

Lil' Keke, Nothing Wit Me

(*talking*)

Cock ya guns on this one, fire ya doja on this one
Pour ya drank on this one man, 7-1-3
Get your C's up, this the Commission

(Hook)

I'ma throw up for my hood, then I'ma blow up for my hood
Then I'ma show up for my hood, then I'ma po' up for my hood
They don't want nothing with me, (not me)
They don't want nothing with me, (who me)
They don't want nothing with me, (CMG)
They don't want nothing with me, (S.U.C. baby)
I'ma throw up for my hood, then I'ma blow up for my hood
Then I'ma show up for my hood, then I'ma po' up for my hood

(Lil' Keke)

I'm a pimp by nature, and a boss by force
I done sold a million records, I'm just not in the Source
A lot of niggaz in the streets, say they hood as me
But on the microphone rapping, not as good as me
I'm on the grind going hard, and my pen is hot
Yeah, coming for that number one spot
Niggaz calling out my crew, like my click gon fold
But we gon strap 'em to the track, and let the c-train roll
I'm a Custom Made Gangsta, and a Capo too
It's independent black cash, nigga thanks to Screw
Got my eyes on you niggaz, like some contact lens
And I'm headed to the top, but still seeking revenge yeah

(Hook)

(Lil' Keke)

It's a hundred yards and running, my corners let's man up
It's some G's in the building, my niggaz let's stand up
Nuts will be taken, hearts will be breaking
C.M.G.-S.U.C., history in the making
Fuck the background, man my turn is next
Tell them folks in New York, to start cutting the check
Niggaz whispering under the rug, that I'm lost and forgot
But on the cool damn fool, check the radar watch
All these kings everywhere, I refuse to kneel
I'ma end a few careers, when I sign a deal
Yeah this S.U.C. bitch, and we mad as fuck
All of a sudden, everybody done got so screwed up
It's the takeover, and we coming for placks
We coming for Robert Earl, and we coming for Pat
0-5/0-6, we leaving your head bust
Southside Houston Texas, they don't want it with us yeah

(Hook)

(Lil' Keke)

I'm a Dirty South icon, plus armed and dangerous
I'd rather be rich, then be so-called famous
These mark niggaz rapping, I'ma spit in they face
Put the garbage in the dump, and put the trash in the waste
These FED's is moving close, it's getting scary
The next thing you see, is plenty kites and commissary
These streets are necessary, they made me legendary
Rock solid game, got the frame sitting heavy
Niggaz think it's gravy, but we float like the Navy
Laid back like a pimp, and let the microphone pay me
A different color creed, got different color weed
A Custom Made Gangsta, from a different kind of breed

Niggaz probably bleed, if they testing my round
And niggaz can get it quick, on my side of the town
These niggaz is rat-packing, they ain't fucking with Ke'
Chit-chatting in the back, but they don't want it with me yeah

(Hook)

(*talking*)

Yeah nigga ha-ha, return of the Teflon Don
It's eight dollas a pop man, it's independent cash thanks to Screw
I'm telling you niggaz now mayn, lace ya boots
I'm coming for the number one spot
You niggaz out here, running with my styles man you know
Here I come man, the minor set-back for the major come-back
You know what it is, C.M.G. my click
S.U.C. to the fullest, I'm so Screwed Up
Back to the underground, that's where the money at
It's feeding the family you heard me, ha I might not never sign