

Keep It Gutta

Lil Boosie

Keep it Gutta
I raised up my project window
And I smell Indo
Hollered at my kin folk
After that I big smoke
I hit my nigga Gutta with them gutta ways
All of my cousins bussin' K's
So I was lead astray
And I don't pray, so I'm thinking bout death
I never once, thought bout blinking myself
Cause I got bank to accept!

You heard that green and yellow cd
That bitch gutta!
The world-wide struggle
Or the one about my mother (Child so bad)
I'm bangin' on the corner down in Cali
With the Bloods and Crips
See Lil' Boosie, yeah Lil' Boosie, man we love that shit!
I figured that I'd die in jail if I stay in the hood
So I'm tryin' to make a mil
And get the fuck out Baton Rouge

I wish Tupac'a hear the shit that I was speaking to you
I betcha Tupac'a have Lil' Boosie on an album or two
And did my daddy go to Thug Mansion?
(Shiiit) If he did
I know he saved a spot for his kid
And we gone G' it!

Keep it gutta, nigga! (Gutta, gutta, gutta! Yeah)
Cause I'm a victim of this game! (Victim of this game mane!)
Let's keep it gutta, nigga! (All the way gutta!)
Cause I was taught to get it hard like a man! For sheezy!

Verse two, is for my hearse crew
Like Raw Nitty, Lil D, and Big Ro too
Do you remember smoking dust with Silky Slim, headbussa?!
When we was slangin' nine
And had these niggaz scared of us!
My hood full of floods (floods)
But my hood full of thugs
Who in that pen
Rep Baton Rouge til the day that they touch

And you don't know a nigga gutta as me! (Gutta)
Who can tell ya some shit that ya mother'a see
Like you bein' locked up, til 2003
When you 'posed to be out chea
Flickin' and ballin like me
And all I see, is eyes on me
So like Pac
I hope it's not another fucking robbery

I ain' no rookie!
Fourteen, sellin' cookies!
Had all the hoes looking!

And ya know why nigga
Because I'm gutta!
My pants hang low
My eyes looking wicked too
My throwback cost 400
It's from 1952!
And ya bitch, you! (Bitch you!)

If you wanna leave this club
I suggest
You don't come around here and try to beef with us
This for my niggaz and guhls
Keep ya head up!
And I'ma keep my bread up
And make ya throw the set up!
I'm keepin' it gutta!

What you about robbing to eat
What you about peeping yo hood out
To see who want ya to cease
That's the beginning
The ending, is 10 billion (10 billion)
Then I'm threw
Sign all my niggaz deals so they can live, like Lil Boo
I was led on this path to hate
Since I was little
Across the street a ship plant
And next door a fuckin' killer

Calvin Ricks was the shit
It wasn't no ridin' in South
I use to joy his purple jeep
When I walk in my house
And on my chedda chase
I done saw better days
Never thought my selfish ways
Have me blowing purple haze

It hurts to say (Hurts to say)
That my daddy left this world
I wish he could be here to see my pretty ass lil girl
But he can't, so I drink
Get mad and I don't think (Fuck it)
Smoke dro, by the ounce
And sip syrup, by the pint
Ain' too many can fuck with me
That's on my generation
Shouts out to all my niggaz
And my haters who be hatin', get ya hate on!