

Swaggar Back

Lil' Keke

Get your money, get your cash young nigga
This for them gangsta niggaz, this for them gangstas
The Young Don, don't get it twisted
I'm from day one, I'm a throwback gangsta nigga ha-ha

It's been a long time, and ain't no sense in me lying
But if you looking for a gangsta, I ain't hard to find
Switch the CEO, in the 2-thee-fo'
But I'm straight up out the hood, handling shit like a pro
I was born on the streets, I was raised on the block
I was really on the cut, with a mouth full of rocks
You niggaz faking, bumping bout your street glory
But my days in the hood, is a true story
I was 18, with my freestyle skills
Then in 1997, sold a hundred for real
Check the soundscan, man my stats legit
Was the first solo act, out the Screwed Up Click
Don't get it twisted, boys gon continue to hate
Sold fifty thousand tapes, out of Screw front gate
I'm a pioneer, and no need for plexers
Made five million dollars, in the state of Texas

I got my swaggar back, I got my swaggar
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I got my swaggar back, I got my swaggar
And tell these hating niggaz, we don't owe they ass nothing
I got my swaggar back, I got my swaggar
I got my swaggar back, I got my swaggar
I got my swaggar back, I got my swaggar
And tell these silly hoes, that we still don't love 'em

You can call it what you want, I pull's up on hoes
From the Lex to the truck, to the Lac on 4's
You niggaz bumping, steady out here riding my dick
Steady talking bout the slab, and you ain't rolled shit
I push candy, 20's and SUV's
Had some of your bitches, getting off they knees
You niggaz socializing, but I paved the way
And I'm always present, on show-up day
I get's props and respect man, wherever I be
But I'm a walking living legend, down in 7-1-3
Plus I'm low to the flo', when I'm making a move
Bank account sitting fat, I ain't got nothing to prove
Get your weight up niggaz, when you come to the wood
Get your plate brought to ya, steady thinking it's good
CMG got the rock, and we living a dream
And I'm right behind ya nigga, quarterbacking the team what

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Down in H-Town, I'm prolly smoking a pound
We get it rocking get it popping, at the lyricists lounge
Ain't no bullshitting, we clocking nothing but loot
I'm trying to tear the wall down, when I'm up in the booth
This for them gangsta niggaz, this for the gangstas
I'm a soldier from the hood, so my stripes outrank ya
8100 block, and we known to bust ya
My hands stay dirty, I'm a throwback hustler
Music still dropping, them boys still plotting
The caine still popping, them FED's still watching
Controlled now, and the checks look lifty
Three hundred thousand, multiply 8-60
And it's legit, you know that's big boy shit
So I'm a rapping motherfucker, and I just can't quit
CMG nigga, and it's a brand new year
Get off my dick young man, tell your bitch to come here

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Uh-huh the Young Don, yes sir
I'm back up at ya, CEO style coming straight at ya
Out the motherfucking lyricists lounge
My nigga C-Mo, put this one here down
Ya know, the Young Don is back I ain't charging shit
Bitches got bad credit with me out here
I'm coming to get it move over, sitting tall ya know
Seven hundred thousand, independent sold
See me nigga I'm telling ya, check the soundscan
All my stats legit nigga, I'm the CEO they got to see me though
Know I'm saying, 0-4/0-5 check us