

## **Big Mike**

### **"S.U.C"**

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(Chorus)

Screwed Up Click, my click of g's  
Ahh you got to feel that player M-O-E  
Rolling with the Los, running with the coedine  
And we about break, so take all you can

(Hawk)

Screwed up, what, chest be looking booed up  
With the chemistry it's brewed up tracks get chewed up  
Brighten the mood up, when I'm spitting this all  
Above the law, coldest nigga you ever saw  
Stay there, outlaw hand me up the state  
I infiltrate your chest stain and increase the death rate  
Don't hate, my, it only makes us madder  
Pockets get fatter, then a only makes them say matter  
Squash all the chatter in the southern region  
I pledge of alleigence to my niggas not breathing  
We all still breathing screaming S.U.C.  
And that's the story mafios, and P-A-T  
Niggas can't see me cause I'm rougher than most  
You boys are like bread not butter and toast  
They can't even come close, they done already told ya  
Like the H-A-W-K and a screwed up soldier

(Chorus)

Screwed Up Click, my click of g's  
Ahh you got to feel that player M-O-E  
Rolling with my click, it's the S.U.C.  
And they got to mean, the Barre Baby

(Big Moe)

See when we floss our candy rides  
Screens keep falling from the sky  
Players ball and we stay true  
And if you want to test my click  
I pop problems what you get  
S.U.C. and we god damn fools  
We got that purple sticky dank  
Chased with purple sticky drank  
And forever we gone bang screw  
Oh it's the Screw in us, we gone represent with pride

It's the Screw in us till we die

(Chorus)

Screwed Up Click, my click of g's  
Ahh you got to feel that player M-O-E  
Rolling with the Po, rolling with the Pokey  
Can't forget about, the Lil' Keke

(Lil' Keke)

Devistating and motivating it's the S.U.C.  
Showing and blowing up since the year 93'  
Everybody be claiming the click, they want to be down  
Wait to trip, on a flip through H-Town  
Let's take it back, cause you know we love that  
Poppi in the gray lay with the with the fifth on the back  
of the lac  
You know we ride chrome everyday  
Having the ghetto dreams like my nigga P-A  
We crossed inside and forever we glide  
And one thing's for sure man southside's riding  
Let's get this cheddar, you got your wood and your  
leather  
Sitting tall on boys pushing dubs or better  
This a click full of g's, so we do it with these  
Keep the block on pop and the ice on freeze  
Mo yo, and Keke for real it don't stop  
S.U.C. took a mission on down to Wreckshop, come on

(Chorus)

Screwed up click, gone keep it true  
Oh P-A to, that DJ Screw  
We gone morne you so deep for you  
And I want to say to you, without you fool

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