

## 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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