

Pyrex Shakin'

Lil' Keke

Lil' Keke the Don, Lil' C the Underboss
C.M.G. fa sho
Hit licks for heavy bricks, I get it 14 plain
Coming from out of town, it's gon' be 19 a thang
Rock for rock, zone for zone
Block for block, getting it on till the whole thang gone
I'm a rap star, but I got love for the do
Going hard with the snow, till it ain't no mo'
Cash flow, I keep it cracking and stay stacking
Distribute these goods, and try to ease away from jacking
My neighborhood, it rock like heavy metal
We raised that way, so you can play it on the ghetto
I got that work nigga, but I ain't Beatrice
Keep 17 bricks, in the pissy mattress
H-Town, H-Town, the city of dope
Got the shit channeled, with the chickens under the boat
Don't get me wrong, some fly and some float
My nigga in Rico, from the Gulf of Mexico
To the fat sack of do-do, that me and Ke' smoke
I'm the quarterback, my receiver wide open
For a pass, got the police on D
But shit knowing me, I'ma throw a T.D.
I'm in the kitchen, with the Pyrex shaking
I'm 'bout my game, ain't got time for the faking
I might be rapping, but I'm still brick breaking
'Cause ain't no limit, to this money I'll be making
I'm in the kitchen, with the Pyrex shaking
I'm 'bout my game, ain't got time for the faking
I might be rapping, but I'm still cake baking
'Cause ain't no limit, to this money I'll be making
You know the streets end up, and I just can't let up
Niggaz falling out of line, man they must catch up
'Cause the limo's, jacuzzi's and presidential suites
All that pretty shit, can't keep my hands out the streets
I do it dirty, the type of work that get a nigga thirty
Birds that get the worm, are the ones up early
It's a hard job, trying to survive the mob
Staying in the limelight, without a playa getting robbed
I got a brick hanging and it's wrapped like a gift

With a poisonous smell, that the dogs can't sniff
Airplanes and trains, mics and cocaine
It's 20 for a show, 20 for a thang
Rapping is beautiful, it got a young nigga shining
But some'ing in my blood, that just keep a nigga grinding
I get's paid, on a regular basis
So many faces, so many places what
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'Cause ain't no limit, to this money I'll be making
It ain't no limit to this money, I'm telling you mayn the game funny
Niggaz wasn't with it, till you mention big face hundreds
Get the bricks, load 'em in the train
Load 'em in the submarine, load 'em in the plane
It's in the game, like EA Sports
Slip and get hit with bullets of all sorts
You don't wanna play around with me do ya
Hollow tips shred right through ya treat you like I never knew ya
Behind my work
And I'm always one deep when I do my dirt, the truth hurt
It hit you like a boomerang and come back
Like dope fiends, digging for hard crack
Get your mind right, 'fore you fuck with mine
24/7, 365, I'ma shine
Ice gon' blind, don't make a mistake dummy
And I'll do whatever it take, to make money for real
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