Don't Mess Wit Texas

Lil' Keke

Put your stones in dust and worn, South Coast raised and born
Have a place you get broke loose and catch the Texas long horn
Up that ass, when I blast, claimin' South East H-Town
Bakin' cakes stackin' hate makin' playahaters break down
If you're lookin' for an exit, cause Houston on the wreck shit
T-e-x-a-s is the state you don't mess wit
Cock the tech, spit, and check shit to vest
Where respect shit from north to east
Well connected with the west
It's the 3rd Coast creepin' 'round the corner
Rockin' birds, sippin' serb, puffin' marijuana
Screwed-Up Click roll deep and we kick it Down South
Pop the lip, try to trip, get you with the sawed off
Find your boy, bring the north twelve Atlant' on the map
Bailin' through the Texas street with my hand on my strap
Every hour on the hour born doubtin' bout rexis
Leaving you chestless if you're vestless, don't mess wit Texas
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Texas, that's us, and in glocks we trust, cause uh
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Glock 9's we bust and there's no fucking wit us, cause uh
Marsh shit don't thrill me, haters wanna kill me
Lil' Keke representin' Texas, so try to feel me
Marsh shit don't thrill me, haters wanna kill me
Southside Houston, Texas, so try to feel me
Cross the line at the point, to this lonestar state
And create drastic c's, lil' the kid can't make
Bustin' sounds out in the Talon to this world-wide tower
Take myself and then I bust, the other 9 don't matter
Ain't no wustle in Calies I used to think that was slow
It's automatics that'll catch you at this Texan's front do'
Lifestyles like Frank White, facin' Kapone
Stackin' cheese, takin' my keys, when you went through the zone
Tell your colleage you won't want this
North sides took over
9 times out of 10 I makin' it out, I doubt it
Fairy tales and riddles, cut you sweet down the middle

Fill in with weed to succeed how I'm plottin' to kill ya

Cowboys and neeyas, gangbangers and dopeslangers
Pull the Southern angle glock 2-1 in the chamber
So Lisa Lee, to the publicist who not try test us
You find yourself restless tryin' to fuck with Texas
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Texas, that's us, and in glocks we trust, cause uh
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Glock 9's we bust and there's no fucking wit us, cause uh
Marsh shit don't thrill me, haters wanna kill me
Lil' Keke representin' Texas, so try to feel me
Marsh shit don't thrill me, haters wanna kill me
Southside Houston, Texas, so try to feel me
Feel the ill, yield the yield, Texas hands no fear
Strapped with full metal gear, makin' it loud and clear
Takin' advantage, you can't manage, I'm a Southside avouce
So lay it down, or be found, as the chains of massacre
I'm askin' ya to chill, better yet try to feel
Stackin' mills down the kilo, gang related for real
Here's the deal, 9 to 10, everythang I want even
If I'm in then you spin, here's the key to the Benz
Fuck a friend in this game, cause it's all about greed
Tech 9, red beam, and a murderin' team
Yeah we're close to the border so won't you put in your order
Pound of weed, chug of water, half a chicken or quarter
Puffin' harder at the bottom cause we gainin' respect
Might check, I select, soly Texas connected
You respected Ke to hate, but I set it all straight
Brain or chest plate, it's the lonestar state
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Texas, that's us, and in glocks we trust, cause uh
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Glock 9's we bust and there's no fucking wit us, cause uh
Marsh shit don't thrill me, haters wanna kill me
Lil' Keke representin' Texas, so try to feel me
Marsh shit don't thrill me, haters wanna kill me
Southside Houston, Texas, so try to feel me

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/