

Keak Da Sneak "Hi-volume"

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[Keak Da Sneak]

And you can catch me in Bent red artlidge, 2K3 Bentley

Leader not a follower so don't ask who sent me

Paid for, no lease and you can't rent me

Still grinding worth grand Bobby and Whitney

X pills keep you up all night

Bottles of everything and that guada green light

I'm in the club like 50, not Shady Aftermath

Tricks treat em like they offset, I'm the number one
draft

Wholes not halves a nickel thirty six

And raw, raw raw raw raw like the top of the rick

I hit like rick drums kick and claps

Six 15's zeus zap on my lap

Keep a fadango rolled boy I never would crap

Paystyles no longer free when I rap

I adapt in any 'viroment or the weather

Got many personalities, nigga my mouthpiece is
cheddar

[Hook]

This how I ride like it ain't no tomorrow, don't beg or
borrow

We take shit, and separate our stuff from the fake shit

The jam start sockin, make ya feel like a quake hit

The whole block rockin with intention to shake shit

Now this (should be played at hi volume, residential)

Now this (should be played at hi volume, residential)

Now this (should be played at hi volume, residential)

Now this (should be played at hi volume, residential)

[Keak Da Sneak]

And my watch I can't even pronounce

That cost three hundred thousand tax in the states in
year round be my account

All I wear is gucci and louie, ice berg

My mistress will get you down, she cop me that throw
back Spurs

Get yours, the voices in my head be tellin me

You misdemeanor I'm a felony, give up sports and start
sellin D

Now I'm like waitin on the rap shit

Assholes and elbows, get up in ya like catpiss

Quiet on the set I'm recordin

Caught my first trial then I faded just like Michael
Jordan

Stompin in my Air Force 1's

Blockin niggas, strong armin with no gun

I rap for funds, mucho denero

Got my hoes bringin me 10 G's a night, the cousin
Nefero

I just jet like this and get a battery charge

Pimpin and playin, I tell ya Keak Da Sneak is hard

[Hook]

[Keak Da Sneak]

I sell my rock in the studio or the streets

Gone blow up but not cuz I'm signed to a Dre or a Pac
beat

On the Rick Rock sheet, and no I'm not the best kept
secret

Cuz everybody know about this Keak Da Sneak shit

Danger! Not Mystikal but get on the flo'

The man right chear, All In Moe Doe

My style my flow is original as hell

Cuz who is who in this industry, I just can't tell

Everybody sound like Nas or Jay-Z or Jadakiss

Nelly or Ja Rule nigga I hate this shit

I come wit that shit you never heard befo'

And everybody say "fa sheezy" but where my credit
though

East Oakland make that work

10-Deuce and Walnut trick fuck what you heard

Quit sayin you sellin birds like you wanna get caught

Cuz if niggas accidentally snitch on you it's all yo fault

And quit tryin to put Tupac Shakur in ya rhymes

Niggas get shot for being at the wrong place at the
wrong time

Left shirt and show ya bullet wounds off to ya hoe

But you don't really wanna get shot no mo', that's why

[Hook]

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