

Keep It G

Skeme

Yeah this is for my G's that be riding up high
Looking haters in they eyes every time they pass by
Just keep it G, keep it G
Tell them you ain't even trippin, keep it G, keep it G
Yeah this is for my ladies keep they hair and nails did
Who ain't worried about a man cause they got they own shit
Just keep it G, keep it G
Tell 'em you ain't even trippin, keep it G, keep it G

Hello to the haters
Hands on my cock screaming, "fuck y'all, pay us"
Probably couldn't do it til the day you get your weight up
And I'm down for whatever, I'm guessing that's why we stay up
Wait up, you still on that old shit
Crazy how I'm hot, but we steady dropping cold shit
Big money every time you see me coming
Got the model women flocking trying to party with the youngin'
Big Skeme nigga, you know what the deal is
Sox Gang rap, them boys know who the real is
Feel this, you can't gamble with little chips
Got it, been had it, you talking about what you will get
Why you trying to tell mines what you been through
I'm trying to find a bad redbone nigga, then two
Got that money on my mental
Pimp tight game leave her wetter than a swimsuit
Gone

Got bottles of that Rosé, bout to get poured up
Bunch of groupies on it and they acting like they know us
She thinking sho nuff, I'm thinking so what
Just a young nigga, but my pockets on grown up

So miss me with that rap shit
I'm gooned up, black shades in the back lit
Sox fitted and you know I keep my hats tipped
Backwood wrap smelling strong homie, pass this
Coupe outside on 8's
Speakers just beating, make the insides shake
If she ain't with the business, ain't no getting in for free
Sweetie I ain't being rude, I'm just trying to keep it G
Club close at 2, I'm the condo around 3
Had that black dress fitting, man I know that she a freak
After we finish girl you know I'm screaming peace
Sweetie I ain't being rude, I'm just trying to keep it G
What's up

The paper roll up, burn through it, Cigarillo
Smell the aroma, inhale this homegrown ghetto
My bitch ghetto, riding to the instrumental
Bags on the seat with the chrome in the middle
I'm King Kong, Japanese boy, you're too little
I spit on you like a baby's pillow
I'll pop a nigga, T Killa eat your dinner
To gold plate, then I'm home watching Sportscenter
Man, get that fast money like gas money

Young Money, Cash Money, all one hunnid
Niggas gonna flex hard til they pull a muscle
Press a button, watch this motherfucker smash like a pumpkin
Big body Benz, but the shit don't mean nothing
I got my homie straight, now they on the Shaw stuntin'
Tell em keep it G with the hoes, no cuffing
Skeme said let's give the streets something
So yeah