Play For Keeps

Key Glock

Ah
Huh
Yeah ()

I dropped a four in my iced tea, okay, and now it taste sweet (Yeah)
I'm chasin' dreams like I'm Meek, the mil's is all that I see (Yeah, yeah)
Jumped off the porch, yeah, with the torch, bitch, I was raised by the stree
ts (Yeah, yeah)
Yeah, I was told to play for keeps and don't let a hoe play with me

I eat the weak, I'm a beast
A bowl of rappers, I feast
You know they say talk is cheap
Well, I baguette'd my teeth
Got some new for my team
You can't compare to my team (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Who? Three letters, yeah, P.R.E (Yeah)
Uh, yeah, yeah, yeah (Yeah)
Money in my pocket, in my head and on your head (Racks)
You heard what I said, chopper knock off face and dreads, uh
Sittin' on case, sweepin' with niña in the bed
Yeah, I'm walkin' with the dead, Benjamins up in my pants
Yeah, yeah, bitch, I'm ballin', diamonds dance in my Lamb'
Yeah, yeah, bitch, I'm ballin', yeah, my left wrist cost a Lamb'
My left wrist cost a Lamb', yeah, my left wrist cost a Lamb', goddamn
Goddamn, damn, goddamn
Goddamn, damn, damn, damn (The f*ck?)
Goddamn, damn, damn, damn (Yeah)
Damn, damn, damn, damn (Icy)
I dropped a four in my iced tea, okay, and now it taste sweet (Yeah)
I'm chasin' dreams like I'm Meek, the mills is all that I see (Yeah, yeah)
Jumped off the porch, yeah, with the torch, bitch, I was raised by the stree
ts (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Yeah, I was told to play for keeps and don't let a hoe play with me (Uh, uh)

Nickname my .223 TLC 'cause I creep with the heat (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Big ol' Glocks, we clear the spot and spin the block like CDs (Yeah, yeah, y
eah)
I stole so hard, it look easy, you see white diamonds, I'm cheesin' (Yeah, y
eah, yeah, yeah)
Bitch, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Everything real, bitch, my grill cost a krill (Yeah)
Solitaries in my ears, bitch (Yeah), look at this here (Yeah)
Bitch, look at this here (Look), my diamonds, they crystal clear (Woo)
Yeah, my diamonds crystal clear (Ice, ice), I caught you starin' like a deer
 (Bitch)
Come get your bitch, dawg, look down at my phone, got twenty missed calls
Ridin' with a hunnid shots, I got enough for all of y'all
Yeah, I ran it up and ain't look back ever since, dawg
I pull up in the yellow thang with the yellow Richard Mille on, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, I hop on the block, the yellow belt, the yellow Richard on
Yeah, yeah, yeah, the yellow Richard on
Yeah, I hop up out the yellow whip

I dropped a four in my iced tea, okay, and now it taste sweet (Yeah)

I'm chasin' dreams like I'm Meek, the mills is all that I see (Yeah)
Jumped off the porch, yeah, with the torch, bitch, I was raised by the stree
ts
Yeah, I was told to play for keeps and don't let a hoe play with me (Nah)

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