

Southside Playaz f/ DJ Screw, S.U.C. "Hell Razor"

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(*DJ Screw*)

Year 2G DJ Screw, Corleon what's the motherfucking deal

(shit trying to figure out, what we gon hit these hoes with

For this last song baby), nigga fuck it I got some'ing

Let's go on pull that ol' hell raiser shit, know I'm saying

(no shit, some of that you forgot my gunshot screw you)

[Hook - 4x]

Hell raisers on the rise, paper making guys

Who stop at nothing think we bluffing, look into our eyes

[Lil' Keke]

See it really ain't a thang to me, always grind for the currency

What fifteen on the scene with green, had to get away from that J-O-B

Born and raised to have nothing to gain, year after year but ain't a damn thang changed

Look in the mirror 'fore you judge a man, and I swear to God you gon respect this game

Get shit together 'fore you ride, too many real niggaz already died

From East to West who's the best, North to South gon claim they side huh

Everything's everything fa sho, bring your hat to ya when you hit the do'

At the age 24 I'm a CEO, no time to play I gotta run the show

Hell raiser on the rise with no disguise, so iced out I gotta stay in your eyes

Take the rap game with a big surprise, Commission rich nigga we been the wise guy

Everybody wanna just roll with us, jump in the drop try to stroll with us

Get on the block and try to hold with us, but it takes more than that to be cold as us what

[Lil' O]

Well they call me Lil' O better known as hell raiser, 36
cooker and a state trail blazer
FED's on my ass but I never fail playa, breeze still get
delivered like mail papers
Crawl slow down the average snail playas, sitting on
20's sitting on haters
2000 Benz like grey exterior, leather and wood all in
my interior
Yelling out the window you niggaz in inferior, go ahead
and try to run up I'll bury ya
And I ain't just bumping and trying to put fear in ya, I
got some'ing in this car that'll bury ya
See the Fat Rat don't play around, got killers on my
team that'll lay you down
Hit your block lock in a drop top with the glock cocked,
busting out the roof and come spraying you clowns
You shoulda been talking what you saying now, you
didn't wanna mind you are paying now
You were sure acting funny bunny with a nigga money,
now you funny bunny bitch ass paying now
Yeah they hating now they wanna take my nuts,
everytime I pull up I take they sluts
But they ain't taking shit but a bullet to the gut, cause O
ain't scared to pull the trigger nigga what

[Clay-Doe]

Hell raisers on the rise, niggaz just like flies
To strategize categorize, motherfuckers then they die
They just a bigger pie for my G's to ball, these my dogs
so fuck all y'all
I take a steak knife hit your wind pipe, keep dripping till
the tip of the blade gets stuck on the wall
Cheap ruger rip high on the raw, triggers coming out
without a flaw
Hit the club scene with the mug mean hit the stage,
raising hell loco going to war
But that's for the FED's I'm looking for the ends, five
bedrooms with the two-thee Benz
Cocked ready for the niggaz wanna do me in, fuck me
one time bet you won't do it again

[Mike D]

We got glocks to break down, funds for shake downs
Motherfuckers gon feel the wrath of me, and Po-Yo
come for the take down
Move out the way clown I'm starving like Marvin, Harvin
and Marvin stepping on toes
Crystal flake cakes by the boat loads, all I cop from the
'lumbos
Swell in the gate state's a no go, figga fo' flows like my

nigga Po-Yo
Keep blood money like my nigga Lil' O, Don Keke
banging Clay-Doe
Hell raiser Hogg was bout the pesos, send fifty
henchman through your front do'
Surrounded by killers possessed with dojo, boys don't
move till I say so
Shoulda never fucked with phsyco Michael, I'm the type
of hogg that'll play it how it go
Step out on your block with the glock 4-0, watch a nigga
get like his name flow Joe

[Big Pokey]

Slow your roll cause I done hit the do', hot to the Scott
cause I hit the dro
Cuff your bitch cause I'll hit the hoe, take her place she
don't get the do'
Y'all know Yo I'ma keep it realer, make the 6-4 crawl
like a caterpillar
Quick to blast a nigga nigga me and Lil' Ke, Miggity D
and O pack a milli
Make motherfuckers fold like a armadilla, if I swarm a
nigga then I'ma harm a nigga
Nine times out of ten I'ma warm a nigga, or I pull a
Sadaam and then I bomb a nigga

[Mr. 3-2]

Hell raisers on the rise, paper making guys
Look into my eyes, you see a killer in disguise
I'm sitting wide body, gone off killuminatti
Raising hell for my mail, and doing these niggaz is my
hobby
No smoke Bobby Brown, only doja and flight
Mr. 3-2, Southside Playa for life
Get it right or get gone, 'fore I do some'ing to ya
With the 4-5 ruger, burning boys like buddha

[C-Note]

The Southside Playaz and Botany Big Shots, Screwed
Up Click we got the big knots
Boys looking sick we got them big rocks, 3rd Coast
Born all up on my yacht
I'm feeling kinda good when I grip the wood, do it like I
should represent my hood
Gotta hold it down like you knew we would, nailing up
placks like I knew we could
It's going down when I'm on sight, I grip this AK like I
grip the mic
I keep my rhyme tight pulling out the Ike, swinging
elbows all through the night
Got cell phones sky pagers, grip codes and we living

major
From H-Town all to the Cader, we blowing up like hell
raisers

[Hook - 4x]

[Big Moe]
Southside, Southside
Gotta feel it, Screwed Up Click yeah

(*DJ Screw*)
Know I'm saying, boys gon feel this
Screwed Up Click, know I'm saying
Hell raisers on the rise nigga
Stage wreckers, mic breakers
FED shakers, fuck with us

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