

## **B.G. F/ Keisha**

### **"Keep it Thoro"**

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[sinister laughter]

Oh y'all niggas killer now, oh word?  
Catch you comin out your fuckin crib nigga  
Yeah, catch a fuckin bullet nigga

[Prodigy]  
Ayo, I break bread, ribs, hundred dollar bills  
Peel on Ducatis and other four wheels  
Write a book full of medicine and generate mills  
Tour the album, only for more sales  
We used to catch those on the block with crills  
Now it's paid shows, promoters post up bills  
Sign dems only if the math is real  
If you can't match numbers then you can't have the  
Head Nigga In Charge  
And shit, live nigga rhymes artist  
Pardon, P dub shines regardless  
Remorseless, haunt niggas like poltergeists  
My advice, 'fore you get like that, is think twice  
'fore you move on it, put jewels on it, who want it  
Loose niggas make the news when we start formin'  
Snatch stripes off a nigga's uniform often  
Doin it past yo' delf you way out your jurisdiction  
Why niggas bullshit on the grill  
I don't fuck around dunny, this move's real  
I Keep It Thoro nigga

Yo let me back up for 'em, lemme back up, yo, yo  
Why niggas bullshit on the grill  
I don't fuck around dunny, this move's real  
I gave birth to your whole style and feel  
How do it feel, to hold my dick in public  
Cock blower, duplicate rap cloner  
It's me and you do it live on stage for dolo  
I smack niggas like you, smash niggas by the tools  
Grab niggas by the throat, show 'n' prove  
Rhymes cocky, crazy ill, mad rowdy  
Did a buck off of my shit and wrapped your outtie  
Tempermental, I snap quick, very touchy  
Ayo my attitude is all fucked up and real shitty

I rap like no one out there can fuck wit me  
You feel different, niggas see me  
I throw a TV at you crazy, bitches say P you crazy  
A +Pain in Da Ass+, nah but +Fuck you, Pay me+  
I'm no shorty, nigga I stop your glory  
I'm a thorough street nigga for real, you just applaud  
me  
Avoid P, man take your baby mom's advice  
I'm nothing sweet, ill with the guns, you pay the price  
When you see me in the streets soldier, salute me  
You just a groupie, oh you gangsta, then shoot me  
Who gives a fuck really, I miss my nigga Twin, kill me  
So I can join the rest of my falls, up in the heavens  
You rap niggas make me laugh, y'all crazy ass  
And I don't give a fuck what you sold, that shit is trash  
Bang this, cuz I gurantee that you bought it  
Heavy airplay all day wit no chorus  
I Keep It Thoro nigga...

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