

## **Lil' Keke f/ Yung Ro**

### **"G-Til I Die"**

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(\*talking\*)

Just let the music play uh yeah, just let the music play  
Uh we gon ride to this one, yeah uh come on

[Hook]

Got to be a G, till the day that I die - 4x  
Got to be a G, got to be a G - 2x

(\*scratching\*)

Got to be a G, till the day that I die - 4x

[Yung Ro]

The last of a dying breed, y'all couldn't understand it  
Against all odds, I'm still here still standing  
You ain't gotta know much, to know the streets talking  
Scared to approach us, cause we far from who they see  
often  
Life been good for me, and I'm still the same  
They see the chain, and give me strange looks about  
the name (Nobody)  
You know the game, time'll tell who remain true  
They felt the cool breeze, when me and Ke' slid  
through  
G'd up, Dickie unit wearing Chuck Taylor's  
A special scent, got my attitude like fuck haters  
It can't stop, fully loaded no time to rest  
My enemies plotting, got real thangs on my chest  
Grew up on freestyles, from S.U.C  
H-Town raised call me Nobody, cause I'm one deep  
Yeah a few cats rocking, but we rock steady  
Ke' the Don and Yung Ro daddy already, already yeah

[Hook]

[Lil' Keke]

1993, that's when I blazed up the scene  
Original S.U.C., I'm the Freestyle King  
Rest in Peace Pat, I'ma make 'em love it mayn  
DJ Screw the king, he changed up the whole game  
Niggaz say I'm finished, and the Don is offended  
I come from undergrounds, and made a million

independent  
It's 2005, it got's to be known  
The Young Don is back, and I'm coming for the throne  
A G till I die, dominating like a veteran  
And ask Bank One, about the checks I'm collecting  
Niggaz just kepping, I'm back hungry rapping  
They need to get some Oscars, for the way that they  
acting  
I'm kidnapping, my own self in the booth  
I'm loading up my pen, then I'm shooting with the truth  
This H-Town baby, our music Chopped & Slowed  
Some G's till we die, it's the Don and Yung Ro yeah

[Hook]

[Yung Ro]  
Grew up in a place where they say most don't, but  
some get it  
And the respect is measured by, when they done with it  
An O.G. told me, stick to the G-Code  
Youngin' you too eager, tighten up on that free throw  
Trying to make my ghetto dreams, a reality  
Me and them other dudes, got a whole different  
mentality  
Y'all went wrong, putting me and Ke' in the booth  
The way I put it in they face, call me the proof  
Just bought a box of cigarillos, from the corner sto'  
I got my game face on, we playing dominoes  
They shooting dice watch out, you better catch that  
Six and eight running mates, so nigga bet that  
Bet back, cause my bet good I keep it coming  
And all the homies in the hood, hollin' one hundred  
Yung back again, with the Don Keke  
These boys feather weight mayn, and we G's-we G's

[Hook]

(\*talking\*)  
Yeah uh-huh, I like that my nigga I like that  
Uh-huh, shit feeling this shit here man

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