

Lil' Keke, Hit Em

(*talking*)

7-1-3's finest, CMG

Ghetto Dreams, Presidential

(Hook: Lil' Keke & (H.A.W.K.))

You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em low)

You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em low)

You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em)

(and if you hit em in the face, I'll give em a body blow), oh

You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em low)

You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em low)

You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em)

(we wrecking with flow, we in the studio), oh

(Lil' Keke)

We gon go up top, and go back down

I'm quick to make your shit lay down, and close the round

A nigga going pound for pound, until the blood is found

Snatch punks off the glass, like a Shaq rebound

Got more depth young clown, cause we rep H-Town

And we beat chumps down, at the lyricists lounge

I hit em high, regroup then go to the bottom

To his ass to his ribs, when he fold I got him

If he still sitting up, then we work that grill

Big judge young Don, serving raw and steel

To the gate to the finish, this for CMG

Another Ghetto Dreams, sponsored by S.U.C

Got big swoll nuts, and as a matter of fact

Get off my dick young trick, or get your click looked at

Spit bombs in the studio, they all atomic

H.A.W.K. seal him in the face, I'ma catch him in the stomach

Oh..

(Hook)

(H.A.W.K.)

Class is in session, I'ma spit with aggression

And if I feel threatened, you better call witness protection

Stop asking questions, five line connection

Well connected, jinks, whites, blacks and mexicans

7-1-3 nigga, armored Texans

In the three fo' deep, in my corner flexing

Intersection, young cats is fucking with veterans

Southside legends, killas that'll beat your head in

Pop the lead in, hit you in the stomach and head and

Pop your legs in, then straight leave you for dead and

Enough is said and, move it on down the field

Like the Kansas City Chiefs, and that Dick Vermeil

This shit is real, fuck how a nigga feel

We moving like a freight train, trying to get that scull

I'm changing the game, with Don still changing lanes

And with both of our brains, all we see is change

(Hook)

(Lil' Keke)

The mic turn on, boy it's duck and cover

Another pen getting pimped man, by me and my brother

Never pimps my hand, cause I just don't love her

When I'm in the studio, I do it like nan-nother

And I'm one of a kind, they better find me a clone

And you sure right sticks and stones, they break bones

Rise like grits, when the shit get thick

Break em down so quick, sit him up on bricks

(H.A.W.K.)

I'ma hit all his licks, fuck all his chicks
Wondering how I done it, cause I flow so sick
Do the arithmetic, flow equals do'
And dope plus flow, equals the take your hoe
CMG, is fucking what that Ghetto D
Trying to see, currency like Master P
S.U.C., Big H.A.W.K. and Don Ke
And with 20-20 vision, y'all still can't see

Oh..

(Hook)