

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'ma 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 sparking
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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