

Stop Bullshitt'n

Lil' Keke

Damn hear it baby, rep it
Can't fold, yeah uh-huh yeah
Yeah ok, what a nigga would say
If you ain't feeling this, you ain't touching it right

Speed coat one week, next week chinchillas
Speed boat one day, next day three wheeler
A nigga don't play, and I'm all about my pay
Until I get it that way, I'ma be a gorilla
I put pistols in niggaz pillows, and change they mind
Make niggaz feel it for real, when they playing with mine
Ain't no sense in playing around, nothing ass niggaz
Weighing you down, check em off nigga stay on your grind
Ask God for signs, and follow the guidelines
Sometime, you gotta set your pride on the sidelines
Strapped in the field, one shot one kill
One drop one live, say something gotta give
Lot of niggaz be hating, but don't know what it is
Keep your eyes on the prize, and a extra pair of ears
If a nigga square it off, then you gotta tear him off
Crock bull bloodline, I roll like ouijas

Stop bullshitting with life, and pick up the pace
Fuck bill money dog, I'm trying to fill up a safe
I started from the ground, and I'm coming for my crown
Niggaz wanna see me down, give a nigga some space
I go hard, round for round niggaz can get it
In the yard, pound for pound nigga we hit it
Six digits, we spending that at the lot
That's what it's all about, paper chasing

Earth wind fire, is what I breathe
And receive in my lungs, I'm leaving the world sprung
I'm the Young Don, the streets turned me rotten
I ain't never had nothing, I surface straight from the bottom
You claim you a man, then nigga time to show it
If the fam on the line, then nigga I'd die for it
Concrete soldier, rocks and gate jumping
28 young, I'm still looking for some'ing
It's dirt plus work, when I'm rolling lonely
The 4-5 cocked, and my son is hungry
I stand up and slice the turkey, on Thanksgiving
I'm a entertainer, I show out for a living
In the booth with the truth, I be constant spitting
Ain't no lying to myself, I know when I'm bullshitting
Miss me, cause I'll smash on a hater
Out the do' on a go, I'm running after my paper

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It's either get money, or be broke with no hope
Strung out on dope, with no way to cope
See us black folks, are so materialistic
Looking good but broke, with no way to fix it
Let's be realistic, and look at statistics
Without no do', we can't make no business
See I wanna be the richest, cause I came from nothing
I'm a greedy motherfucker, you could say I'm a glutting
Fuck bill money, I'm trying to get real money
Real money, that major deal money
That house, on a hill money
Put some food in my son's tummy, cause that's all that he wants from me
And what he want, he sho' gon get
Cause my daddy didn't give me shit, shit
Life's a bitch, and then you're gone
So while you here get your hustle on, get your hustle on

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