

# I'm A G

## Lil Keke

I'm a G, ain't no telling what you cats might see baby  
Check me out now, wholay..[Lil' Keke]  
You know I'm thugged out, cause that's the way I gotta survive  
You know I'm dubbed out, on every ride that I drive  
Let me take a moment, to introduce myself  
Cause baby girl I see you want it, and I could tell you on it  
It's the millennium, I'm trying to light up the stage  
And I be taking it to the max, because I want to stay paid  
You know the album is hot, I'm in the spots you not  
And if I pull a gun to shoot, then best believe you shot  
Cause I'm a soldier a vet, with no time to sweat  
From the store to the deck, and checking on internet  
I be going off, girl you ain't heard about Lil' Keke  
From the Dirty South, he got a bad mouth  
It ain't no thang mayn, a bunch of haters in the world  
Say it's a damn shame, but I just maintain no game  
Get your cash and mash, on your plan  
Cause the G in my life, stands for gangsta my man[Hook - 2x]  
I'm a G, it ain't no telling what you cats might see  
You know the ladies shake it up, and it's for free  
And I be getting my money first, cause that's me  
Nigga, and that's me nigga[Lil' Keke]  
Bringing down the rap draft, cause I'm a first round pick  
And from the booth to the stage, man I love that shit  
You know the Northside, they say they love it the most  
You know the Southside, quick to represent for they folk  
You know the Eastside, they putting it down for the cheddar  
And the Westside, you know they down for whatever  
This another chapter, of the life after  
Selling dope on the block, but now a paid rapper  
I'm not a high capper, but I do get plex  
Am I living like a baller, then the answer is yes  
Listen up nigga, I ain't tripping when I tell you I'm about my scrilla  
And I ain't tripping, when I tell you I'm a mad killa, but I'm a O.G  
And when I'm gunning niggaz running, cause they know me  
You better show me, cause all that chatter don't just matter  
Nigga homie, cause you gon owe me  
Cause this the damn song, you playing games with my family  
You get stepped on, so nigga get gone

The Southcoast's host, that you love the most  
And you done came this far, and you still ain't close

Songwriters

WILLIAMS, LEROY/FREEMAN, BERNARD JAMES / HARRIS, CLIFFORD JOSEPH/DEAN,

MIKEPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>