

# We Coming Back

Lil' Keke

My click, don't sweat it  
Here we come nigga, CMG on the rise check it

It's been a long time, but we bringing it back  
This for the gangstas on the streets, still dressed in black  
For the gangstas in the Penn, still dressed in white  
Hold your head young nigga, everything's alright  
It don't matter what they do, still love my peeps  
You can hustle all night, but respect the streets  
It's a picture out there, and I'm seeing it clear  
Told my click step it up man, cause this our year  
Load up the tour bus, yeah we rolling again  
Feeling good bout my fam, it's just me and my men  
Yeah we loc'd up, the trunk smoked up  
This for cowards on the streets, yeah they choked up  
They thought we broke up, but we came back  
And I'ma twist another fat one, out the do' sack  
I blow my wig back, and continue to mash  
Cause it's all about the road trips, and getting that cash  
Take a second look, niggaz nuts took  
Bout to turn another page, in the gangsta book  
And this life ain't fair, so I just don't care  
We ain't got to come back, cause we ain't went nowhere, what

We coming, we coming back  
We coming back, when it's time to attack  
The black Mack don't slack, and he don't know how to act  
We coming, we coming back  
We coming back, putting hits on the rack  
Moving bricks of crack, because it's like that uh

Tighten up your defense, for the fourth quarter  
Ain't no games being played, we done got smarter  
Every inch every yard, cause it count from here  
CMG on the move, baby have no fear  
We gon take it to the max, cause it's still our year  
And boys be talking down, got the wrong idea  
We done stepped up my man, to the plate this time  
Get a grip don't slip, 'fore you fall behind  
I do it rhyme for rhyme, write it line for line  
I remember on the corner, going dime for dime  
Going rock for rock, going lick for lick  
Fifty pack whole sales, trying to get to a brick  
Now I'm in the rap world, and I'm ripping it hard  
Got my family back together man, thanks to the Lord  
They don't wanna talk to me though, still wanna do me though  
Off the block to the streets, straight to the studio  
Getting paid, trying to get rich  
You know the game might change, but I just don't switch  
And I just don't snitch, and that's a real true fact  
Watch yourself lil' whodi, cause we bout to come back, what

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(3x)