

# Remain Solid

Lil' Keke

You know we do this shit much different than they do  
Because we put our heart in it  
So the passion is much stronger  
Don

Gave my life to the game and, yes, I paid for it  
It didn't matter 'cause God knew I was made for it  
They killin' my name but I remain solid  
The hustle is private and the money quiet

They undercover singers, prattin' and pointin' fingers  
Singers, yeah  
Smash 'em before we take 'em to the cleaners  
Go  
Suckers, we don't need 'em  
Need 'em  
Nigga out here playin' with they freedom  
Cappin' about his bag, I don't believe him  
I'm thirty years runnin'  
Runnin'  
Still out here gunnin' with a passion  
Very upscale and high fashion  
Ha  
Nigga out here crashin'  
Crash  
Nigga, my hustle is everlastin'  
Under the old law, no flashin'  
Bitch, we come from fifteen bumpin', rock house jumpin'  
Bumpin', jumpin'  
Hell yeah, this game owe a nigga somethin'  
I swear  
Big crib millin' a half, I'm still pumpin'  
Pumpin'  
I swear to God, nigga is watchin', they know I'm comin'  
A lame nigga watchin' me, wish he could  
Nigga  
At the same time a lame nigga, I wish he would  
I wish  
Try to trick me out my spot, nigga, bitch, I'm good  
I'm good  
Don Ke, Southside, still reppin' the hood, motherfucker

You see they been gave up  
Been gave up  
The closer we got to the finish line, they been gave up  
Been gave up  
Then they took it personal when we kept goin'  
We kept goin'  
We was raised much different  
Much different  
Gangsta

Gave my life to this game and, yes, I paid for it  
Gave  
It didn't matter 'cause God knew I was made for it  
Made  
They killin' my name but I remain solid

Solid  
The hustle is private and the money quiet  
You a lame nigga, respect the game, nigga  
Lame, game  
I know they want me out the picture, I'm the frame, nigga  
Frame  
They killin' my name but I remain solid  
Solid  
The hustle is private and the money quiet

Lookin' for a hoe? You can quit, my nigga  
One of the best to ever do it, talk that shit, my nigga  
Don Ke, I'm the captain, that's legit, my nigga  
S-U-C to the finish, it don't get no bigger  
Let me talk to 'em  
Tell 'em  
For once, I'm coherent, definitely black-owned  
Owned  
Rich and independent, this is South Park's finest  
Finest  
Music made is timeless  
Time  
They lookin' for a weakness in my kindness  
They better pay attention to the frame on the wall  
Wall  
Give my jersey to the streets when I go to the hall  
Streets  
Phone lines up in heaven, I just made me a call  
Call  
Let 'em know I'm on my hustle, still gettin' it for y'all, yeah, nigga  
They killin' my name, but I remain calm  
Calm  
Hunnid 'round, fuckin' drum  
Be careful, my nigga, we in some shife times  
Times  
Self-made, 7-13, my lifeline

Yeah, understand me, not you, but me  
You know, we don't, uh, operate and resonate  
Under the same motherfuckin' mind frame, man  
What are you sayin'? Gangsta

Gave my life to this game and, yes, I paid for it  
Yeah  
It didn't matter 'cause God knew I was made for it  
Made  
They killin' my name but I remain solid  
Solid  
The hustle is private and the money quiet  
Quiet  
You a lame nigga, respect the game, nigga  
Lame, game  
I know they want me out the picture, I'm the frame, nigga  
Frame  
They killin' my name but I remain solid  
Solid  
The hustle is private and the money quiet