

Still a G

Lil' Keke

The sequel, Don K, got's to be a G
Got's to be a G, till the day that I die
That's what it is, I'm going all the way back to G
This the one that brought me back
G till the day I doe nigga, hey

Rest in peace to them boys gone, welcome back to them boy's home
Thank the Lord that I'm still on, even though that I live wrong
Lot of hate since I came back, fuck em all since I came up
Same hood nigga South Park, blowing grams with that same cup
Mama ran cause I'm thugged out, daddy died when I was 19
He never knew that I'd be a G, still chasing that king dream
Up late and I'm going in, rapping hard for them green bucks
Now real niggaz and O.G.'s, stay in my voice and stand up
Herschelwood that's where I'm at, hardhead with that black gat
This war's on I stand strong, it's straight forward no turning back
I got the bread and I'm coming home, rep it hard till I'm dead and gone
This Don Ke and I'm still a G, I swear to God they know this song

Got's to be a G, I got's to be a G
Got's to be a G, till the day that I die
Ay yeah, hey check one-two what it do

This Dead End so I talk for H.A.W.K., check it back and I rep for Screw
Crestmont leaning in the leans, stuck on that oil like I stepped in glue
Houston Oiler 3-4, repping that like Earl Campbell
Bopping bitches all on dick, eat my sausage like Earl Campbell
Southside of that Astrodome, 2-88 I'm passing Reed
With a bad bitch she out the car, I'm po'ing oil she passing weed
Hit Cal Wayne what that Dre do, Grit Boyz real niggaz
Free Ron G and that T-Bone, DEA real niggaz
Scar in the H like my stroke fitted, real G I go get it
Certified like I tip of course, slab parked so I took the Porsche
Talk money till a nigga hoarse, keep it G like Gucci 'steins
Still in the hood with them Grit Boyz, and not the niggaz that Gucci signed

Yeah yeah, got to be a G till the day that I die
That I die, till the day that I die
Got's to be a G yeah, got's to be a G that what it is
They didn't know the sequel was gon' turn out like this here
We still hood, G till I die

I kept praying and I thank God, Lord knows that them streets fraud
Left the block with my head up, understood that them streets hard
I'm still here and I'm still bout it, rep the hood for them boys locked
I do this shit for that Southside, and all them niggaz on y'all block
Let em know that these streets real, jackers roll and them corners hot
Hit the hood with yo mind right, then take it slow cause them laws out
This Don Ke they know me, I'm O.G. for real
I grind I won't mind, that's just what it is

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