

Lil' Keke

"Together"

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(*talking*)

Check it out man, it's that old school shit man
We going all the way back man, 9-2 style
Screw man, I'm light this here for you man
I know you up there looking down, saying man hold up
man
This shit legendary man, Chuck T ha-ha
You know this H-Town the Young Don, 7-1-3
It was a dream, C.M.G. my click
We so screwed up man, this Texas check it

[Lil' Keke]

I started this dream, back in 1992
We started this dream, Fat Pat-DJ Screw
We did it for the click, we did it for the hood
We did it for the South, we did it cause we could
It's the Young Don, and I'm bringing it back
And I'm still on the grind, and I'm all about my stacks
I'm all about that crack, I'm all about the green
You can get a thang, if ya got sixteen
Give me that money, and I'll still make it go
Southside young G, I still rap it slow
It's screwed up Texas, it's Screwed Up Click
A lot of niggaz hating, they still riding dick
We bring it back for Texas, we bring it back for Houston
Rocking backdo' twice, now they call it Two-ston
Thta's the old shit, we still bumper kit
Southside Commission, rich click so legit

Back then '96, hoes on my dick
I'm riding up the slab, thinking bout the Screw Click
We started this flow, we started this rap
Now boys talking down, trying to push us off the map
I'ma set it straight, with the freestyle flow
I came real hard, but they said I was a hoe
I'm back to set it straight, ain't never been a bitch
That's why I'm candy red 84's, sitting up on a switch
I do it for my hood, I do it for my block
I do it cause I can, and I use to sell rocks
I use to sell ounces, I use to sell bricks
I wouldn't give a damn, still hollin' at that Stick

Cause day one niggaz, gotta call them G's
Niggaz in the streets, still trying to push ki's
I push c.d.'s, I do it for the 8
That's how I put this state on the plates, for the Texas
state
I move weight, and I'm on the block hard
It's the Young Don, bitch gon get my card
Niggaz still talking, my freestyle crazy
The trunk steady yawning, it's looking like it's lazy
Old school rap, old school flow
It's the Young Don, and the drank I'm bout to po'
I'm pouring up a six, I'm still in the mix
Rocks up on my wrist, got these haters off my list

I need a bad bitch, I need a bad hoe
I need a bad bitch, I need a bad hoe
I need a bad bitch, I need a bad hoe
I let her pour the drank, I let her roll the dro
I need a bad bitch, I need a bad hoe
I need a bad bitch, I need a bad hoe
I need a bad bitch, I need a bad hoe
I let her pour the drank, I let her roll the dro
I'm on the highway, that's that I-10
You know the Young Don, I still be trying to win
I got them bitches boy, I keep 'em on the grind
I keep 'em breaking off they papers, if they wanna
shine
I get that money nigga, I still be packing trigga
I'm bout that Southside gangsta shit, I'm getting bigger
It's 2005, I still be going live
And cause I'm up in my streets, only the strong survive
I do it S.U.C., oh yeah this C.M.G.
A lot of niggaz talking, but they know the game free
The c.d.'s cake, you know it's all a pay
It's going down, and I keep my click all in shape
I got my money mayn, I still be gripping grain
It's 16-5, if you wanna get a thang
You know it's Texas heat, we gotta run the street
And I be still wrecking freestyles, on South beats
Ok this Chuck T, ok it's going down
It's 7-1-3, repping for that H-Town
Ok we out of bounds, we still be moving crack
I got them soldiers in the back, and they might break
ya back
Ok I gotta stack, I gotta get my cake
It's coming down, and I'm still bout to let it break
I break a bitch off, I represent the South
It's bout a hundred fucking diamonds, off up in my
mouth

(*talking*)

Chuck T nigga, South Carolina to 7-1-3
Real freestyle no pen no pad, holla back

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