

Keep On Gettin It

Real Boston Richey

Uh, turn me up, P
Uh, Richey
Uh, uh, uh
(Known to let that MAC fly just like my nigga Doe, baow)
Uh, uh

Crackers tryna swing the block, but we keep on gettin' it
Over here, we ain't got no opps 'cause these niggas bitches
Niggas still hate me over there, tryna knock me off my pivot
I'll let her nigga buy her nails and hair, I'll go buy a pendant
Fuck with all the DJs that's gon' keep me spinnin'
But I'm turned up, nigga ain't never been a coalition
Half a ticket on me right now, I bet that bitch gon' listen
I DM the bitch to take her out of town, I bet your bitch go missin'

A ten-year run, I was a young nigga out here trappin' midget
I feel like I got a magic wand, I been out trickin' bitches
I feel like the 50 Boyz 'cause in my britches, nigga, I can fit a fifty
Might have to cross a nigga out I love 'cause niggas ain't even with me
Me and that young bitch always fightin' just like Bobby and Whitney
She gon' eat that dick up good, I bought that Pink Whitney
She done fucked me and my brother, that bitch you seen with me
They heard I ran up seven M's, tell fuck niggas, "Come and get me"
My nigga shoot the shit out a nigga, I got that plumber with me
These niggas be doin' all that Tweetin', but niggas ain't fuckin' with me
We started off a hundred deep, ain't none of them niggas with me
I know I fucked her good 'cause all of my ex bitches miss me
These niggas be cappin' when they say, "No cap," like, "No kizzy"
I'm only givin' a nigga a Bubba chain who roll with me
I'm talkin' 'bout same niggas who post up at the store with me
Went against the whole hood, we only had like four semis
I'm only like five foot and a couple inches with four bitches
I'm 'posed to have a ticket, nigga, I ain't see like no mentions
Can't let him hold the strap, it went down, he done froze with it
Every time I make another hundred, I get more bitches
I fuck that bitch up off that Henny, got control in it
"Why your car so tinted out?" 'Cause I got 'bows in it
You know I fuck with Herbo and them 'cause I got no limits
My heart too froze, baby, that's why I be cold pimpin'
My backdoor closed, baby, I ain't doin' no slippin'
We'll wipe your nose, baby, we ain't doin' no trippin'
We got them 'bows, baby, but we ain't doin' no shippin'
She say she fuck me better, these hoes ain't no different
I ain't sold a zip in a year
Big old diamonds in my ear
Make them packages disappear
She got piercings on her lip
I'm out here thuggin' with the dips
I rock Chane-ne for the Crips
I fucked this bitch up off the rip
Yeah, yeah

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