

We Did That

Lil' Keke

South-Sive, the young Don
You motherfucking right, I'm back man
H-A-W-K, my motherfucking big brother
This for the late great Fat Pat
DJ Screw baby, you did it
You started this monster man, ha-ha

We did that, just to prove a point
When we in the vocal booth, we'll crash the joint
Another callabo, reaching for mo' do'
Geeking and spitting flow, teaching a weak hoe
Let me go, I drop raps a mile a minute
Done six hundred thousand, local and independent
Boys see me flow, but they can't see me do'
Cutting out the middle man, when you the CEO
I mash and get crunk, and do it for Corey Blunt
Take a two week trip, throw fifty up out the trunk
Mastermind, take it to another level
Basically I'm saying, that I'm platinum in the ghetto
Fuck a major deal, we get nine a pop
Pressing up seventy thousand, everytime we drop
Release six a year, you do the math
I'ma stay in the studio, and let you hear the slab

We did this, just to let you niggaz know
(mic check straight wreck, when we come with the flow)
Representing, for the S.U.C
(coldest lyricists, in the 7-1-3), hey
(2x)

7-1-3, is the area code
7-45, is how I hog the road
24/7 nigga, I stay blowed
And all the hoes say H.A.W.K., is thoed
It's the great one, brother of the late one
The straight one, when I bust with this gun
Don't hate son, cause the flow is polish
Never went to college, but still blessed with knowledge
Never had a major deal, and don't even want it
I just flex my skill, and crush my opponent
However you want it, I bring it hard to the rack
And y'all must forgot, I got platinum placks
And that's a fact, the next best thing to crack
To hear one of my songs, you gotta ring it back
Rewind that shit, get off in your mind and shit
The kid is sick, and I love the way he spit

We did this, just to let you niggaz know
(mic check straight wreck, when we come with the flow)
Representing, for the S.U.C
(coldest lyricists, in the 7-1-3), hey
(2x)

We spit this rap, and drive this map
Then I kick this flow, and go for mo'
Then I let you niggaz know, that I don't play
Smoke this light green, everyday

I'm on my way, me and my nigga Big Hawk-y
Across the water, alert the Nextel walkie
Young Don, and they just can't see
Another cold nigga, from the 7-1-3

Ke hit me on the walkie, so I hit him back
Did you hear what we did, to that Worm track
We did that, boys better back on back
Or I'll react, and dominate just like Shaq
H.A.W.K. and the Don, really we don't barre none
We the shit, and y'all mo'fuckers the runs
Here we come, so y'all better move around
It's the 7-1-3, bout to shut shit down

We did this, just to let you niggaz know
(mic check straight wreck, when we come with the flow)
Representing, for the S.U.C
(coldest lyricists, in the 7-1-3), hey
(2x)