

# Keep It Gutta

Lil Boosie

Keep it Gutta  
I raised up my project window  
And I smell Indo  
Hollered at my kin folk  
After that I big smoke  
I hit my nigga Gutta with them gutta ways  
All of my cousins bussin' K's  
So I was lead astray  
And I don't pray, so I'm thinking bout death  
I never once, thought bout blinking myself  
Cause I got bank to accept!

You heard that green and yellow cd  
That bitch gutta!  
The world-wide struggle  
Or the one about my mother (Child so bad)  
I'm bangin' on the corner down in Cali  
With the Bloods and Crips  
See Lil' Boosie, yeah Lil' Boosie, man we love that shit!  
I figured that I'd die in jail if I stay in the hood  
So I'm tryin' to make a mil  
And get the fuck out Baton Rouge

I wish Tupac'a hear the shit that I was speaking to you  
I betcha Tupac'a have Lil' Boosie on an album or two  
And did my daddy go to Thug Mansion?  
(Shiiit) If he did  
I know he saved a spot for his kid  
And we gone G' it!

Keep it gutta, nigga! (Gutta, gutta, gutta! Yeah)  
Cause I'm a victim of this game! (Victim of this game mane!)  
Let's keep it gutta, nigga! (All the way gutta!)  
Cause I was taught to get it hard like a man! For sheezy!

Verse two, is for my hearse crew  
Like Raw Nitty, Lil D, and Big Ro too  
Do you remember smoking dust with Silky Slim, headbussa?!

When we was slangin' nine  
And had these niggaz scared of us!  
My hood full of floods (floods)  
But my hood full of thugs  
Who in that pen  
Rep Baton Rouge til the day that they touch

And you don't know a nigga gutta as me! (Gutta)  
Who can tell ya some shit that ya mother'a see  
Like you bein' locked up, til 2003  
When you 'posed to be out chea  
Flickin' and ballin like me  
And all I see, is eyes on me  
So like Pac  
I hope it's not another fucking robbery

I ain' no rookie!  
Fourteen, sellin' cookies!  
Had all the hoes looking!

And ya know why nigga  
Because I'm gutta!  
My pants hang low  
My eyes looking wicked too  
My throwback cost 400  
It's from 1952!  
And ya bitch, you! (Bitch you!)

If you wanna leave this club  
I suggest  
You don't come around here and try to beef with us  
This for my niggaz and guhls  
Keep ya head up!  
And I'ma keep my bread up  
And make ya throw the set up!  
I'm keepin' it gutta!

What you about robbing to eat  
What you about peeping yo hood out  
To see who want ya to cease  
That's the beginning  
The ending, is 10 billion (10 billion)  
Then I'm threw  
Sign all my niggaz deals so they can live, like Lil Boo  
I was led on this path to hate  
Since I was little  
Across the street a ship plant  
And next door a fuckin' killer

Calvin Ricks was the shit  
It wasn't no ridin' in South  
I use to joy his purple jeep  
When I walk in my house  
And on my chedda chase  
I done saw better days  
Never thought my selfish ways  
Have me blowing purple haze

It hurts to say (Hurts to say)  
That my daddy left this world  
I wish he could be here to see my pretty ass lil girl  
But he can't, so I drink  
Get mad and I don't think (Fuck it)  
Smoke dro, by the ounce  
And sip syrup, by the pint  
Ain' too many can fuck with me  
That's on my generation  
Shouts out to all my niggaz  
And my haters who be hatin', get ya hate on!