

Mix It Up

Lil' Keke

Uh that's right, we back in the building nigga
Young Fever Presidential, 1-8-7 Presidential
H-A-Dub, courtesy of Ghetto Dreams nigga uh
We got diamonds, the size of you niggaz eyes this time
It's VS2 Clarion on this one, we bout to fuck the club up

Go on mix it up (yeah), go on twist it up
If you in the club fucked up, holla (hell yeah)
I'm talking Henn and Hypnotic, hydro and chronic
Mugging a motherfucker, screaming (we don't care)

Hate me when I skate up to the club, with a bug on my wrist
Custom six overload, no Crys
I came to throw some bows and break a nose, where my bitches and sixes
I see you motherfuckers outside, whistling and tipsy
Bitch you bouncing with your mouth wide, and mix on your kidneys
I'm worser than Ike and Bobby, beating Tina and Whitney
I hold three X and dro, feeling oh so woozy
Popped a bag of broad at the bar, and gon bruise it
Who party like we do shit, nobody
My niggaz in the club, from Saturday to Friday
Bum rush the bar, trample over feet
And to you niggaz play it sweet, or get put to sleep
You gotta love it, when these niggaz play corporate
Until that metal open up they chest, and they stop just forfeit
You don't want this desert eagle, in your face
And act like that drank on that bar, nigga stay in your place and

I'ma fall up in the place, with my mug twisted up
Straight shots of Henny, plenty hoes wanna fuck
Bitch niggaz around me, with they nuts swolled up
This new nigga on the block, got your spot sewed up
1-8-7 the Lyrical Presidential, high roll
Put that diamond in your tooth, on the flo' (hell yeah)
We tear the club up, niggaz throw your thug up
Bitches show your thong, acting like you scared take your ass home
I'm fucked up off dro and drank, calling niggaz to the bank
Seeing how many gon ride, I see the panic in they eyes
You don't want no problems dog, I just came to chill with y'all
Show you how real niggaz ball, they don't give a fuck
Three way pimp action, after hour in the Clutch
Slut chasing in the parking lot, dodging the butts
1-8-7, Young Fever and the H-A-Dub-K
Presidential, Ghetto Dreams and them boys don't play

I'm at the club fucked up, in my pick-up truck
Fresh dressed, looking like a million bucks
I hit the dutch, then climb out the truck
Old school Chucks, walking with a gangsta strut
You can swear that I'm playing, for the Stanley Cup
I'm so iced up, just missing the hockey puck
I'm sipping on Hypnotic, feeling pshycotic
Good weed I got it, trying to see who bought it
Girls getting erotic, shaking ass and tits
They see a playa in the mix, so they jump on dick

Them girls so slick, with that famous rhyme
I ain't a groupie, I don't do this all the time
Lil' mama stop lying, cause I could really care less
I'm really not impressed, and all I want is sex
So baby what's next, are you going my way
Another notch on the belt, for the H-A-W-K