

# Big Pokey, It's Like This

It's like this and like that and like this and uh  
It's like that and like this and like that and uh  
South side of the map, we spectacular  
Sippin 'Ze and the Don right back at ya  
It's going down, and you know it's goin down  
The roughest and toughest, representin H-town  
Pound for pound, no we can't be touched  
When the mike get clutched, boys get the head rush

(Lil KeKe)

Here it is, plain and simple your nuts took  
You fuckin with a crook that really be off the hook  
Check the books, we profitin six digits or better  
It's the Houston trendsetter mixin chips with cheddar  
Been the roughest on the scene since the year nine-three  
Now I shake down, and break down, punk niggas for free  
When I flip my currency it's multiplied by three  
One of a kind in 99 on this spendin spree  
You better ask Big G, before fuckin wit Ke  
I crucify lyrically anyone steppin to me  
And as for Big Pokey, he's one of the throwdest in the game  
When you stretch out, catch out or feel his pain  
You know my name, say what, the youngest Don of them all  
Bentley sittin tall, remote control screens fall  
It's the way a playa ball, keepin ice on his wrist  
Like this and like that and like that and like this

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(Big Pokey)

It's that Ke-star and that Big Po-diena  
Certified tag teamers, we'll rock the arena  
With the point of a finger we serve niggas subpoenas  
Then rip up singles and split the money between us  
I dip a six through my city when I'm bendin the corner  
Presidential on my wrist bout to give me pneumonia  
&From H-town to Arizona we see these sellers  
Got niggas chests itchin like they swallowed some wetter

(Lil KeKe)

Lil Ke and Po-diene, we so crispy clean  
Bubble eyed European Jag lit with screens  
Princess cut on pinky rings, I'm a lyrical King  
You know the type of shit you only see in your dreams  
I make em clean, pull up on chrome 19s  
I mash on gasoline for my bread and cream  
My only color is green, I sip drank and lean  
Big Poke and Lil Ke, we southside's best team

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(Big Pokey)

You know I'm bent off the chain like to bite the mike  
When I'm on the pitchers mound, better strap your Nikes  
Throwin stripes, mobbin over busters and parasites  
Precise and on point bout to light up your life  
I'm in your chest G, and it's a fact you can't digest me  
When niggas test me I make it messy  
And that's for real, I issue out blows you can't shield  
Niggas screens get peeled with these verses I spill  
Best get up, I enter the door, wrist lit up  
When I aim that ho at you you can get up (Bling)  
So much ice on my arm, make my arm go numb  
Charmed like a light show, can't you see I'm the bomb  
Knockin heads with the Don, representin our turf  
Got stripes on our shirt just for puttin in work  
Hittin in where it hurts, spectacular  
Lil Ke and Po-yo, right back at ya

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