

# Lil' Keke, Here We Go Again

(Hook - 2x)

Here we go again, living life on the run  
Here we go again, they got me riding with my gun  
Here we go again, man this shit is a trip  
Here we go, again

(Lil' Keke)

How the hell you gon win, looking at ten in the Penn  
Living in sin, bout to go back again  
Ducking the government, and running from the sleigh  
Got money to infiltrate, and I still ain't straight  
It's a hard life, when you depend on love  
It ain't no way for you to change, you was born a thug  
You ain't ready for the war, these streets'll eat you alive  
Trying to get all that I can get, because I wanna survive  
They say pressure bust the pipes, shit they speaking the truth  
I probably been pulled a trigga, if I didn't have loot  
I'm from the bottom, niggaz and killas baby we got em  
Dope fiends and crumb snatchers, that's straight riding  
Couldn't even see myself, trying to do it again  
Gotta be ready for whatever, in the places I've been  
This shit a trip mayn, but I ain't gon even let it worry me  
A soldier for life, true to the game you heard me

(Hook - 2x)

(Lil' Keke)

These niggaz hating and jacking, so it's official  
Everytime I ride, I'm strapped with fo' nickel  
Times getting tough, and FED's getting rough  
I stay on the mash, cause I ain't never got enough  
Trying to make it through the storm, so I could see the other side  
A nigga be dead, without his nuts and his pride  
This game worldwide, I take it how it come  
We living so raw, up in the city that I'm from  
Each and every year, the system is start switching  
Seven out of ten of these niggaz, gon be snitching  
Oh you rights done rocked up, you better be glocked up  
Cause niggaz go for broke, when the traffic is stopped up  
For real, I'm talking boys getting shot  
I know your hood off the chain, but these streets is hot  
It's a mad shame, in this shife dirty game  
We black and caught up, with nobody to blame

(Hook - 2x)

(Lil' Keke)

I pray to the Lord, for this soul of mine  
I've been chasing down the clock, he got me stuck up in time  
Niggaz living for the fame, I want the money and power  
And I promised my old man, I wouldn't be no coward  
So I'm living my dream, yeah a neighborhood legend  
Steaks on the plate, I ain't got time for the begging  
My family is fed, with nice sheets on the bed  
Artillery and surveillance, glocks with infrared  
Niggaz want me dead, but I'm far from scared  
Cause I swear, I'ma come where you lay your head  
Cause I'm a outlaw nigga, catch the straight feeling  
All about charges, hustle for a living  
My testimony, is to never be phony  
Lil' Keke the Don, CMG the one and only  
I place a nice bet, that I'm a ghetto vet  
And it's Herschel Wood for life, representing my set

(Hook - 2x)