

# Lil' Keke, Make Em' Break It

(Lil' Keke)

Woody,Wodie,Woody,Wodie.....

&lt;verse 1&gt;(Juvenile)

My nigga,my motherfuckin',my wodie-May'ron  
My people like used to be runnin' with up in uptown  
What I see now the game ain't for me to be in  
So I'm pretend cause niggas can't (?) (?)  
Now I'm pretend in the middle of the projects it stings  
Cause niggas trippin' they really think that they could win  
I ain't wit dat, I'ont even want em' around  
I'm a 2x loser, one more time they go around me

(Baby)(Lil' Keke)

Wodie, platinum pieces increases  
Nigga we the Denver Broncos of this rappin' season  
Fuck dapters,Clappin season  
Nigga wanna be a baller..playboy in nappy season  
I'm the motherfuckin' shot caller  
CMB be the reason we toting they heads makin' money  
We cooking bacon,fuck the bullshit we money makin"  
Bitch nigga daughter breakin'  
Put yo money on the table playboy  
You can't fake it (Wodie)  
How we luv that?

&lt;Hook&gt;(Metalic Voice)&lt;In Background Lil Keke&gt;

&lt;Woody,Wodie,Woody,Wodie.....&gt;

(These are the Hot Boys if not they'll make it,shake it  
These are the Hot Boys if not they'll take it,shake it  
These are the Hot Boys if not they'll make it,shake it  
These are the Hot Boys if not they'll make em,break it)

&lt;Verse 2&gt;(Turk)

I just don't give a fuck either I live or I die  
Until then I'm going all out and don't ask why  
Untamed guerilla,hard head and don't listen,  
Magnolia soldiers standing black two pistols by myself  
When I come and get ya  
When I'm full of that dope nigga,I'ma split ya  
Lil' Turk bout gun play and any day nigga whatever  
Light or daytime it really don't matter  
I'm a Hot Boy fo' sho'  
I'm bout' riding, I leave yo head bust nigga  
When I start Firing

(Lil' Keke')

Wodie,Woody,Wodie  
All the playas in th club-try to bounce to dis  
Throw yo roley in the air-smoke an ounce to dis  
Its Lil' Keke comission out so lonely CMG's  
And now Cash Money,now u hoes feeling me?  
Its going now from Michi to Uptown wit clowns  
Smoke a pound e-ve-ry these haters they buying out  
When I come around ,I know a scene wit bassment  
Strictly paper chasing  
Indo we raising, for info we wrote it in pens wit green letters  
With tha tasting its (?) Blue or Gold or better its whatever  
Creeping the pen-a freestyle

That's a block on fire wit Turk and Juvenile  
If the gold is mine and Safaris hard don't you ever mistake  
Lil' keke and the Hot Boys  
We some worldwide players from the dirty south  
Diamonds, Gametes and rocks all up in my eye  
This fo' real-violence it takes, we get payed  
And the drop-top Twista Rosa-Let the sun hit the face...nigga  
Woody Wodie Woody.....

&lt;Hook 2x&gt;

(Shake it mama  
Shake it papi 4X)

(This is Lil' Keke feature the Hot Boys, Hot Boys 8x)