Screwed Up Click

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
Copycats 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

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

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

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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

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