K.E.K.E. (Killing Energy)

Naww G

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro: Ella]
Hey! Happy Birthday!
I wrote this on the back of a hundred dollar bill
walking out of the check cashing place[Intro: Naww G]
Not ready (Aye!)
Robbins' Goddess, I got this[Hook] x 2
I'm killing energy I'm killing energy
two girls in the world deserving my legacy
my daughter and who i call the baddest in the century[Verse 1: Naww G]
Even if her friends cock block she gon' want it more,
shorty stay around like niggas do liquor stores
Ugly niggas winning look at Meek and Minaj,
keek a dime chick and to me I'm a five
Slide in in my ride this the time of your life,
and I'll get you home by 9:45
Roll out the dingy carpet when you slide by da block,
we could chop chop at the Chinese spot
Block smell like mad weed you'll get a contact high,
only 17 when the contract signed,
I'm like a young meek without the cookie braids tied
Love letter flow you know my shit is real,
I wrote this shit on the back off a 100 dollar bill,
on the back face in the check cash place,
ran money scams since 7 in '98
Raised by the barbershop and the barbershop speech
all I need is Gina niece and that Barbershop 3
DC in '09 I really wish you went to H.U.
you see the H Wings that's me or the brand group
Gods son nephew money at the N.E.F.C.U.
Arnold Palmer nigga you my best boo of course, shit
I knew that you could sing you can't top I what I recorded
try and top this well see who the boss is (Ugh)

I ain't even spit I coughed this
Quality is lossless, policy is lawless,
your body mind fine but your modesty is gorgeous
I'm not talking to you on my fan shit,
I'm a classic man this women and man shit
Off the beat I'm unleashed off my dog collar,
Young nigga, old soul, my mind got Alzheimer's
R&B women got the strongest jaw powers
In my finest hour I'mma need you in my corner
In a world of real niggas you only wind up finding talkers,
when I'm 94 I'm jay walking with a walker..
'Burb niggas indigenous, really be living this,
I don't fuck with rappers just rhyme-sayers and lyricists
Keek tha sneek, keep some heat,
that talking shit is weak,
Niggas need a beat or something bumping in the street
after I beat I'll be done wit you in a second,
All my real niggas really really get the message
All my real niggas really really get the message
All my real niggas really really get the message[2nd Hook] x 3
I'm killing energy, I'm killing energy
This bitch got me stress, ex not a memory[Verse 2: Naww G]
You fuckin' wit' a dog, niggerish tendencies
Chef B, Chef Don got the remedy,
had to go summer school after God testing me
God blessing me, I'm in my bag...
Jackie on the text Kadee on my lap,
she kinda young for me but nothing stopping me from that,
...Maybe her dad,
Alissa bad too, I keep her like a can of food,
nigga wit'a side boo, pay the bill past due
I keep a G on the side doing time, no solitary
Tomorrow I see Samaara I put a G in her commissary
Board room fantasies, Vice Prezy seat,
Fruit off of God's tree, I swear that shit is sweet,
condom bullet proof, I feel that shit is weak
After I beat I'll be done with you in a second
you gotta switch it up to keep a nigga guessin',
I still wanna see you in that hundred million dollar flick,
billionaire boy need a hundred million dollar chick
you grown outta Nick, short flicks and Disney
If it's lonely at the top I'll put you out your misery
If it's lonely at the top I'll put you out your misery
(984) 6NI-GGA5, when you find time hit a nigga line
when you find time hit a nigga line

...I ain't lying[1st Hook] x 2(Outro: Sample)

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