

## Trae

### "Screwed Up Click"

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[Verse One: Trae]

I'm bout to square it off, everybody better stay in they homes  
Cus when I spit, I'm representin  
I'm protected by chrome  
My old G Hump done told me Trae it's bout that time to explode  
So everybody in my way better get the fuck off the road  
I'm on the rampage and there ain't gon be no cooling me off  
Until I put it through a nigga disrespecting the south  
I'm a guerilla out the click, and ain't no taming me  
Plus they got me heated cus niggaz ain't who they claim to be  
But still they claim to be the S.U.C. and I ain't feeling that  
H-A Dub show me the sign so I can bring they hat and lay them flat  
Across the concrete and that'll show them what the business is  
Hit them with the hook and that'll show them what my feelings is  
Copcats get a tat 'fore the mack in the Lac  
Never slackin on the back of the track, I'm a fool that's a fact  
Then again I ain't having that when it comes to flowing  
I'm sick  
Bitch, give me 50 feet and hop the fuck off of my dick

[Chorus: H.A.W.K. x2]

All chumps get squashed by the Screwed Up Click  
Certified gangstas ain't takin no shit  
Got everybody tryin'a steal our shit  
Now give us 50 feet and get the fuck off our dick

[Verse Two: H.A.W.K.]

Now give us 50 feet and get the fuck off our dick  
You punk bitch, you criss switchas steal our shit  
I'ma come down, I'ma come through  
We came down and through since 1992  
I'm a protege of Screw, one of the hardest ones

Put you on a cavilary and a dangerous tongue  
I'm the mouthpiece of the Southeast, on weak niggaz  
high feast  
Back back, gimme 50 feet, or I shall reach your piece  
Better stay out of my reach, and stop stealing my lines  
Niggaz singin my songs like old school nursery rhymes  
Yall niggaz far behind, I can see you in my rear view  
I can spit a punch line and smash your whole crew  
Yall boys is boo-boo, and yall boys is so through  
That shit yall do make a nigga boo-boo  
I drive these niggaz cuckoo, really ricka voo-doo  
Representin Screw-zoo like Lil' Flip and Bahdoo

[Chorus: H.A.W.K. x2]

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[Verse Three: Mr. 3-2]

Now boys wanna be me, walk in my shoes  
They don't fit, sound like the big boss of the Screwed  
Up Click  
I'm dick, there ain't but one Mr. 3-2  
Playa, ass nigga that always stay true  
Who is you?  
Who is that tellin lies on the mic?  
Better get your game together can't come up overnight  
I'ma write, get mine, puttin it in the stash  
Once you have the last laugh with a whole lot of cash  
Street game roll something depending one deep  
Grindin it out but mothafuckers feel decieved  
50 feet ain't enough, I need a little more space  
Take over, monopolize  
All up, in your face  
H-A dub and my nigga Lil' Trae  
Ready for pistol play anytime, anyday  
Okay, it ain't a game all chumps get squashed  
By the Screwed Up Click, and Mr. ... Big Boss

[Chorus: H.A.W.K. x2]

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