

## **Lil' Keke f/ E.S.G., Slim Thug**

### **"Love For Ya"**

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(\*talking\*)

E.S.G. (huh), Lil' Keke the Don  
Ha-ha, it's long overdue baby  
(Huh, been waiting for the Southside  
That swanging and banging, to put it down what)  
Mr. Slim Thug, Northside Southside let's do this homie  
(C.M.G. Boss Hogg Outlaws, we platinum in the ghetto  
tell em Ke)

[Lil' Keke]

H-Town superstars, gotta walk that walk  
Popped up on 22's, will make you squash that talk  
In Texas a living legend, it just ain't my fault  
If I see it and I want it, I just go to the vault  
We some, city slickers  
But these niggaz out of state, think we some shit  
kickers  
You bring your nuts up on your guns, and just try to get  
us  
But I ain't gon lie you fucking with some real mob  
figgas, I'm talking hard hitters  
We out here stunting, while most of you niggaz faking  
and fronting  
Slim Thug and E.S.G. and Lil' Ke, we paper for hunting  
It's a hell of a ride, hell of a ride hell of a stroll  
We ship it gold, so the paper can fold

[Hook]

Have you ever met some thugs, that can ride like us  
Cutting corners burning blocks, looking fly as us  
Endo hydro, getting high as us  
With a bad little broad, on the side of us  
Cause we bouncing-bouncing, rolling up the strip  
20 inches when I flip, looking good when I dip  
And we be riding sliding, doing what we do  
Northside Southside, we got love for you

[E.S.G.]

Now hol' up hol' up, E.S.G. hit the do'  
Say Ke, we ain't cooking 36 no mo'  
I whipped eighty baby, I'm in the game forever

Represent it sold a million, independent together  
I'm with the Young Don, Boss Hoggs in the do'  
Working with a quarter mill, smelling like hydro  
Look at the grill hoe, I spent sixty on ice  
I'm at the Source Awards, looking like a disco light  
Purple Sprite push white, FEDs starting to get curious  
Act a fool like Ja Rule, move fast and furious  
What you get when you mix, two of the Screwed Up  
Click  
With the Boss of the North, standing bout 6"6'  
Now this is it watch me spit, 16 from the heart  
R.I.P. to DJ Screw, you was there from the start  
Now on your mark get ready, playa roll up a ounce  
Cause when the hook come in, drop your top gon  
bounce huh

[Hook]

[Slim Thug]

It's H-Town dream team, ball more than a king  
I guess it's in my bloodstream, to be about my green  
A new face on the scene, I'm the rap game rookie  
Trying to do some'ing new, I'm tired of cooking up  
cookies  
We getting paid down here, living laid down here  
Hit the club with bald fades, and braids down here  
Slim E and Ke, we Texas best  
We three hard young G's, that don't settle for less  
You can't mess with the Tex, Boss Hogg on top  
When I park at the club, my rims don't stop  
They keep cutting, ten G's for these with the buttons  
In a DTS strutting, I ain't want for nothing  
From the bottom to the top, and I can't fail  
I'm in a click about they mail, I know you can tell  
We living swell, cause we got a lot of thangs to sell  
I know the FEDs on my trail, but I'm giving em hell

[Hook]

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