

## **Lil' Keke f/ Lil' C**

### **"Pyrex Shakin'"**

Visit "[Pyrex Shakin'](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(\*talking\*)

Lil' Keke the Don, Lil' C the Underboss  
C.M.G. fa sho

[Lil' Keke]

Hit licks for heavy bricks, I get it 14 plain  
Coming from out of town, it's gon be 19 a thang  
Rock for rock, zone for zone  
Block for block, getting it on till the whole thang gone  
I'm a rap star, but I got love for the do  
Going hard with the snow, till it ain't no mo'  
Cash flow, I keep it cracking and stay stacking  
Distribute these goods, and try to ease away from  
jacking  
My neighborhood, it rock like heavy metal  
We raised that way, so you can play it on the ghetto

[Lil' C]

I got that work nigga, but I ain't Beatrice  
Keep seventeen bricks, in the pissy mattress  
H-Town H-Town, the city of dope  
Got the shit channeled, with the chickens under the  
boat  
Don't get me wrong, some fly and some float  
My nigga in Rico, from the Gulf of Mexico  
To the fat sack of do-do, that me and Ke' smoke  
I'm the quarterback, my receiver wide open  
For a pass, got the police on D  
But shit knowing me, I'ma throw a T.D.

[Hook]

I'm in the kitchen, with the pyrex shaking  
I'm bout my game, ain't got time for the faking  
I might be rapping, but I'm still brick breaking  
Cause ain't no limit, to this money I be making  
I'm in the kitchen, with the pyrex shaking  
I'm bout my game, ain't got time for the faking  
I might be rapping, but I'm still cake baking  
Cause ain't no limit, to this money I be making

[Lil' Keke]

You know the streets end up, and I just can't let up  
Niggaz falling out of line, man they must catch up  
Cause the limo's, jacuzzi's and presidential suites  
All that pretty shit, can't keep my hands out the streets  
I do it dirty, the type of work that get a nigga thirty  
Birds that get the worm, are the ones up early  
It's a hard job, trying to survive the mob  
Staying in the limelight, without a playa getting robbed  
I got a brick hanging, and it's wrapped like a gift  
With a poisonous smell, that the dogs can't sniff  
Airplanes and trains, mics and cocaine  
It's twenty for a show, twenty for a thang  
Rapping is beautiful, it got a young nigga shining  
But some'ing in my blood, that just keep a nigga  
grinding  
I get's paid, on a regular basis  
So many faces, so many places what

[Hook]

[Lil' C]

It ain't no limit to this money, I'm telling you mayn the  
game funny  
Niggaz wasn't with it, till you mention big face  
hundreds  
Get the bricks, load em in the train  
Load em in the submarine, load em in the plane  
It's in the game, like EA Sports  
Slip and get hit, with bullets of all sorts  
You don't wanna play around, with me do ya  
Hollow tips shred right through ya, treat you like I never  
knew ya  
Behind my work  
And I'm always one deep when I do my dirt, the truth  
hurt  
It hit you like a boomerang, and come back  
Like dope fiends, digging for hard crack  
Get your mind right, 'fore you fuck with mine  
24/7 3-65, I'ma shine  
Ice gon blind, don't make a mistake dummy  
And I'll do whatever it take, to make money for real

[Hook - 2x]

Visit [Lil' Keke f/ Lil' C](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.