

# What We Stand On

Lil' Keke

You know right off top  
First things first  
We from a whole different type of understandin'  
Street nigga around the world  
Let's go

Hard labor 'cause favor ain't never been fair  
Don Ke, and I know street nigga everywhere  
Show me the money and I swear that I put pressure there  
Breakin' down the whole square for the profit share  
Them nigga hated but that hustler waited for his moment  
Keep them bitches out your business, nigga, stand on it  
Old paper plus new cake, make no mistake  
Texas boys, separate the real from the fake

Young hustlers and OGs, the world's spinnin'  
It can't rain forever, so real nigga winnin'  
Water whippin', in the trenches with his mask on  
Fuck a witness 'cause business is what we stand on  
Young hustlers and OGs, the world's spinnin'  
It can't rain forever, so real nigga winnin'  
Go get the money, come back with it, put your mans on  
Fuck a witness 'cause business is what we stand on

Real close to that bag now, at the forefront  
Stood still for that closeup, all bricks when I post up  
Had to switch up my kick style, nigga licks now  
Tightening up my circle's aim  
New releases of that Off-White, them press nails and that purple rain  
I still remember chow lines, peanut butter and pancakes  
Visitation restrictions for my gang related handshakes  
I was always swallowed in game, true to my name  
No matter what the picture, my frame is it can't rain forever

I'ma stack it up about three, four times 'fore I ever go broke again  
And I'm standin' on the business till my ankle need a healin'  
And I bet them nigga never want smoke again  
All this bread, bitch, you know we brought the toasters in  
Oh, you can't see me, bitch, you better get a closer lens  
Why you be pullin' out that money, that ain't close to ten?  
I went black and Don Ke went coke a Benz, let's go  
You nigga know me and the game ain't never been free  
If I start trippin' and pull out this pistol, them nigga gon' run and go tel  
l it on me  
I keep on winnin' and I keep on ballin', I'm MVP, nobody better than me  
My pop been on West End for twenty-  
five years, you can tell I grew up on my vet in these streets  
Boy, I'm a capital G, Sauce

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Laid back in my lay-flat, Screwed Up in my headset  
Clicquot in my glass and my stewardess a bad bitch  
Watchin' TV, Good Times or The Fresh Prince  
Choppin' down a bitch online, killin' Tom Pimp  
Ho probably think she special, she ain't nothin' but a dumb trick  
I don't give a fuck, bitch, I'm thuggin' like my Chucks is  
Still in the trenches, but we stand on business  
Puttin' on for the homies, I'm a bonkers street legend  
On gang

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