

# Lil' Keke, Gangsta's

(Hook)

We gon get em ready to rock (let's let em rock)  
Give it up for your city, your sets, hoods and your blocks  
We gon get em, ready to roll (go on roll)  
All our people that be hustling, and trying to make a knot

(Thug Dirt)

We gon get em ready to rock, behind tint  
With a strawberry filly, in the Expo getting bent  
Got a eight, of that Oh-No  
Tell Ro to bring some Sprite, tell Ke to bring a ounce of that do-do  
Fa sho keep it real, represent your town  
Your cities your states your sets, hoods where you clown  
Gangstas get your thug on, pimps get your hoes on  
Or riding big 20's, like a school zone  
I'm Thug Dirt, and I'm repping Heavy Ro'  
Heavy dump trucks and throwed cars, a marble flo'  
On the Southside of Houston, you can find me off of Scott  
Delivered with heat, that keep the whole hood hot

(Hook - 2x)

(Lil' Keke)

Represent for your city your block, get you a glock  
Get a prop, try to set up shop and then cop  
Gotta hustle and maintain, spit lyrics that bring flames  
Refocus your brain frame, this life in the fast lane  
Travel the game as a soldier, plus I'm a rich man  
Keke the Don barring none, yes I'm a hit man  
Pound for pound, built this shit from the ground  
Any city any town, staying ten toes down  
Cause the area code, I explode for 7-1-3  
Paper or change out of range, these niggas know me  
Hotter than fish grease, a slice of the big piece  
We mobbing in this game, so these haters gon feel me  
Pressure don't fade us, these rap hits made us  
Spit cheese and G's, until these DJ's play us  
Fronting and stunting, better take that mask off  
Crush rocks down is the market, a glass house

(Hook - 2x)

(Z-Ro)

Got soldiers block to block, worldwide connected  
Don't mess with the young and the restless, that'll be your exit  
Rain down on plexers, I can't stand you hoes  
When a nigga be tongue flipping, they say we can't understand you Ro  
You niggas listening too slow, cause I ain't gon lie I go off  
And I go so hard I see my depth, before I ever go soft  
I'm like a walking talking X pill, I rise boys up  
But if boys cross me I kidnap boys, and I tie boys up  
I'm about my P-A-P-E-R, pulling them C-A-P-E-R's  
Still running off in them houses, coming out with TV VCR  
Gotta go get it and come back with it, if I can't get it where I'm at  
Ery'body everywhere be doing that there, just to keep they pockets fat  
In break-yourself Texas, rappers run and receive they do'  
Cause niggas with short arms and deep pockets, be CEO  
Yeah that's a slug and if you catch it, then you hearing Ro verse  
Fuck around and duck when you should of jumped, then you can be in your hearse

(Hook - 2x)