

## Mix It Up

Lil' Keke

Uh that's right, we back in the building nigga  
Young Fever Presidential, 1-8-7 Presidential  
H-A-Dub, courtesy of Ghetto Dreams nigga uh  
We got diamonds, the size of you niggaz eyes this time  
It's VS2 Clarion on this one, we bout to fuck the club up

Go on mix it up (yeah), go on twist it up  
If you in the club fucked up, holla (hell yeah)  
I'm talking Henn and Hypnotic, hydro and chronic  
Mugging a motherfucker, screaming (we don't care)  
(2x)

Hate me when I skate up to the club, with a bug on my wrist  
Custom six overload, no Crys  
I came to throw some bows and break a nose, where my bitches and sixes  
I see you motherfuckers outside, whistling and tipsy  
Bitch you bouncing with your mouth wide, and mix on your kidneys  
I'm worser than Ike and Bobby, beating Tina and Whitney  
I hold three X and dro, feeling oh so woozy  
Popped a bag of broad at the bar, and gon bruise it  
Who party like we do shit, nobody  
My niggaz in the club, from Saturday to Friday  
Bum rush the bar, trample over feet  
And to you niggaz play it sweet, or get put to sleep  
You gotta love it, when these niggaz play corporate  
Until that metal open up they chest, and they stop just forfeit  
You don't want this desert eagle, in your face  
And act like that drank on that bar, nigga stay in your place and

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I'ma fall up in the place, with my mug twisted up  
Straight shots of Henny, plenty hoes wanna fuck  
Bitch niggaz around me, with they nuts swolled up  
This new nigga on the block, got your spot sewed up  
1-8-7 the Lyrical Presidential, high roll  
Put that diamond in your tooth, on the flo' (hell yeah)  
We tear the club up, niggaz throw your thug up  
Bitches show your thong, acting like you scared take your ass home  
I'm fucked up off dro and drank, calling niggaz to the bank  
Seeing how many gon ride, I see the panic in they eyes  
You don't want no problems dog, I just came to chill with y'all  
Show you how real niggaz ball, they don't give a fuck  
Three way pimp action, after hour in the Clutch  
Slut chasing in the parking lot, dodging the butts  
1-8-7, Young Fever and the H-A-Dub-K  
Presidential, Ghetto Dreams and them boys don't play

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I'm at the club fucked up, in my pick-up truck  
Fresh dressed, looking like a million bucks  
I hit the dutch, then climb out the truck  
Old school Chucks, walking with a gangsta strut  
You can swear that I'm playing, for the Stanley Cup  
I'm so iced up, just missing the hockey puck  
I'm sipping on Hypnotic, feeling pshycotic  
Good weed I got it, trying to see who bought it  
Girls getting erotic, shaking ass and tits  
They see a playa in the mix, so they jump on dick  
Them girls so slick, with that famous rhyme  
I ain't a groupie, I don't do this all the time  
Lil' mama stop lying, cause I could really care less  
I'm really not impressed, and all I want is sex  
So baby what's next, are you going my way  
Another notch on the belt, for the H-A-W-K

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