

Love For Ya

Lil' Keke

E.S.G. huh, Lil' Keke the don
Ha ha, it's long overdue baby
Huh, been waiting for the Southside
That swanging and banging to put it down, what?
Mr. Slim Thug, huh
Northside, Southside let's do this homie
Ha ha, C.M.G. Boss Hogg Outlaws
We platinum in the ghetto, tell 'em Ke
H-Town superstars gotta walk that walk
Popped up on twenty twos, will make you squash that talk
In Texas a living legend, it just ain't my fault
If I see it and I want it, I just go to the vault
We some city slickers
But these niggaz out of state think we some shit kickers
You bring your nuts up on your guns and just try to get us
But I ain't gon' lie you fucking with some real mob figgas
I'm talking hard hitters
We out here stunting, while most of you niggaz faking and fronting
Slim Thug and E.S.G. and Lil' Ke, we pay for hunting
It's a hell of a ride, hell of a role, hell of a stroll
We ship it gold so the paper can fold
Have you ever met some thugs that can ride like us?
Cutting corners burning blocks, looking fly as us
Endo, hydro, getting high as us
With a bad little broad on the side of us
'Cause we bouncing, bouncing, rolling up the strip
Twenty inches when I flip, looking good when I dip
And we be riding, sliding, doing what we do
Northside, Southside, we got love for you
Now hol' up hol' up, E.S.G. hit the do'
Say, "Ke, we ain't cooking thirty six no mo"
I whipped eighty baby, I'm in the game forever
Represent it sold a million independent together
I'm with the Young Don, Boss Hoggs in the do'
Working with a quarter mill, smelling like hydro
Look at the grill hoe, I spent sixty on ice
I'm at the Source Awards looking like a disco light
Purple Sprite push white, FED's starting to get curious
Act a fool like Ja Rule, move fast and furious

What you get when you mix two of the Screwed Up Click
With the Boss of the north standing 'bout six six
Now this is it, watch me spit sixteen from the heart
R.I.P. to DJ Screw, you was there from the start
Now on your mark get ready, playa roll up a ounce
'Cause when the hook come in, drop your top gon bounce, huh
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It's H-Town dream team, ball more than a king
I guess it's in my bloodstream to be about my green
A new face on the scene, I'm the rap game rookie
Trying to do some new, I'm tired of cooking up cookies
We getting paid down here, living laid down here
Hit the club with bald fades and braids down here
Slim E and Ke, we Texas best
We three hard young G's, that don't settle for less
You can't mess with the Tex, Boss Hogg on top
When I park at the club, my rims don't stop
They keep cutting, ten G's for these with the buttons
In the DTS strutting, I ain't want for nothing
From the bottom to the top and I can't fail
I'm in a click about they mail, I know you can tell
We living swell 'cause we got a lot of thangs to sell
I know the FED's on my trail but I'm giving 'em hell
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