

Out Of Luck

Lil' Keke

Uh yeah, I told you niggaz I had PS2 clarity on tracks
It's Young Fever and Worm, the million dollar connection
Uh you fucking with Presidential, Commission Music Group
And most of all Ghetto Dreams baby, how you think about that one uh

Presidential, ain't nothing to be fucked with
Commission Music, ain't nothing to be fucked with
Ghetto Dreams, ain't nothing to be fucked with
You come playing games with us, you out of luck bitch
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You come playing games with us, goodbye

I always had a vision, that I would count cash like the government
A attitude like they like it, I'm fucking loving it
I never fronted niggaz on credit, cancel that brother shit
Hover around another strip playa, you on that other shit
If there's cash outside my set, then I'ma cover it
Beef I put that shit off in the skillet, and smother it
I promised myself to love, not a nan 'nother bitch
I'm a pimp, I will make a hoe house out of covenant
Niggaz fuck around with Fever, and Kevo gon thump ya
In all black, pop right out of the hedges and bump ya
I rack stats and shots and assists, like original Rucker
Your destination is hell, cause heaven don't want ya
They gon find you with your body in the car, head in a dumpster
Hate the flame or the game, cause it plays in a monster
Slapped off, 151 and Mamosa
Ready to make my hollow points, hop out of your head like a toaster

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With a full head of steam, and a hell of a team
Ghetto Dreams, is a money making machine
I'm chasing a dream, like Karl Malone chasing a ring
By any means, a must that I get this cream
Get that do', and spit that sickening flow
The C.E.O., and you ought to see me flow
You Gusto, the dude from CB4
And with that flow, your shit won't make it out the sto'
On tracks I'm a creature, I'm a smashing feature
Feel these hard 16's, coming through your speakers
I can teach ya, every aspect of the game
From putting it all together, to putting it in them chains
I'm talking change, in large amounts
Coming straight from the streets, to them corporate accounts
That's what counts, and any nigga willing to bet
Who the hell said a thug, can't be an exec

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Commission Music, call me the franchise player
Touring city to city, with my C's in the air
Done seen plenty battles, 'fore I came out the hood
And I still lead my team, like a quarterback should
And we ain't to be fucked with, we worser than S.W.A.T.
Every year two or three niggaz, on the streets get shot
It's the Young Don nigga, on a hell of a job
Thanks to C.M.G. bitch, we the new black mob
This for the family, so it's mostly for wealth
I started my own label, then I signed myself
You know the street sweepers sweep, on a late night creep
One thang about a killer, he bring it just where you sleep
And it's 7-1-3, my nigga we still holding now
Still pimping bitches, my game is called polar bear
Multiplying game, get cash any and everywhere
Busting off talk, my pistol play is never fair

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