

Exclusive 8 Minute Freestyle

Lil' Keke

Most anticipated Texas Mixtape nigga. Young Don you know what I 'm sayin? I been gettin money. Lil C, keep stackin nigga. 1-2-3-4. We don did it again. Ya know, these niggas out here out mak in love, haha. Check it out. Get off ya nigga, go get ya money.

If you stand in line long enough you gon get to the window hom ie. Ya know what I'm sayin. I been gettin it. Ohh, original SUC that is. The MVP nigga.

You know what? I came in this game, I woke up one mornin I was thinkin bout the grain. Jumped in the drop, seats red butter. T urned up the bang and it made the trunk stutter. I riding up th e vard I thinkin bout some bitches, I pass by in it let em work on my switches. Now I'm gettin juice, pancakes droppin. It's t he young Don in the way he stoppin. Never ever stop, I smoke go od crop. You know when I hold, I come red out the shop. It migh t be apa, it might be brandy, nine coats of clear, I got that w et ass candy. Comin out the salt, since '93. D-O-N the K-E-K-E.

Niggas know one thing I bring hap. Freestyle king young don Fa t Pat. I did it from the top, I did it for the troop. And it's the young Don still rep hoover blue. What's up to them bloods, it's a whole nation. Gangsta ass niggas thug niggas on vacation . Suckas go home, my click still strong. I'm comin down candy r ed ridin on the bone. Bone insides lookin like tan. Drop the to p and swang 4s to the sand.

Now in the water, hoes see a slaughter. It's the young don stil l chasin after daughters. Chasin after hoes, ridin of 4s. Every time I ride I be on my tiptoes. Ridin through the lane, holdin wood grain. Niggas know young Don Ke do his thang. I came for t he title, I came back hard. Sucka ass niggas had to give me my car. Now they still hidin, look at em run. I'm chasin after nig gas with the what choppa gun. Bustin boys down, suckas is a clo wn. 713 I'm the king of the town. I'm still underground, I'm st ill hoover Screw. (RIP) I'm still comin hard and I'm still ridi n blue. I'm riding cobalt, I might be ridin navy, it's the youn g don only God can save me.

Lord, help me, please come back. I'm diggin in my pocket and I' m bout to spend a stack. I'm still sellin crack, I'm still writ in raps. It's the young don keep stars on my caps. Everytime I ride, everytime I slide, suckas start runnin, boys start hidin.

It's the young don, I'm riding in the car. Freestyle king stil l a fuckin superstar. I'm still a what king, I'm bout to live a dream. Everytime I pull out, I'm with a strong team. A team fu ll a goons, higher than the moon, so much wood it's lookin like a living room. Inside in the vette, it's wet like a pet. Hersc helwood Texas still represent my set. I am the king, listen to my tongue. Hoes start listenin and them hoes get sprung. I be b reakin mics, I be breakin cards. It's the young don still tippi n boulevard. What about this chevy? it's sits so heavy. I'm a b

reak the game up if niggas let me. I'm outta H-Town, what's up Fat Pat? It's the young don hoes still tryin to chat. I holla a t a dime, cause it ain't a crime. I'm hollerin at them niggas d ressed in white Louis Vuitton. Boys in the PEN, stand up strong . It's the young don on the mic goin long. I can't fall off, I represent the south. I spent 20, 000 on my motha fuckin mouth. Now my rocks glow, 30 for a show. I break the hoe. Niggas don't know.

I still go hard, I still go what? it's the young don might be r iding trophy truck. Sittin on the buck, sittin on the gray. Nig gas better go home if they tryin to play. I never do it, I neve r stop, it's the young don might just cut off the top. Let em s ee the inside let em see the drop. Comin down sunshine a nigga don't pop. I don't pop trunk, I don't ride belts. I ride old sc hool make sure the pain felt. Niggas don't stop. Niggas still h atin. It's the young don might be ridin, ice skatin. Ridin on t hem 4s, ridin on the spiders. Never pay attention to them broke dick riders. Can't see me, I can't be stopped. It's the young don smokin green colored crop. Smokin on the Kush, smokin on th e Purple, niggas talkin down I only fuck with my circle. Only m y crew, this what I do. What's up Screw You, I still love you. It's the young don, I do it for my son. Money by the ton.

Drinkin on soda, with the bar in it. You know what I'm talkin b out? I'm in the coupe, ain't walkin the lot. I'm parkin lot pim pin the lot. Fuckin with these bad ass bitches. But I know, the y after riches, not mine. I gotta gun and I'm a cock mine. Hata s, gimmie 50, drop down. My nigga C-Mo. And that boy Mike-Mo do wn with Z-ro. And that Millzey, it's goin down. Nigga we repres entin H-Town. We'll lay ya down in this bitch. Don't talk shit, we'll spray ya down in the bitch (bitch) quick (quick). And al l you niggas dead mayne. Cereal bowl holes in heads mayne. Ay, that's real talk. Hold up, RIP to Hawk, RIP to Moe, RIP to Chad . I don't need a pen and pad. I'm actin bad.

Hold up, I'm on that madden, in the crib one deep, and I'm sagg in. Blue raggin and flaggin at the same time. Did 17 murders wi th the same 9. Goddamn nigga, I'm just runnin my mouth. But I'm still reppin the south. Ya'll know what I'm talkin about, walk in with the pistol, hit em, then I walk out. I get my motha fu ckin bread nigga, and guess what I got? 10 mo bullets fo yo hea d nigga. Screwed Up Click all day long. I'm gon, but I can run my block from a payphone. Why? Cause I got OG bread. Everytime we hit the parking lot we turn heads like chad. And the motha f uckin Bun B. I got bread, by the Hundred. 1000 dollas for the A BN. King Of The Ghetto entertainment then. An that G- Maab Entertainment. Trae I love you mayne. Real talk.