

Lil' Keke, Da Don Ro & Trae

(Hook)

Don, Ro and Trae

Taking over the rap game, and collecting our change everyday
Serious and we don't play, these hoers know we got wind of that hoe
But still fuck with us anyway
Don Ro and Trae fully loaded with automatics
Bitch we tripping, when coming your way
Watch what you say, cause fucking with the Screwed Up Click
You'll get hit and we'll make it, to be on your way

(Trae)

It's automatic these niggaz don't want no problems, when I'm flossing in a boss and mine
Bitch I've been the truth around this motherfucker, mouthpiece been ahead of my time
Catch me dropping the top, slide the clip in and cock my glock
Ain't no love for these hating niggaz, better get your mind right 'fore some'ing get popped
Back to the fact I'm lethal on these streets, whether my pen or my reputation
Some cats, ain't even worth the conversation
All of this misrepresentation, finna get put to a end
Y'all had y'all run for the time gone, it just got put to a end
I know I'm cocky, but I clearly remember motherfuckers wasn't feeling Trae
But they knew, I wasn't too far around the way
Pissed em off, when I pulled up inside that platinum Chevrolet
With a bunch of Hoovers and Bloods, final destination where I stay
On F-O-N-D-R-E-N, all the way back to the Leaf
Mo City, Hiram-Clarke, South Park my niggaz vouching for me
They know everytime I spit, I spit like it's the last that I'm breathing
With the three of us in this bitch, I hope you have a wonderful evening bitch

(Hook)

(Z-Ro)

When I wake up in the morning, the first thing I do is roll me up one
And prepare myself to deal with bitch niggaz, in case I have to touch one
It don't matter cause I love war, from where the prostitutes and the drugs are
Fuck with me or my kinfolk Trae, your face is where my slugs are
I'm an asshole by nature, until my casket is closed
But in the meanwhile, I'ma represent and let my plastic explode
And Houston Texas it been crazy lately, everybody been getting bumped off
Maybe that's the reason, I'm never without the gun or the sawed off
Don't approach me too quickly, cause I'm paranoid
Fuck around and squeeze the trigga nigga, all opposition must be destroyed
I'm a gangsta plus a soldier, fuck niggaz off when I'm on sober
Fuck all these rap niggaz cause I'm colder, like a pair of britches I will fold ya
Call me the cleanest, cause I'm about to wash all y'all fellas
Making a motherfucker come clean, by bringing a bitch out of all y'all fellas
Even got niggaz firing charges, cause I got they ass beat up
But even through the madness, I relax and keep my feet up

(Hook)

(Lil' Keke)

I'm one of the coldest lyricists, that this city done ever seen
Naturally getting mean, I punish my sixteen
Niggaz gut check, niggaz be talking who I recruited
8100 block, in the hood I'm undisputed
Me and Trae you ain't know, the Don plus Z-Ro
S.U.C. in the building, we shooting they hit the flo'
Niggaz stop that, know damn well that I can top that
Ten G's mic and a stage, and I'll rock that
Back crunk, streets are fiending and missing me
Cause it's one love, know that I murder for C.M.G
You niggaz dick riding, bumping your gums it's killing me
Cause I'm top dog, fake ass niggaz you feeling me
Get your heart right, we riding and busting it ain't nothing

Letting the top peel back, from the push of a button
It's A.B.N.-Rap-A-Lot, niggaz don't want none
C.M.G. Teflon, Lil' Keke the Icon hey

(Hook)

(*talking*)

Check it out man, C.M.G
My motherfucking click, Custom Made Gangsterz