

## Lil' Keke "Don't Mess Wit Texas"

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Put your stones in dust and worn, South Coast raised  
and born  
Have a place you get broke loose and catch the Texas  
long horn  
Up that ass, when I blast, claimin' South East H-Town  
Bakin' cakes stackin' hate makin' playahaters break  
down  
If you're lookin' for an exit, cause Houston on the wreck  
shit  
T-e-x-a-s is the state you don't mess wit  
Cock the tech, spit, and check shit to vest  
Where respect shit from north to east  
Well connected with the west  
It's the 3rd Coast creepin' 'round the corner  
Rockin' birds, sippin' serb, puffin' marijuana  
Screwed-Up Click roll deep and we kick it Down South  
Pop the lip, try to trip, get you with the sawed off  
Find your boy, bring the north twelve Atlant' on the map  
Bailin' through the Texas street with my hand on my  
strap  
Every hour on the hour born doubtin' bout rexis  
Leaving you chestless if you're vestless, don't mess wit  
Texas

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
Texas, that's us, and in glocks we trust, cause uh  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
Glock 9's we bust and there's no fucking wit us, cause  
uh  
Marsh shit don't thrill me, haters wanna kill me  
Lil' Keke representin' Texas, so try to feel me  
Marsh shit don't thrill me, haters wanna kill me  
Southside Houston, Texas, so try to feel me

Cross the line at the point, to this lonestar state  
And create drastic c's, lil' the kid can't make  
Bustin' sounds out in the Talon to this world-wide tower  
Take myself and then I bust, the other 9 don't matter  
Ain't no wustle in Calies I used to think that was slow  
It's automatics that'll catch you at this Texan's front do'  
Lifestyles like Frank White, facin' Kapone  
Stackin' cheese, takin' my keys, when you went through

the zone  
Tell your colleage you won't want this  
North sides took over  
9 times out of 10 I makin' it out, I doubt it  
Fairy tales and riddles, cut you sweet down the middle  
Fill in with weed to succeed how I'm plottin' to kill ya  
Cowboys and neeyas, gangbangers and dopeslangers

Pull the Southern angle glock 2-1 in the chamber  
So Lisa Lee, to the publicist who not try test us  
You find yourself restless tryin' to fuck with Texas

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Feel the ill, yield the yield, Texas hands no fear  
Strapped with full metal gear, makin' it loud and clear  
Takin' advantage, you can't manage, I'm a Southside  
avouce  
So lay it down, or be found, as the chains of massacre  
I'm askin' ya to chill, better yet try to feel  
Stackin' mills down the kilo, gang related for real  
Here's the deal, 9 to 10, everythang I want even  
If I'm in then you spin, here's the key to the Benz  
Fuck a friend in this game, cause it's all about greed  
Tech 9, red beam, and a murderin' team  
Yeah we're close to the border so won't you put in your  
order  
Pound of weed, chug of water, half a chicken or  
quarter  
Puffin' harder at the bottom cause we gainin' respect  
Might check, I select, soly Texas connected  
You respected Ke to hate, but I set it all straight  
Brain or chest plate, it's the lonestar state

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