

Make Em' Break It

Lil' Keke

[Lil' Keke]

Woody, Wodie, Woody, Wodie.....

[Juvenile]

My nigga, my motherfuckin', my wodie-May'ron
My people like used to be runnin' with up in uptown
What I see now the game ain't for me to be in
So I'm pretend cause niggas can't (?) (?)
Now I'm pretend in the middle of the projects it stings
Cause niggas trippin' they really think that they could win
I ain't wit dat, I ont even want em' around
I'm a 2x loser, one more time they go around me

[Baby](Lil' Keke)

Wodie, platinum pieces increases
Nigga we the Denver Broncos of this rappin' season
Fuck dapters, Clappin season
Nigga wanna be a baller..playboy in nappy season
I'm the motherfuckin' shot caller
CMB be the reason we toting they heads makin' money
We cooking bacon, fuck the bullshit we money makin'
Bitch nigga daughter breakin'
Put yo money on the table playboy
You can't fake it (Wodie)
How we luv that?
(Metalic Voice)

(These are the Hot Boys if not they'll make it, shake it
These are the Hot Boys if not they'll take it, shake it
These are the Hot Boys if not they'll make it, shake it
These are the Hot Boys if not they'll make em, break it)

[Turk]

I just don't give a fuck either I live or I die

Until then I'm going all out and don't ask why
Untamed guerilla, hard head and don't listen,
Magnolia soldiers standing black two pistols by myself
When I come and get ya
When I'm full of that dope nigga, I'ma split ya
Lil' Turk bout gun play and any day nigga whatever
Light or daytime it really don't matter

I'm a Hot Boy fo' sho'
I'm bout' riding, I leave yo head bust nigga
When I start Firing
[Lil' Keke']
Wodie, Woody, Wodie
All the playas in th club-try to bounce to dis
Throw yo roley in the air-smoke an ounce to dis
Its Lil' Keke comission out so lonely CMG's
And now Cash Money, now u hoes feeling me?
Its going now from Michi to Uptown wit clowns
Smoke a pound e-ve-ry these haters they buying out
When I come around ,I know a scene wit bassment
Strictly paper chasing
Indo we raising, for info we wrote it in pens wit green letters
With tha tasting its (?) Blue or Gold or better its whatever
Creeping the pen-a freestyle
Thats a block on fire wit Turk and Juvenile
If the gold is mine and Safaris hard don't you ever mistake
Lil' keke and the Hot Boys
We some worldwide players from the dirty south
Diamonds, Gametes and rocks all up in my eye
This fo' real-violence it takes, we get payed
And the drop-top Twista Rosa-Let the sun hit the face...nigga
Woody Wodie Woody.....

(Shake it mama
Shake it papi 4X)
(This is Lil' Keke feature the Hot Boys, Hot Boys 8x)

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