

Angel City

"It's Like This"

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It's like this and like that and like this and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
South side of the map, we spectacular
Sippin 'Ze and the Don right back at ya
It's going down, and you know it's goin down
The roughest and toughest, representin H-town
Pound for pound, no we can't be touched
When the mike get clutched, boys get the head rush

(Lil KeKe)

Here it is, plain and simple your nuts took
You fuckin with a crook that really be off the hook
Check the books, we profitin six digits or better
It's the Houston trendsetter mixin chips with cheddar
Been the roughest on the scene since the year nine-
three
Now I shake down, and break down, punk niggas for
free
When I flip my currency it's multiplied by three
One of a kind in 99 on this spendin spree
You better ask Big G, before fuckin wit Ke
I crucify lyrically anyone steppin to me
And as for Big Pokey, he's one of the throwdest in the
game
When you stretch out, catch out or feel his pain
You know my name, say what, the youngest Don of
them all
Bentley sittin tall, remote control screens fall
It's the way a playa ball, keepin ice on his wrist
Like this and like that and like that and like this

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(Big Pokey)

It's that Ke-star and that Big Po-diena
Certified tag teamers, we'll rock the arena
With the point of a finger we serve niggas subpoenas
Then rip up singles and split the money between us
I dip a six through my city when I'm bendin the corner
Presidential on my wrist bout to give me pneumonia
>From H-town to Arizona we see these sellers
Got niggas chests itchin like they swallowed some
wetter

(Lil KeKe)

Lil Ke and Po-diene, we so crispy clean
Bubble eyed European Jag lit with screens
Princess cut on pinky rings, I'm a lyrical King
You know the type of shit you only see in your dreams
I make em clean, pull up on chrome 19s
I mash on gasoline for my bread and cream
My only color is green, I sip drank and lean
Big Poke and Lil Ke, we southside's best team

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(Big Pokey)

You know I'm bent off the chain like to bite the mike
When I'm on the pitchers mound, better strap your
Nikes
Throwin stripes, mobbin over busters and parasites
Precise and on point bout to light up your life
I'm in your chest G, and it's a fact you can't digest me
When niggas test me I make it messy
And that's for real, I issue out blows you can't shield
Niggas screens get peeled with these verses I spill
Best get up, I enter the door, wrist lit up
When I aim that ho at you you can get up (Bling)
So much ice on my arm, make my arm go numb
Charmed like a light show, can't you see I'm the bomb
Knockin heads with the Don, representin our turf
Got stripes on our shirt just for puttin in work
Hittin in where it hurts, spectacular
Lil Ke and Po-yo, right back at ya

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