

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 came
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 nothi
ng 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 a 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