

# Undaground All-Stars

Lil' Keke

Young Don nigga, Fat Rat nigga  
We in the building, S.U.C  
Underground All-Stars, feel it ah

We some hustlers ballers, money making thugs  
Underground All-Stars, show the game love  
Cause we bosses gangstas, money making G's  
Counting O's doing shows, from our new CD's

Throw your block up high, get your set in the sky  
Get your dro get your drank, X pills and fry  
We some hustlers ballers, gangstas bosses  
Hood rich nigga, with no time for losses  
I've been gone for a minute, so boys wanna do me  
I'm cold with this shit, bouncing back like Juve  
Feel me kill me, or make you a choice  
Or tuck your tail like a bitch, when you hear my voice  
Bring pain no change, on my new c.d  
And I'm raw as ten lines, out the scorpion key  
S.U.C. to the finish, niggaz clearing the way  
In the booth spitting truth, better ask MJ  
Got Miggity Mike D, and I'm Don Lil' Ke  
Herschelwood and the 3, Laf-Tex C.M.G  
Braeswood new chrome, on brand new cars  
It's the Southside, Underground All-Stars

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(2x)

I sold c.d.s, out the back of my truck  
So I could knock off the truck, that start with the Range  
And when I stopped moving crack and I started to rap  
And I made me some stacks, I ain't changed  
You must respect my hustle, you must respect my grind  
You must respect my hard work, I got the right to shine  
Remember well in my cell, I had to fight the time  
But I swore when I got out, I'd have twice the grind  
And be, ten times the man  
This Y on my wrist, is ten times a grand  
I got the glow of a God, you can't out shine me man  
Dear Lord watch over me, niggaz hating on me I'm about to bomb on em  
Be with me Amen, see I will prevail  
Not a millionaire yet, but I'm giving 'em hell  
Real life thug shit, man I'm living it well  
And if you real like I'm real, then you feel me like brail cause we some

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Ain't too many gon hop out, and do the game like me  
I got the heart of a lion, hustle game from the 3

I'm with the Don Keke, Lil' O and Den Den  
Plus guerillas from the Southwest, with C's on they fucking chest  
You get it right get it straight, baby we hold the weight  
Use to be the cocaine, now this the drank state  
And you know, who hold the keys to the city  
It's Miggity Mike D, a young Carl Smitty  
And I'm tired of these overrated, rappers  
Ain't seen the streets a day in they life, just modern day actors  
Watch niggaz like me, and put my life in they lines  
And niggaz in the hood, don't even know your kind  
I'm a hustler gangsta, money making thug  
With niggaz from the hood, that'll get at you cuz

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