

Dirty

Lil' Keke

I'm out that Dirty Dirty, you heard me
Where the boys slang birdies, and party till 5:30
Early birds get the worm, so I'm back up at six
Package of bricks, don't miss shit attacking my licks
Northside don't sleep, see we stay on the grind
You don't work you don't eat, and I stay on dine
Now my stash a lil thicker, this the best of my years
I'm getting cash a lil quicker, than the rest of my peers
Making work disappear, from the knowledge I keep
Making a million a year, without a college degree
I'm a Down South boss, holding down my title
Trying to take my position, it'll get homicidal
Get out of line with the boss, I paid what it cost
My fee is five thee, to get you bumped off
My click raw in that Dirty, break a law in the Dirty
Quick to break a fake hater jaw, in the Dirty Dirty

This is how we do in the Dirty ha
Roll chrome twenty inch, blades in the Dirty ha
Candy paint dripping, Escalade in the Dirty ha
This is how we do the damn thang, in the Dirty ha
This is how we do in the Dirty ha
Get the thang crunk, down here in the Dirty ha
Act a damn fool, down here in the Dirty ha
Roll dime bows in the club, in the Dirty ha

Gon hop, don't stop, gon let your tops drop
I'ma roll till I rock, watch a bad bitch bop
I'm Lil' Keke the Don, just a young phenomenon
Five or six bank accounts, two or three for my son
You know anything goes, when you riding through the Dirty
Sucker free for life, making sure you punks heard me
I'ma get mine, hit licks for heavy bricks
Next do' to Mexico, I get it thirteen six
What you working for, feddy and chips or new cars
H-Town Texas, we born to be stars
A mastermind, I get paid and live splendid
Platinum in the ghetto, you a hundred independent
I'm a young G, and ain't no playing with me

'Cause I multiply the game, got a balling degree
When I mash on a broad, gotta do it with pride
'Cause this the Dirty Dirty, you know the Dirty Southside

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We got big money, big cars, big checks, big chains
Big booty broads, giving a playa big brain
In the 2000 and 2, Cadillac Coupe
Sitting on 22's, with the head out the roof
Third Coast, thangs start down here
In starched out gear, nigga that started down here
Ain't you know we hit the do', 33 deep
And haters with plex, we put they whole block to sleep
Tre to the herb, stay with the syrup
Hitting the club, with big Burb's on the curb
Birds flying away, for fifteen-five a lick
Uncut, nigga the game is thick
With big ballas like me, DJ DMDeezie
Handcuff your broad, call the laws when you see me
Fa sheezie, we on the grind 25-8
And bitch ass niggaz, that get tossed out the state in the Dirty

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