

# 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