

Hit'em

Lil' Keke

7-1-3's finest, CMG
Ghetto Dreams, Presidential

You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em low)
You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em low)
You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em)
(and if you hit em in the face, I'll give em a body blow), oh
You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em low)
You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em low)
You hit em high, I'ma hit em low (hit em)
(we wrecking with flow, we in the studio), oh

We gon go up top, and go back down
I'm quick to make your shit lay down, and close the round
A nigga going pound for pound, until the blood is found
Snatch punks off the glass, like a Shaq rebound
Got more depth young clown, cause we rep H-Town
And we beat chumps down, at the lyricists lounge
I hit em high, regroup then go to the bottom
To his ass to his ribs, when he fold I got him
If he still sitting up, then we work that grill
Big judge young Don, serving raw and steel
To the gate to the finish, this for CMG
Another Ghetto Dreams, sponsored by S.U.C
Got big swoll nuts, and as a matter of fact
Get off my dick young trick, or get your click looked at
Spit bombs in the studio, they all atomic
H.A.W.K. seal him in the face, I'ma catch him in the stomach

Oh..

Class is in session, I'ma spit with aggression
And if I feel threatened, you better call witness protection
Stop asking questions, five line connection
Well connected, jinks, whites, blacks and mexicans
7-1-3 nigga, armored Texans
In the three fo' deep, in my corner flexing
Intersection, young cats is fucking with veterans
Southside legends, killas that'll beat your head in
Pop the lead in, hit you in the stomach and head and
Pop your legs in, then straight leave you for dead and
Enough is said and, move it on down the field
Like the Kansas City Chiefs, and that Dick Vermeil
This shit is real, fuck how a nigga feel
We moving like a freight train, trying to get that scroll
I'm changing the game, with Don still changing lanes
And with both of our brains, all we see is change

The mic turn on, boy it's duck and cover
Another pen getting pimped man, by me and my brother
Never pimps my hand, cause I just don't love her
When I'm in the studio, I do it like nan-nother
And I'm one of a kind, they better find me a clone
And you sure right sticks and stones, they break bones
Rise like grits, when the shit get thick

Break em down so quick, sit him up on bricks

I'ma hit all his licks, fuck all his chicks
Wondering how I done it, cause I flow so sick
Do the arithmetic, flow equals do'
And dope plus flow, equals the take your hoe
CMG, is fucking what that Ghetto D
Trying to see, currency like Master P
S.U.C., Big H.A.W.K. and Don Ke
And with 20-20 vision, y'all still can't see

Oh..