

# Lil' Keke, Still Throwed

(\*talking\*)

Ok late night grinding, understand Young Don in the building  
Of course a niggaz still throwed with it, C.M.G. for life Teflon feel it

(Lil' Keke)

I've been told I can't do it, mostly all my life  
I done crapped plenty times, but kept shooting the dice  
You don't work and don't eat, it's a sacrifice  
That's why niggaz go to jail, and they turn to mice  
Eat steaks and kool-aid, not no water and rice  
And my family live good, cause we paid the price  
Could you still be a rapper, without no ice  
I was born with a gift, that's why I flow so nice  
I'm a two time felon, so I fucked up twice  
So I switched up my game, not to get three strikes  
No I can't win 'em all, but I done won some fights  
And I still smoke weed, on my sleepless nights  
Why niggaz acting like, they don't know wrong from right  
And why they steady trying to ball, when they money is tight  
I'ma peel niggaz back, when they good and ripe  
Cause they just a bunch of talk, trying to find some hype

(Hook)

I know I'm throwed with it, and I ain't gon let 'em change my mind  
A kid writing raps, turning nickels into dimes  
I've been throwed with it, but they steady talking down  
Continue dropping hits, till it's my motherfucking time  
Still throwed with it, won't these haters let me shine  
I'm hungry for the title, close it up and give me mine  
So throwed with it, like it's all brand new  
Represent for Houston Texas, my niggaz that's what it do

(Lil' Keke)

Niggaz screaming in the background, fuck Lil' Ke'  
But when I see 'em in the streets, they start copping a plea  
I give a fat rat's ass, what they say bout me  
And my mama told me, Jesus the only thing that's free  
Still thoed with it, cause what's real gon be real  
And rapping ain't a hobby or a game, it's a feel  
I'm puffing on the purple, letting the smoke hit my throat  
Letting the pen hit the pad, then it's murder he wrote  
Got a candy coat, it put my slab on note  
With them suicide do's, and them 84 spokes  
Here's a message boy, from a Texas boy  
C.M.G. is the truth, you'll be breathless boy  
Don't even test us boy, never charging shit  
All I'm saying is I'm grown, don't make me kill you bitch  
So excuse my french, but niggaz do get lynched  
And my team win games, in the motherfucking tricks

(Hook)