

# S.U.C

Lil' Keke

You already know, Shorty Mac/Lil' Keke  
S.U.C. vets, let's put it in they face  
Let's let em have it, here we go

I got a chip on my shoulder, the size of Texas  
Southside for life, you know they still hold plexes  
Wake up every morning, trying to get my do'  
My click on top, and they love it fa sho  
So don't sweat it, cause them punks gon regret it  
A underground king, better ask Poetic  
So I do what I can, for my master plan  
And my number one rule, must respect my fans  
It's a long shot, for me to get that mill  
And I made it independent, man without no deal  
So I'm hanging on, to the pride I got  
The Lord done blessed me, and I thank him a lot  
So I keep reaching, and I keep teaching  
To my young niggas man, I gotta keep preaching  
It's a hard life, another left fold  
And I'd give it all back, to the ghetto

I got better dreams, everything ain't all it seems  
The streets and hustling, is still in my genes  
So we bundle in the huddle, legalize our grind  
S.U.C. shot calling, some of the best you will find  
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Underground vet, still a rap game rookie  
Known for freestyling, selling Screw tapes city to city  
Pushing rhymes out of state, dipping in the Cali sun  
Poetic ask what's on my mind, making a million  
Parlaying in the west end, giving Texas game  
Packing paper in piles, Screw-Zoo blew up the name  
Only way I know, to pay it back  
Make sure they scream S.U.C., all over the map  
Staying down like fo' flats, Avarice connected  
Short Mac you know, seated in the Southern section  
Put my freestyling, on a payment plan  
Microphone to dats now, control the land  
Stay on the subject reap the public, with my best intentions  
Trying to put away, my little son's pension  
With mansion doors, I stay on the ground  
Roll with the down South kings, some of the best you will find

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I gotta stay low, I gotta stay pro

I gotta stash a hundred grand, in case the stacks get low  
It's a dirty game, but somebody gotta do it  
I'm straight true to it, I'm never new to it  
You blew it, trying to fade Lil' Ke  
I'mma represent Texas, out the 7-1-3  
So I gotta get it well, till the day that I die  
And leave a punk motherfucker, steady asking me why

Stacking stacks never know, when your days'll darken  
Rep the 5-1-2, and I keep the chronic sparkling  
On the grind at all times, creeping through the dirty  
Early bird want the worm, then we want it early  
Young G's stay afloat, don't damage yourself  
But it's hard to be broke, and can't get no help  
Work my muscle and hustle, stay in the rap game  
Short Mac and Lil' Ke, this how we doing this thang

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