

# Hit'em

Lil' Keke

7-1-3's finest, CMG  
Ghetto Dreams, Presidential

You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em low)  
You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em low)  
You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em)  
(and if you hit em in the face, I'll give em a body blow), oh  
You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em low)  
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(we wrecking with flow, we in the studio), oh

We gon go up top, and go back down  
I'm quick to make your shit lay down, and close the round  
A nigga going pound for pound, until the blood is found  
Snatch punks off the glass, like a Shaq rebound  
Got more depth young clown, cause we rep H-Town  
And we beat chumps down, at the lyricists lounge  
I hit em high, regroup then go to the bottom  
To his ass to his ribs, when he fold I got him  
If he still sitting up, then we work that grill  
Big judge young Don, serving raw and steel  
To the gate to the finish, this for CMG  
Another Ghetto Dreams, sponsored by S.U.C  
Got big swoll nuts, and as a matter of fact  
Get off my dick young trick, or get your click looked at  
Spit bombs in the studio, they all atomic  
H.A.W.K. seal him in the face, I'ma catch him in the stomach

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Class is in session, I'ma spit with aggression  
And if I feel threatened, you better call witness protection  
Stop asking questions, five line connection  
Well connected, jinks, whites, blacks and mexicans  
7-1-3 nigga, armored Texans  
In the three fo' deep, in my corner flexing  
Intersection, young cats is fucking with veterans  
Southside legends, killas that'll beat your head in  
Pop the lead in, hit you in the stomach and head and  
Pop your legs in, then straight leave you for dead and  
Enough is said and, move it on down the field  
Like the Kansas City Chiefs, and that Dick Vermeil  
This shit is real, fuck how a nigga feel  
We moving like a freight train, trying to get that scpill  
I'm changing the game, with Don still changing lanes  
And with both of our brains, all we see is change

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The mic turn on, boy it's duck and cover  
Another pen getting pimped man, by me and my brother  
Never pimps my hand, cause I just don't love her  
When I'm in the studio, I do it like nan-nother  
And I'm one of a kind, they better find me a clone  
And you sure right sticks and stones, they break bones  
Rise like grits, when the shit get thick  
Break em down so quick, sit him up on bricks

I'ma hit all his licks, fuck all his chicks  
Wondering how I done it, cause I flow so sick  
Do the arithmetic, flow equals do'  
And dope plus flow, equals the take your hoe  
CMG, is fucking what that Ghetto D  
Trying to see, currency like Master P  
S.U.C., Big H.A.W.K. and Don Ke  
And with 20-20 vision, y'all still can't see

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