

# 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  
Bobbers 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