

Maurice Williams & The Zodiacs

"S.U.C. 4 Life"

Visit "[S.U.C. 4 Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(talking)

Southside for life, aka Southside for life

Z-Ro, K.T., recognize my motherfucking team

[Z-Ro]

Let me introduce myself, I'm Z-Ro the Crooked, Mo City
block

The place that you don't want to go cause you'll get no
pity block

With drug dealers when we need some paper

Get on the corner and we bleed till we fifty keep
avoiding them haters

Cause they keep dropping salt in the game

Bumping they gums so they end up getting caught in
the game, don't maintain

Handle my business on the low-low, hit a lick and go to
Akapoko

Sipping on moët and smoking ball bat to that dro and
doe-doe

Jesus let me ball till I fall in the grave, doing it my way

As a rich nigga and call it a day, I play with my K

Cause it ain't no people where I stay

Nothing but memories and blood stains of yesterday

How can I make it to heaven if I be chilling in hell

If they can make a million you can make a million as
well

Until then, I'ma be making deals with the Jamaicans

S.U.C. to the finish until he call me in

(Chorus)

Recognize my team cause we got players that's gone
represent

Screwed Up Click for life, S.U.C. Screwed Up Click for
life

All I want is money chasing paper after dead
presidents

Screwed Up Click for life, S.U.C. Screwed Up Click for
life

[K.T.]

You bet it's me, K.T., new S-U-S-P-E-C-T

Living better and cutting and trying to stack my
currencies
Stay alive, survive, the lord knows my soul purified
And make a way for my family although I know they
tried

I'm doing bad, wishing for things that I never had
It's my dad, drops and blue over gray rag
Until I make a million or more, I'ma smoke and lean
And stack my green, until a player hit the floor
Waking up calling shots, beam glocks, and doing
shows

Getting lifted on flows, six hundred, and hydro
K.T. and Z-Ro, on a smash for cream
Searching for dead politicians if y'all know what I mean
A murdering team, spit my guillotine at you busters
On the grind getting mine with the watch full of bezzels
M-O-B I would of team until my time is foul
Stack my paper, scream Presidential smoke weed and
get high

(Chorus)

Recognize my team cause we got players that's gone
represent
Presidential Player for life, I'm a Presidential Player for
life
All I want is money chasing paper after dead
presidents
Presidential Player for life, I'm a Presidential Player for
life

[Z-Ro]

Ain't shit changed, my life is still about drugs and slugs
You could keep your lights on, you've got to get your
fight on, and mean mug
Early birds get the worm, but motherfuckers tend to
shortstop
The Ro I aim my pistol played a deadly burn
Z-Ro the Crooked and my routine will never change
Hust-l-ing and bust-l-ing to keep my fingers on some
pocket change
Got to go stay the same until, I die nigga
When I make the tactics of a Mo City then stay high
nigga
We bleed blocks from seven to seven to seven again
Holding scratch, peeping packs, slowed then and three
for tens
I got what you need, living in this gutter daily
Even though I bleed the block it's like I can't eat
because this life pay me
Ducking the police when they be sliding by
And I swang low on a sweet chariot as I'm riding high

I'm paranoid everytime you see me, cause I be
smoking niggas
Regular and it's fucking with my conscience so I bust
freely
Wake up in the morning and I caught my tip
And get ready for another day of this gangsta shit

(talking)

Y'all know nigga, every motherfucking day
You got to get that pay, it's the only way

(Chorus - 2x)

Recognize my team cause we got players that's gone
represent
Screwed Up Click for life, S.U.C. Screwed Up Click for
life
All I want is money chasing paper after dead
presidents
Screwed Up Click for life, S.U.C. Screwed Up Click for
life

Visit [Maurice Williams & The Zodiacs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.