

Shevi

"Keep Watching Me"

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[Hook - 2x]

Keep watching me, and
You fellas, gon see man
You don't wanna fuck around, with these G's
Fried out, sipping drank blowing trees

[Z-Ro]

I'ma hide behind that tint
These motherfuckers, wonder where he went
But I remain to sting, and have finer thangs
Still harder, than the cement
You be walking on, running out of time
Like the cell phone, you be talking on
I'ma make you place, that'll be the taste
On the concrete, they be chalking on
Nigga I be watching y'all, watching me
When I pulls up, on the scene
Niggaz be looking like, they wanna pick a fight
Cause my neck and wrist, bling bling
You can hate me from over there long, as you don't
invade my space
If you invade my space, my fist gon invade your face
Nigga don't get me wrong, I'm not a fly cat though
Take a bone, and run over to Ridgevan
And whip ass on a nigga's ass, when the dust clears
I'ma be, the only nigga left standing
I be busting out the big blocks, sixty
Raising niggaz, up off of me
Then it's back to the bus, sipping Robatuss'
Give me the K this corner, with PCP
Better watch your head, screens gon fall
S.U.C., we born to ball
You can put your money, back in your pocket
Everything's on us, when we hit the mall
And to these hoes, I won't be no trick
Gold digging bitches, make me sick
And ain't nobody around me, paying for the creases
Split, and I speak for the whole click

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

Stay on my P's and Q's, cause people hate
They wanna knock me, while I'm on my blades
I ride a Benz, when I stack my ends
Me and Dougie D, lost in the wind
We peep the game, through 'Sacci shades
Stay playa made, with a bald fade
I'm tatted up, and got bezyltines
You better bet, all my diamonds gleam
I don't wanna brag or boast, or hot cap
But I still got a 4-4, in my lap
Don't get close, or the beam'll shine
It's a automatic piece, that they can't find
If something gon fall, it gotta be the screens
See the bubble lights, and that European
When I'm in my ride, I bogaurd the block
Pop up the top, and the broads gon jock
Fin to get Lil' B, up off the grapevine
On my way to the West, getting on my grind
Can't let none of these cats, take what's mine
They M.I.A., cause I'm laying it down
And it's M.O.B., till the day I die
That there be real, nigga that's no lie
It's gon take y'all, one whole team
And until then, I know y'all wanna try to

[Dougie D]

Watch a G, but can't stop a G
How many of y'all, gon knock a G
Peep me, rolling in a candy
Ain't no doubt about it, baby
We be wrecking shop, and showing skills
Turning hoe heads, with a wood wheel
Piece and chain, with shining gold grill
Man y'all know, the South is so real
Down for the green, to make the world see
It's all about, my family and me
I ride for y'all, and y'all ride for me
Guerilla Maab, what I'm fucking
When I leave the streets
Boys talk down, and steady gon hate
I'm still gon remain, to floss and scrape plates
Trying to take mine, is a mistake
When I might fuck around, with your fate
You don't know, bitch you ain't heard
We be G's, that slang and serve
Smoked out, and we sipping on syrup
Fuck the streets, we fin to hop on curbs
Break boys off, and let them boys know
I be natural, with this flow
When I come through, and knocking down do's

Like Fat Pat, sitting in the side poles

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Ultimate powers, beyond belief
While chiefting a sweeter leaf
Always strapped, in a white tank top
And I keep my britches, without a crease
But I gotta keep, my progress on the low
Everybody wanna talk down, on Z-Ro
Got a verb and attack, that'll break they back
And can't nobody talk down, on the flo'
Too many of these fellas, thinking they bulletproof
That's why, they misbehaving
Run your bad ass, up in Ridgemont
And you'll be dead, before you reach Vetaken
See I'm a killa for real, no fake AK's
Automatic guns, grenades and AK's
In the midst of confusion, hollin' out Houston
We have a problem, better say may-day
But I really be coming, to get these boys
I'm really, fin to wet these boys
The voice in my head, say don't go FED
Better charge that there, and don't sweat them boys
Don't let them boys, get up under your skin
Why you in the game, if you ain't trying to win
I gotta put up the Shwin, and hop in a Benz
In a cool sticking in it, with new rich friends
But I don't change, I'm still the same
Still throwed in the game, with a lil bit of fame
Running up on me, that's your life
Why you wanna leave, your kids and wife
Why they wanna see me, off my game
Didn't wanna come around, till I had a name
But now you, really don't want none of these G's
Keep watching me, if you can see overseas

[Hook - 2x]

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