

Keep 'em Guessin

Ant Banks

Mmhhmm

I'm keepin' motherfuckers guessin'

That's right

It's a blessing so let me speak and teach a lesson

I run deep and freak on streets, I keep 'em guessin'

I'm flexin' when I hit the Hennessy

Then I see the enemy

Pretender think that he know my identity

But nigga that's a penalty so here we go again

You think you know what I'm foldin'

Cause what I'm rollin' in

Well I don't give a fuck nigga I was in the cut

While you was up at my spot tryin' to peep what I got

Why not bust a shot when I was ridin' you was mad

And see me in the bucket and thought I was doin' bad

Thinkin' that I was broke but you can peep and goin' wonder

But little did you know that I was creepin' on the under

Goin' yonder now you dumber cause your number has been pulled

You fool cause that shit you thought you knew was bull

At this beef where you at see I'm speakin' the facts

So forget that chit-chat cause it's deeper than that

And I'm keepin' a Gat and let my Tecs blast quick

So why the fuck you sittin' back stressin' of the next man's shit

Cause I'm the fuckin' one and only

And you busters can't get on me

You're in danger you don't know me

I'm a stranger not your homie

You know fuck ya'll don't know about me

But check it out

Run up on this fool and get your head split

And if you don't know

You better ask somebody you'd better ask somebody

That's right

Niggas wanna trip I'm hard to the bone

They all on my dick so let's get it goin' on

Dressed up in these street clothes

I'm ready to beat hos this game is lethal

I'm sellin' rocks tryin' to move up to sellin' kilos

But these hoes and negros

Be tryin' to stop my progress

But when you're in my way

You's just the victim I'ma rob next

And it's a terrible thang I gotta fuck up your crew

And have you goin' thru unbearable pain

I'm in the game and they claim that I'm on the run

I own a gun 16 shots bust up on this one

Yeah motherfuckers I'm the one

With beats from the streets

So don't talk that shit and be scared to come to me

I know them punk ass niggas be jockin' my flows

But when I turn my back they just yap like some gossippin' hoes

I guess I ain't got no true friends but I got a few wins

To pay for paint and put this AMG's on my new Benz

Them jealous niggas steady guessin' and wonderin'

Tryin' to catch up but stuck stressin' and wonderin'
I'm never stumblin' just bundlin' up my cash
I gotta last so I don't give a fuck to blast
My mind be havin' sinister thoughts
I guess it's because I always mug when the ministers talk
I'm heavy-weightin' capable to breakin' a fool's neck
So quit tryin' to figure out what this nigga gon do next

I ain't sleepin' I'm just creepin'
I just lurks in the dark I'm that nigga Ant Banks
With beats burps and them farts
But niggas wanna start flashin' and trippin' on my lifestyle
Cause I'm makin' cash and they ass stuck up on a pipe now
I write down facts so the saps think that I'm dissin'
But listen guess this is just an addiction for non-fiction
And niggas break on the tracks and fat tapes
That Max makes so homie wait and get your fact straight
But act fake and end up bendin' from back brakes
A busted head, a broken leg and a cracked face
I can't let him live
Crashed up his ribs with my body blows
I got him froze tremblin' cold with his snotty nose
You chose not to have a hustle now you desirin' mines
Tryin' to find out my mix but I got those clips for inquiren' minds
Them tirin' lines I'm hearin' ain't phasin' me
I was raised a G and that's what I'm paid to be
So fuck them suckers with them false accusations
Lookin' for my location tryin' to stop my operation
You wastin' time cause a Nine is my protection
Get off my dick flexin' and keep on guessin'
Nigga, you know what I'm sayin'
You can't fuck with this here

Like that there
Keep these motherfuckers guessin'
From 9-5 til infinity nigga
Stay off my motherfuckin' dick
Peace out