

Real And Fake

Lil' Keke

Southsi' for li', Young Don in the building
My nigga C. Weezy, H-A-Dub this how we do it man
This for the hood, for the traps, for the blocks, for the set
Get your hustle on, check me out on this one
Get your money mayn, yeah

The real keep it real, the fake keep it fake
I got rocks I got bricks, I got pies and cakes
In the hood posted up, triple beams and weight
On the block at the trap, cause it's money to make
(2x)

I was born in the hood, I was raised on the block
I got love for the streets, and gave it everything I got
So fuck what ya heard, nigga the kid go off
I need a half or a thang, but it gotta be soft
If them Ricans got it cheap, then I get it for what it's worth
I done came a long way, from shooting marbles in the dirt
In the trap got lights and water, just to cook to work
Cutting chunks out the duck, rock stars go bizzerk
Southside Houston Texas, my niggaz that's where it's at
From fifty packs to dro sacks, to quarter ki's and all that
It's weight by the freight, this the cocaine state
You know it's heavy heavy cake, if it's Texas plate
Big cars big trucks, parked in front of the lot
Come up short more than once, and get the glock in your vault
You know it's open court, so we running fast break
In the hood posted up, cause it's money to make yeah

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We got hood control, we on hood patrol
While your hood's flooded with silver, our hood is gold
Plus our hood's fa sho, we got weight by the pound
But instead of waiting around, we moving that weight around
With jugs of that slotted purple, is how we raping the town
So many stangs for thangs half the time, we ain't breaking 'em down
But the very second we do, go to rocking it up
Watch the fiends, cause that's when we go to locking shit up
You see I'm coming through here, looking like Mike in that Thriller video
Acting real silly for do', (for real) really though
They'll be standing on they tippy-toes, dancing and shit
Open your trunk on, to see how faster than hands that they hit
Now it's a fact, most of 'em love sucking that glass dick
While the rest love that black tar, to shoot up they tracks with
So therefore I'll be at my trap, in or out and about
Going hard without a doubt, stacking up clout for my vault cause I'm a hustler

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See the fake keep it fake, and the real keep it real
Got drank weight and pills, at some hell of a deals
I'm trying to get mills, trying to get that Coupe Deville
With chromed out wheels, and catch up on a few of my bills
See whatever I got, gon sell
I got clientele, male or female that want it wholesale
Whether its' Hotel or Motel, or Holiday Inn
I want mo' mail so go tell, all your friends
I want money and the power, pic-mix and flower
Hard white or yellow, or you can get that powder
My hood (my hood), is infested with thugs
Infested with drugs, niggaz moving pints and jugs
We busting them slugs, got doctors pulling the plug
And we talk face to face, cause the phones are bugged
It ain't no love, we feuding like Crips and Bloods
And to keep a level head, I gotta smoke good bud

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