

Lil' Keke, Underground All-Stars

(*talking*)

Young Don nigga, Fat Rat nigga
We in the building, S.U.C
Underground All-Stars, feel it ah

(Hook)

We some hustlers ballers, money making thugs
Underground All-Stars, show the game love
Cause we bosses gangstas, money making G's
Counting O's doing shows, from our new CD's

(Lil' Keke)

Throw your block up high, get your set in the sky
Get your dro get your drank, X pills and fry
We some hustlers ballers, gangstas bosses
Hood rich nigga, with no time for losses
I've been gone for a minute, so boys wanna do me
I'm cold with this shit, bouncing back like Juve
Feel me kill me, or make you a choice
Or tuck your tail like a bitch, when you hear my voice
Bring pain no change, on my new c.d
And I'm raw as ten lines, out the scorpion key
S.U.C. to the finish, niggaz clearing the way
In the booth spitting truth, better ask MJ
Got Miggity Mike D, and I'm Don Lil' Ke
Herschelwood and the 3, Laf-Tex C.M.G
Braeswood new chrome, on brand new cars
It's the Southside, Underground All-Stars

(Hook - 2x)

(Lil' O)

I sold c.d.s, out the back of my truck
So I could knock off the truck, that start with the Range
And when I stopped moving crack and I started to rap
And I made me some stacks, I ain't changed
You must respect my hustle, you must respect my grind
You must respect my hard work, I got the right to shine
Remember well in my cell, I had to fight the time
But I swore when I got out, I'd have twice the grind
And be, ten times the man
This Y on my wrist, is ten times a grand
I got the glow of a God, you can't out shine me man
Dear Lord watch over me, niggaz hating on me I'm about to bomb on em
Be with me Amen, see I will prevail
Not a millionaire yet, but I'm giving 'em hell
Real life thug shit, man I'm living it well
And if you real like I'm real, then you feel me like brail cause we some

(Hook - 2x)

(Mike D)

Ain't too many gon hop out, and do the game like me
I got the heart of a lion, hustle game from the 3
I'm with the Don Keke, Lil' O and Den Den
Plus guerillas from the Southwest, with C's on they fucking chest
You get it right get it straight, baby we hold the weight
Use to be the cocaine, now this the drank state
And you know, who hold the keys to the city
It's Miggity Mike D, a young Carl Smitty
And I'm tired of these overrated, rappers
Ain't seen the streets a day in they life, just modern day actors
Watch niggaz like me, and put my life in they lines
And niggaz in the hood, don't even know your kind

I'm a hustler gangsta, money making thug
With niggaz from the hood, that'll get at you cuz

(Hook - 2x)