
This purple got my rude mood, trying to miss you funny
dudes
Be about your paper, quit worrying bout this dude
My life a movie show, wife the dumb groupie hoe
She running through my click, out here acting like a
stupid hoe
But I don't let, none of that move me bro
Focus get the do', I swear they could have that hoe
I'm trying to get another million, rapping out of capping
down
A nigga back down

(*talking*)

Nigga, ask around
You know what it do, when a Don touch streets
Z-Ro, you better tell these hoes nigga
Say today money, is yesterday money (huh)
S.U.C. nigga (for life), ha (fuck y'all niggaz)
Corleone nigga, (Z-Ro, Assholes By Nature
In the building bitch)

[Z-Ro]

I'm driving with a suspended license, trying to make it
down I-10
And if I get pulled over, this trip could get me five to

ten
I gotta admit my cup of coedine, got me drowsy
But my hunger for paper, keep me focused it won't
allow me
To slip up this fully loaded AK, I promise you don't want
me to pick up
Let that bitch catch a case of the hiccups, and burn off
in my pick-up
I'm hustler hoe I stay on the grind, either drop off or I
pick up
I was real before the cash came, I'm still real I'm never
gon switch up
I get big bucks, and if you ain't tal'n bout helping me
get big bucks
Get the fuck off my perimeter, before my bitch fuck
both your lips up
Slide a clip up in the mack, Bloods and Crips up in one
pack
With the main objective, of emptying out their clips up
in your back
Look I just came home don't make me go there, you
don't wanna take Ro there
Cause the only way I'm coming back is one deep, I'll
murder your ass think I won't playa
Now it could be the 4-4, or the 4-fever
So for the same reason you wouldn't fuck with Mike
Tyson, don't fuck with Ro either

[Will-Lean]

I'm a Clover G vet, jumping out the Lac
Similar to a slug, jumping out the tech
AK shells coming, tumbling out your neck
While Screwed Up Click shit, bumping out the deck
Yeah we back on the streets, forever packing our heat
Scratching the back of the seat, in the back of the Jeeps
I'm a beast, quick to bust a cap in your teeth
Armored pierced hollow tips, attacking your streets
Load up the calicoes, 44's and guillotines
HK's hand grenades, and the M-16
With night vision, plus equipped with a beam
Them Screwed Up Click niggaz, they addicted to green
Believe that, fresh bank accounts nigga read that
I'm still in the streets, I could take you where them ki's
at
14-8, that's the going ticket
The Chemist I'm A-1, but I'm known to whip it come on

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