

Lil' Keke, G-Til I Die

(*talking*)

Just let the music play uh yeah, just let the music play
Uh we gon ride to this one, yeah uh come on

(Hook)

Got to be a G, till the day that I die - 4x
Got to be a G, got to be a G - 2x

(*scratching*)

Got to be a G, till the day that I die - 4x

(Yung Ro)

The last of a dying breed, y'all couldn't understand it
Against all odds, I'm still here still standing
You ain't gotta know much, to know the streets talking
Scared to approach us, cause we far from who they see often
Life been good for me, and I'm still the same
They see the chain, and give me strange looks about the name (Nobody)
You know the game, time'll tell who remain true
They felt the cool breeze, when me and Ke' slid through
G'd up, Dickie unit wearing Chuck Taylor's
A special scent, got my attitude like fuck haters
It can't stop, fully loaded no time to rest
My enemies plotting, got real thangs on my chest
Grew up on freestyles, from S.U.C
H-Town raised call me Nobody, cause I'm one deep
Yeah a few cats rocking, but we rock steady
Ke' the Don and Yung Ro daddy already, already yeah

(Hook)

(Lil' Keke)

1993, that's when I blazed up the scene
Original S.U.C., I'm the Freestyle King
Rest in Peace Pat, I'ma make 'em love it mayn
DJ Screw the king, he changed up the whole game
Niggaz say I'm finished, and the Don is offended
I come from undergrounds, and made a million independent
It's 2005, it got's to be known
The Young Don is back, and I'm coming for the throne
A G till I die, dominating like a veteran
And ask Bank One, about the checks I'm collecting
Niggaz just kepping, I'm back hungry rapping
They need to get some Oscars, for the way that they acting
I'm kidnapping, my own self in the booth
I'm loading up my pen, then I'm shooting with the truth
This H-Town baby, our music Chopped & Slowed
Some G's till we die, it's the Don and Yung Ro yeah

(Hook)

(Yung Ro)

Grew up in a place where they say most don't, but some get it
And the respect is measured by, when they done with it
An O.G. told me, stick to the G-Code
Youngin' you too eager, tighten up on that free throw
Trying to make my ghetto dreams, a reality
Me and them other dudes, got a whole different mentality
Y'all went wrong, putting me and Ke' in the booth
The way I put it in they face, call me the proof
Just bought a box of cigarillos, from the corner sto'
I got my game face on, we playing dominoes
They shooting dice watch out, you better catch that
Six and eight running mates, so nigga bet that

Bet back, cause my bet good I keep it coming
And all the homies in the hood, hollin' one hundred
Yung back again, with the Don Keke
These boys feather weight mayn, and we G's-we G's

(Hook)

(*talking*)

Yeah uh-huh, I like that my nigga I like that
Uh-huh, shit feeling this shit here man