

I Use Rhymes

Lil' Keke

I got a little trouble on my chest, right now
Mark ass niggaz, don't wanna let me go round
What's wrong you mad, because I'm on feet now
Fucking around with this, will get you killed uh-huh
Now that's gangsta, that's the only way I say it
I say it because I mean it, and I'm meaning what I said
Y'all niggaz don't really want, trouble from me
I catch you young pimp, and break both of your feet
Make you sniff paint thinner, till your nose start to bleed
And if you still talking shit, I'll break both of your knees
I'm a Downtown soldier, from the hood of the 3
Where fake niggaz get cut, like a shirt with no sleeves
Cause that's me, pushing a big body U-V
And that's me, keeping the spot H-O-T
And that's me, I represent that A-V-A-R-I-C-E whooo

I use rhymes my nigga, to express myself
It all comes to the line, when I'm by myself
It's do or die right now, cause I'm for myself
We slowed it when you jamming this, here by yourself
(2x)

Where my down South soldiers, lightening up doja
1 Da Boy, Lil' Ke man I swear we done told you
The streets is dangerous, better pack your weapon
Nobody got a gun, then your click half stepping
Texas Mafia, nobody is stopping you
You better slow your role, cause my killas is watching you
Herschel Wood to the Tre, collecting pay
How they ride AK's, stay prepared to spray
And the street sweeper, hits so deeper
Writing bar after bar, cause the words reach you
Verbal assassin, you know the flow be blasting
I wanna get my bread, is all I'm asking
Respect the G-Code, Lil' Ke so cold
Trying to get my loot, cause it's right up the road
No time to be wasting, my bad fa sho
Like Christopher Wallace, I love the do'

I use rhymes my nigga, to express myself
It all comes to the line, when I'm by myself
It's do or die right now, cause I'm for myself
We slowed it when you jamming this, here by yourself
(2x)

Be wise each nigga like me, show up
I told them boys, that 1 Da Boy gon blow up
But them haters didn't like that, true that
Sell a million copies, I lay em over blue dat
I ain't bringing my style, I ain't bringing my skills
But I got the skills, to pay my whole click bills
Now what's the deal punk, you got beef let me know
1 Da Boy kicking in your front, and your back do'
I ain't no punk mark, bitch, hater or a hoe
If you aggravate my mind, your head slammed to the flo'
Cause I'm a hard hitting thug, that's about my scrill
Always scheming in my brain, how to make a quick mill

Now what's the deal, I'm keeping it low but real steel
1 Da Boy on top, of the world now do you feel
The hits that I spit, on this track support shit
Avarice taking over, ain't no and, if's or misses

I use rhymes my nigga, to express myself
It all comes to the line, when I'm by myself
It's do or die right now, cause I'm for myself
We slowed it when you jamming this, here by yourself
(4x)