

# Lil' Keke, The Day Hell Broke Loose 3 / Loved by

(Hook)

I chunk up the deuce for the South and the North  
Boys talkin down and boys wanna hate  
I chunk up the deuce for the South and the North  
Boys talkin down don't make me pull out the choppa  
I chunk up the deuce for the South and the North  
Boys talkin down, I'll leave 'em on the streets dead  
I chunk up the deuce for the South and the North  
Boys talkin down, I got them diamonds in my mouth

(Paul Wall)

Well it's that grain gripper from Houston, Tex  
That barre sipper that barre no plex  
I'm straight up outta that Swishahouse, where G. Dash write all the checks  
So check the neck, check the wrist, I'm balla status from head to toe  
My jewelry shop sell more grills than George Foreman, baby now y'know  
That ain't a igloo, that's my watch; and that ain't snow, baby that's my chain  
That's not a ice tray, that's my teeth; and that's not a snow cone, that's my ring  
That ain't Kool-Aid up in my cup, I stay sippin that purple oil  
I stay flippin the slab on 4's, 'cause I'ma hustler 'til I'm in the soil  
My wrist game is one of a kind, Patek Philippe worth a 100K  
My work schedule out on the block, it's mash all night and grind all day  
No 401K for a hustler, just bleed the block and stack that paper  
M.O.B. when it comes to hoes and a .40 cal when it comes to haters  
We authentic playas not counterfeit, gotta 600 Benz with a fall kit  
Got hoes at the HK turning tricks, out runnin the track tryna make me rich  
I'm too legit to quit, stackin up that paper 'til I'm gone  
So I'ma be workin wood wheel and catchin splinters  
Ridin 20 inches or better in chrome

(Hook)

(Lil' Keke)

Yeah.. Don Ke! Houston, Tex; got the streets burnin, poppin seals with them 4's turnin  
Rookie boys they still learning, losing cash, I'm still earning  
Get my bread when I shake the Fed, keep them dimes in and out my bed  
Jump in the drop to convert the top and let 'em bop on candy red  
Leather seats with that wood out, they don't know what my hood 'bout  
Tryna take the young Don's spot, I'm platinum ball and still hot  
Haters off in my mix again, pimpin broads plus pimpin pens  
Multipling, I gotta win; keep that ice looking clear as Gin  
Out the roof still chunking deuce, ridin slab and hoppin juice  
Diamond grill with plenty skills, just pass the mic and I let it loose  
Independent still chasing bucks, 22's on Porsche and trucks  
Model chicks with them big ole butts, killa clans with them big ole nuts  
Hit the club with my game tight, hoes bobbin my fame right  
Did her thang the same night, boys talkin it's all hype  
Cut the check when I run my mouth, roll the green like I'm playin golf  
Texas boys be goin off, representing the North and South

(Hook)

(Pimp C)

I'm from Port Arthur, Texas; represent it 'til I'm dead (dead)  
Pimpin almost died in the 80's, boys was scared (scared)  
Bitches was on crack, and the 'Lacs wasn't rollin (rollin)  
But the game done been revived 'cause now the Southside is holdin (huh!)  
Pockets stay swollen (huh!), what do we do with all this cash? (cash)  
Drive '84 Biarritz with TV's jumpin up out the dash (dash)  
Pistol in the stash even though I'm on parole (role)  
Nigga try me with that fuck it, bitch I'll leave ya body cold (cold)  
{\*echoes\*}

(Bun B)

From the land of grain (grain), drippin paint (paint), 84's and a chrome grill  
This Texas baby (huh), dirty South (South), P.A.T.; you know we real  
We pack the K's (K's), Desert Eag's (Eag's), AR's and them 38's  
We servin nothing but Charlie White, playa we don't sell that dirty weight  
Big Bun B'da, hold it down (down), rep the town to the fullest (fullest)  
Whether it be on the mic or in the streets bustin them bullets (bullets)  
Don't put it with me (with me), I won't pull it on you and leave you ventilated  
U.G.K. is back on the block and you marks is finna hate it

(Hook)