

# Do It Again

Lil' Keke

Sweet God, let that man come forward  
(that's the man), who will come open up his soul  
Hallelujah my friends, be with him (that's the man, that's the man)

Did it all for money, yes I did yes I did  
For the love of money

R:

And I'd do it again, (I'd do it again)  
I'd do it again, (I'd do it again)  
For the love of money, (I'd do it again)  
I'd do it again, (fucking right I would do it again)  
For the love of power, (I'd do it again)  
I'd do it again, (I'd do it again)  
For the love of respect, (I'd do it again)  
I'd do it again, (fucking right I would do it again)

Right here where the game at, still hard can't change that  
Feel good cause I'm still hood, I came up and then came back  
We scratching them real jars, running ducking them steel bars  
Stay away from them FED boys, cause I don't need that FED charge  
Love for the money I'm closing in, fuck these niggaz I'm 'pose to win  
If it's all for the power and the street respect, Young Don right here and I  
'll do it again  
Me and my mama we felt the pain, check didn't come but it 'pose to come  
Got me staring at the sky like it's 'pose to rain, I was born in the game I  
ain't 'pose to change  
Hear me Lord from up above, trapped on the streets I'm still a thug  
I done done everythang that a man could do, so I stand here today need nothin  
g but love  
Real O.G.'s that kept it strong, young Don Ke just hold his own  
If I lost everything I'd do it again, cause I'm 7-13 till I'm dead and gone

R:

No pot to piss in, that's what I come from  
And God, I ain't never met a man I'ma run from  
Especially if I was wet, smoking that dumb-dumb  
Fuck police, beat em up whenever some dumb  
One deep for life, understand that homie  
My gun always, where my hand at homie  
I'm a five deuce hoover Crip  
Grooving till the world stop moving, you ain't even gotta ask that homie  
Shot a couple of niggaz, couple niggaz shot me  
Who the fuck told the FEDs, my nigga not me  
I'm in the penitentiary, and I don't know a nigga named Scott  
But I still got away, scott-free  
I, got so much love in these streets  
Yeah the motherfucker hit 75 times, that it ain't no plugging them heats  
But if it's gonna feed my family, I'd do it again  
Kick your door wide open, I'd do it again  
Fuck hell homie, I'ma go through it again  
This merking season, I'm in the bluest again  
Slipping outside, I'd never do it again  
I deserve to be rich, and I'ma prove it again  
Hard as I go too, you best you to get in  
I just found my mind, but I'ma lose it again

And when I find it, I'ma do it again

R:

Living my life I ain't taste it yet, based on me I'ma place the bet  
8-1 double 0 that's my set, still rep my hood with no regret  
Been through a lot still love the game, do it all again don't sweat the pain

Did it all for the money and the love the same, for the cost of living and the price of fame  
Young Don Ke still rich and black, 7-13 they brought me back  
Hear them boys on the sideline hating and all, but I'm still in the game home where you at  
S.U.C. still getting it on, rest in peace to the G's that's gone  
Dedicate this song right here to Screw, how'd you think a young fool here to touch the zone  
15 years I kept it strong, never let a hater nigga touch the chrome  
Was a real O.G. when I wrote this song, cause I gave my life to that microphone  
Shout to the G's who want the power, stand up tall nigga watch me tower  
Do it for the real and not the cowards, it's 24-7 and an extra hour

R:

I'd do it again  
For the love of money, I'd do it again  
For the love of power, I'd do it again  
For the love of respect, I'd do it again