

# Da Don Ro & Trae

Lil' Keke

Don, Ro and Trae

Taking over the rap game, and collecting our change everyday  
Serious and we don't play, these hoes know we got wind of that hoe  
But still fuck with us anyway  
Don Ro and Trae fully loaded with automatics  
Bitch we tripping, when coming your way  
Watch what you say, cause fucking with the Screwed Up Click  
You'll get hit and we'll make it, to be on your way

It's automatic these niggaz don't want no problems, when I'm flossing in a boss and mine  
Bitch I've been the truth around this motherfucker, mouthpiece been ahead of my time  
Catch me dropping the top, slide the clip in and cock my glock  
Ain't no love for these hating niggaz, better get your mind right 'fore some 'ing get popped  
Back to the fact I'm lethal on these streets, whether my pen or my reputation  
Some cats, ain't even worth the conversation  
All of this misrepresentation, finna get put to a end  
Y'all had y'all run for the time gone, it just got put to a end  
I know I'm cocky, but I clearly remember motherfuckers wasn't feeling Trae  
But they knew, I wasn't too far around the way  
Pissed em off, when I pulled up inside that platinum Chevrolet  
With a bunch of Hoovers and Bloods, final destination where I stay  
On F-O-N-D-R-E-N, all the way back to the Leaf  
Mo City, Hiram-Clarke, South Park my niggaz vouching for me  
They know everytime I spit, I spit like it's the last that I'm breathing  
With the three of us in this bitch, I hope you have a wonderful evening bitch

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When I wake up in the morning, the first thing I do is roll me up one  
And prepare myself to deal with bitch niggaz, in case I have to touch one  
It don't matter cause I love war, from where the prostitutes and the drugs are  
Fuck with me or my kinfolk Trae, your face is where my slugs are  
I'm an asshole by nature, until my casket is closed  
But in the meanwhile, I'ma represent and let my plastic explode  
And Houston Texas it been crazy lately, everybody been getting bumped off  
Maybe that's the reason, I'm never without the gun or the sawed off  
Don't approach me too quickly, cause I'm paranoid  
Fuck around and squeeze the trigga nigga, all opposition must be destroyed  
I'm a gangsta plus a soldier, fuck niggaz off when I'm on sober  
Fuck all these rap niggaz cause I'm colder, like a pair of britches I will fold ya  
Call me the cleanest, cause I'm about to wash all y'all fellas  
Making a motherfucker come clean, by bringing a bitch out of all y'all fellas

Even got niggaz firing charges, cause I got they ass beat up  
But even through the madness, I relax and keep my feet up

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I'm one of the coldest lyricists, that this city done ever seen  
Naturally getting mean, I punish my sixteen  
Niggaz gut check, niggaz be talking who I recruited  
8100 block, in the hood I'm undisputed  
Me and Trae you ain't know, the Don plus Z-Ro  
S.U.C. in the building, we shooting they hit the flo'  
Niggaz stop that, know damn well that I can top that  
Ten G's mic and a stage, and I'll rock that  
Back crunk, streets are fiending and missing me  
Cause it's one love, know that I murder for C.M.G  
You niggaz dick riding, bumping your gums it's killing me  
Cause I'm top dog, fake ass niggaz you feeling me  
Get your heart right, we riding and busting it ain't nothing  
Letting the top peel back, from the push of a button  
It's A.B.N.-Rap-A-Lot, niggaz don't want none  
C.M.G. Teflon, Lil' Keke the Icon hey

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Check it out man, C.M.G

My motherfucking click, Custom Made Gangsterz