

# Swaggar Back

Lil' Keke

Get your money, get your cash young nigga  
This for them gangsta niggaz, this for them gangstas  
The Young Don, don't get it twisted  
I'm from day one, I'm a throwback gangsta nigga ha-ha

It's been a long time, and ain't no sense in me lying  
But if you looking for a gangsta, I ain't hard to find  
Switch the CEO, in the 2-thee-fo'  
But I'm straight up out the hood, handling shit like a pro  
I was born on the streets, I was raised on the block  
I was really on the cut, with a mouth full of rocks  
You niggaz faking, bumping bout your street glory  
But my days in the hood, is a true story  
I was 18, with my freestyle skills  
Then in 1997, sold a hundred for real  
Check the soundscan, man my stats legit  
Was the first solo act, out the Screwed Up Click  
Don't get it twisted, boys gon continue to hate  
Sold fifty thousand tapes, out of Screw front gate  
I'm a pioneer, and no need for plexers  
Made five million dollars, in the state of Texas

I got my swaggar back, I got my swaggar  
I got my swaggar back, I got my swaggar  
I got my swaggar back, I got my swaggar  
And tell these hating niggaz, we don't owe they ass nothing  
I got my swaggar back, I got my swaggar  
I got my swaggar back, I got my swaggar  
I got my swaggar back, I got my swaggar  
And tell these silly hoes, that we still don't love 'em

You can call it what you want, I pull's up on hoes  
From the Lex to the truck, to the Lac on 4's  
You niggaz bumping, steady out here riding my dick  
Steady talking bout the slab, and you ain't rolled shit  
I push candy, 20's and SUV's  
Had some of your bitches, getting off they knees  
You niggaz socializing, but I paved the way  
And I'm always present, on show-up day  
I get's props and respect man, wherever I be  
But I'm a walking living legend, down in 7-1-3  
Plus I'm low to the flo', when I'm making a move  
Bank account sitting fat, I ain't got nothing to prove  
Get your weight up niggaz, when you come to the wood  
Get your plate brought to ya, steady thinking it's good  
CMG got the rock, and we living a dream  
And I'm right behind ya nigga, quarterbacking the team what

Down in H-Town, I'm prolly smoking a pound  
We get it rocking get it popping, at the lyricists lounge  
Ain't no bullshitting, we clocking nothing but loot  
I'm trying to tear the wall down, when I'm up in the booth  
This for them gangsta niggaz, this for the gangstas  
I'm a soldier from the hood, so my stripes outrank ya  
8100 block, and we known to bust ya  
My hands stay dirty, I'm a throwback hustler

Music still dropping, them boys still plotting  
The caine still popping, them FED's still watching  
Controlled now, and the checks look lofty  
Three hundred thousand, multiply 8-60  
And it's legit, you know that's big boy shit  
So I'm a rapping motherfucker, and I just can't quit  
CMG nigga, and it's a brand new year  
Get off my dick young man, tell your bitch to come here

Uh-huh the Young Don, yes sir  
I'm back up at ya, CEO style coming straight at ya  
Out the motherfucking lyricists lounge  
My nigga C-Mo, put this one here down  
Ya know, the Young Don is back I ain't charging shit  
Bitches got bad credit with me out here  
I'm coming to get it move over, sitting tall ya know  
Seven hundred thousand, independent sold  
See me nigga I'm telling ya, check the soundscan  
All my stats legit nigga, I'm the CEO they got to see me though  
Know I'm saying, 0-4/0-5 check us