

# Keep It G

Rod Wave

A couple hours, then I'll feel numb  
And I buy myself pretty things (Pipe that shit up, TnT)  
Whenever I feel lonely  
(Trill got that juice, nigga)  
Speaking of the past  
I'm running out of  
And I slept with someone else  
Touch me better than you  
Felt I saw him for a day or two, I'm  
Running out of

Youngin told me that he really wanna go legit  
Thought about it, then he went ahead, bought him a brick  
Say you ain't ballin' 'til you got you a Benz  
So I went and got me a Benz  
I wonder where all my friends had went 'fore I was major  
They was happy for me 'til a nigga made it, that shit be crazy  
You get money, then you become a target  
This part the hardest, it seems I solved it  
The top so lonely, the jackers is hungry  
The bitches is heartbreakin', the family is phony  
These niggas so slimy when that paper involved  
I hope they know I got enough money to kill 'em all  
I'm locked in with the YGs and I'll send 'em all  
Them young niggas ready to bend your block and break it off  
I make one call, and I love 'em for that  
Know I gotta love 'em for that  
But 'fore I make 'em crash, I'll show 'em how that money could stack

The rap game like the dope game  
I can hear your cries, I can feel your pain  
Young nigga beat the pot 'til you ain't got to beat the pot no more, no more  
I got a word from the trenches, we don't care  
We got down here, you just get up there  
Do your thing, we got your back  
No matter what you do or where you at  
Keep it gangster (Yeah, Norma)  
Keep it gangster (They gon' find us, nigga)  
Keep it gangster  
Keep it gangster, keep it gangster

He could bring out every single emotion  
Like, for real (He hits all categories)  
Some folks don't even understand how dark and how lonely the world can get  
Like some days  
You can't compare Rod Wave to everybody else  
You just be going through it, and  
Man, you really makin' me think about shit, like  
I put, I put his shit on and I know  
I know, like, oh, you were feelin' like this  
(Keep it gangster)  
The streets love and the hoes adore  
It's  
Nigga bring every emotion out your body  
It, it helps  
It helps me get through it

Sitting in my spot, I overheard a story  
This old nigga was telling me how it went down  
How the jackers around and how them niggas runnin' wild  
If you ask my opinion, them niggas is clowns  
Ran in a nigga house and laid it all down  
Threw his kids in the tub and duct taped 'em by the mouth  
They even beat up his bitch, they beat up his lady  
It's crazy what these niggas do for this paper  
Let that would've been my lady, my red baby  
Two-fifty on a nigga head, he could fuck around and die tonight  
Spin his funeral and spin his candlelight, you fuckin' right, nigga  
Fuckin' right

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A word to the trenches, I don't care  
I got up here, you just get down there  
Do your thing, I got your back  
No matter what you do or where you at  
I'ma keep it gangster