

Blut Aus Nord

"Dead End Niggaz"

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Chorus: Big Moe

Yes we are
Playas and pimps and superstars
We never gonna change
Cause failures turn their backs in the game
We came up quick
By devoting our heart to the screwed up click

Big Moe:
And here's the first G
He goes by the name of Lil' Keke

-Verse 1-
Lil' Keke:
Well I'm Lil' Keke, young thug O.G
The nigga you love to hate, and the playa you wannabe
It's me the bullshit rejectin', superior skill protectin'
Collecting my ends, steady be settin' trends
Paper stacks profits and guaranteed wins
I lean on serve killa weed I smoke plenty
six hundred coupe sittin' low on twenty's
A pimp and a mack in this game called crack
Tongue quick as a cat on this dope ass track
Five pages on my beeper, three hoes two licks
All the hoes wanna fuck and both licks want bricks
I'm climbin' the ladder and I'm steppin on toes
Crucifying shoes autographs to my hoes
When it comes to being a G, I'm all of the above
A dead end nigga lettin' you know what I'm made of

Chorus

Big Moe:
And if you didn't know
Next on the mike is the Kay and the Poyo

-Verse 2-
Kay-K:
Check one, two as I proceed I'm finna clown
Kay-K always down to swang mines and pops a rhyme

For my G's I be cookin' up, taking em' out the pyrex cup
Weighing em u, making sure the big baby don't get
fucked
Puttin em in the mass quick and fast
Feds on my ass, they don't the stash
Pokey baby smash

Big Pokey:

It's the... red runner, hand upon the gunner
half eyes choppin' fuckin with the brick funna
Give me some more cheese, so I can move it with ease
Pump till the corner bleed, bout to make my ends meet
Cause haters talkin' down, time to squash the
conversation

Kay-K:

25 to the east, 34 to the west
One more time upon up and I see I been blessed
Pullin' out my stacks, host a gat for jack
Ride through Yellowstone now it's on the trunk lookin'
fat
Had to bump and grind, keys grewed from Nam
Now I'm rollin' chopping em up in the Bentley holdin'
my ground, in H-Town

Big Pokey:

Kay-K thangs done changed, ain't no time to explain
My partner Jack down in Main need a block of cocaine
66 brick hauler, drug smuggler and hustler
Hit the spot, pulled it out in Seran wrapped it in
mustard
Distracted them dogs, as I crawl through the states
Loaded pistol gripped with crystal cause it's money to
make... Bitch!

Chorus:

Big Moe:

Oh and by the way
Next on the mike is the H-A-W-K

-Verse 3-

H.A.W.K:

Down the hill, Fairy tale or milk
Shot caller, big baller
I'm a force to be reckoned with
It's all about the money and the power
Blades on Eddie Bauer
Glock toting splif smoking
My competition I devour
Our, time has come and I'm in it to win it

Cockin hoes at shows, hittin' hoes right in it
This game is gamble just like poker
I'm all about that dollar and these hoes are medicore
Mike ripper no mercy with the thug of Herschel
With the Leans and Yellowstone bout to cause
controversy
While Whitney's waiting to exhale, 2Pac avoids jail
The Dead End Alliance will prevail in raisin' hell
Breakin' it off, explicit verbs and nouns
Bad actin ain't no jackin' when you down in H-Town
D.E.A oh by the way did I forget to say
Sip and serve parlay with the H-A-W-K, uh

Chorus

Big Moe Talking:
And I'm that nigga Moe
Steady sippin' on the lean yep that's a potent 4...
Yeah...
Steady sippin' on the codeine...

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