

Lil' Keke

"Still Throwed"

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(*talking*)

Ok late night grinding, understand Young Don in the building

Of course a nigga still throwed with it, C.M.G. for life
Teflon feel it

[Lil' Keke]

I've been told I can't do it, mostly all my life
I done crapped plenty times, but kept shooting the dice
You don't work and don't eat, it's a sacrifice
That's why niggaz go to jail, and they turn to mice
Eat steaks and kool-aid, not no water and rice
And my family live good, cause we paid the price
Could you still be a rapper, without no ice
I was born with a gift, that's why I flow so nice
I'm a two time felon, so I fucked up twice
So I switched up my game, not to get three strikes
No I can't win 'em all, but I done won some fights
And I still smoke weed, on my sleepless nights
Why niggaz acting like, they don't know wrong from right
And why they steady trying to ball, when they money is tight
I'ma peel niggaz back, when they good and ripe
Cause they just a bunch of talk, trying to find some hype

[Hook]

I know I'm throwed with it, and I ain't gon let 'em change my mind
A kid writing raps, turning nickels into dimes
I've been throwed with it, but they steady talking down
Continue dropping hits, till it's my motherfucking time
Still throwed with it, won't these haters let me shine
I'm hungry for the title, close it up and give me mine
So throwed with it, like it's all brand new
Represent for Houston Texas, my niggaz that's what it do

[Lil' Keke]

Niggaz screaming in the background, fuck Lil' Ke'

But when I see 'em in the streets, they start copping a
plea
I give a fat rat's ass, what they say bout me
And my mama told me, Jesus the only thing that's free
Still thoed with it, cause what's real gon be real
And rapping ain't a hobby or a game, it's a feel
I'm puffing on the purple, letting the smoke hit my
throat
Letting the pen hit the pad, then it's murder he wrote
Got a candy coat, it put my slab on note
With them suicide do's, and them 84 spokes
Here's a message boy, from a Texas boy
C.M.G. is the truth, you'll be breathless boy
Don't even test us boy, never charging shit
All I'm saying is I'm grown, don't make me kill you bitch
So excuse my french, but niggaz do get lynched
And my team win games, in the motherfucking tricks

[Hook]

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