

Here We Go Again

Lil' Keke

Here we go again, living life on the run
Here we go again, they got me riding with my gun
Here we go again, man this shit is a trip
Here we go, again
(2x)

How the hell you gon win, looking at ten in the Penn
Living in sin, bout to go back again
Ducking the government, and running from the sleigh
Got money to infiltrate, and I still ain't straight
It's a hard life, when you depend on love
It ain't no way for you to change, you was born a thug
You ain't ready for the war, these streets'll eat you alive
Trying to get all that I can get, because I wanna survive
They say pressure bust the pipes, shit they speaking the truth
I probably been pulled a trigga, if I didn't have loot
I'm from the bottom, niggaz and killas baby we got em
Dope fiends and crumb snatchers, that's straight riding
Couldn't even see myself, trying to do it again
Gotta be ready for whatever, in the places I've been
This shit a trip mayn, but I ain't gon even let it worry me
A soldier for life, true to the game you heard me

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These niggaz hating and jacking, so it's official
Everytime I ride, I'm strapped with fo' nickel
Times getting tough, and FED's getting rough
I stay on the mash, cause I ain't never got enough
Trying to make it through the storm, so I could see the other side
A nigga be dead, without his nuts and his pride
This game worldwide, I take it how it come
We living so raw, up in the city that I'm from
Each and every year, the system is start switching
Seven out of ten of these niggaz, gon be snitching
Oh you rights done rocked up, you better be glocked up
Cause niggaz go for broke, when the traffic is stopped up
For real, I'm talking boys getting shot
I know your hood off the chain, but these streets is hot
It's a mad shame, in this shife dirty game
We black and caught up, with nobody to blame

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I pray to the Lord, for this soul of mine
I've been chasing down the clock, he got me stuck up in time
Niggaz living for the fame, I want the money and power
And I promised my old man, I wouldn't be no coward
So I'm living my dream, yeah a neighborhood legend

Steaks on the plate, I ain't got time for the begging
My family is fed, with nice sheets on the bed
Artillery and surveillance, glocks with infrared
Niggaz want me dead, but I'm far from scared
Cause I swear, I'ma come where you lay your head
Cause I'm a outlaw nigga, catch the straight feeling
All about charges, hustle for a living
My testimony, is to never be phony
Lil' Keke the Don, CMG the one and only
I place a nice bet, that I'm a ghetto vet
And it's Herschel Wood for life, representing my set

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