

Ain't I (Remix)

Lil' Keke

That's Right
Ain't I?
Don Ke, Z-Ro The Crooked
Yung Redd, Paul Wall, baby
Ain't I
Thank I
Thank I Ain't Nigga?
Don Ke In The Building Check It Out

Ain't I, can't I, show up my swag ball
Tippin' in the drop, still ridin' with the rag off
Gotta couple of honeys, laughing out my game plan
Ain't I, Ain't I sum' like a bad man?
Say she wanna test drive, sumthin' that's fresh by
Smoking on the lemon drop, coming through extra high
Ain't I something fresh, Ain't I something clean
Bustin' niggas pockets, selling hoes dreams (okay)
Chasing after massive bucks, tougher than gorilla knucks
Sucka slow yo roll when you step on these Gucci
Knock a down, knock a out, go ahead and finish her
Hotter than a hot boy, better check the temperature
Shakin' all ya haters, try'na get close to me
Smoking on some broccoli I love making grocery
All about the cash flow these haters must see why
Yung Don Ke I'm the truth nigga, Ain't I

Uh, King Of The Ghetto when I'm rapping like Luther Vandross when I'm singin
g
A stranger when I'm dunking get to going off just to win his can't explain i
t
I'm the last brother you wanna fuck over, cause that ain't why
But nigga yo momma, daddy yo sister even the dawgs gotta die
I'm training the fish tank over too ain't nobody goin live to tell
There goin be another 9-11 in yo section 'fore I end up back in jail
Ain't I, that rapper that punch like a boxer in his crime
As intelligent as an executive not just a soft in homicide
It's been five years since I sat down with J-Prince and signed that line
Different way shipping for some time, I wish I could go back in time
Only a dollar bill can help me locate my nickels and dimes
So if I fuck around and completely go crazy, y'all ain't ready for me to los
e my mind
Ain't I, so serious with my wordplay I make gangstas cry
The same wordplay can make the same gangstas make gangsta die
Ain't I, respected in these streets damn right
But luxury I'm in the hood with my people everyday and night

Ay, I gotta big ole cup of juice and a bag of that bubble
I'm topless on butter with a Screw tape that studder
Ain't I like the weather crawling down on the spiders
On the dresser is a 4-4 and 25 Lighters
Haters try to egknight us and all of the blog writers
They knock us and they bite us, but I ball them the sliders
Never go to Midas and no, I'm on that apple gloss
Paper stack my money run long like Randy Mouse
Bobbbers on deck, they want a G that's papered up
Mayne hold up, I need some mo? mud up in my cup?
I got put up on game, the Don laced me up

Smoking with the King Of The Ghetto and got my mind stuck
You see that two-door fleewood on bonebuck
I'm on them roller skates, sliding like a hockey puck
It's Paul Wall baby, Ain't I the champ?
With my dawg Yung Redd, we representing for the cameras, mayne

Yung Redd homie!

Ah, it's ya nigga on green, ain't his paper green enough
With the bobbers so big, so get'cha calories up
Ain't I the freshest in the city, ain't my album coming soon
Ain't these other rappers sick, tell em get them better soon
Ain't I out here no mo, ain't he fly, ain't he paid
Ain't you niggas speaking on me ain't that what them hoes say
Na, I don't read the paper all the rumors ole news
Man ya swag's futuristic to get, three-thousand-two
Hundred house on deck don't say it ain't warrant
Dead presidents, I'm a real ghost monster
Ain't I blowing on tarantula my eyes Yung Redd
Spiderman flows glass super-shooting wells
Might as well special-layer, earrings retarded
Paper or plastic I'm try'na black card-ed
And we doing this for Hawk, Screw, Mo, P.A.T.
Pimp C and all the fallen, if so what I be
Yung Redd