

Pyrex Shakin'

Lil' Keke & Lil C

Lil' Keke the Don, Lil' C the Underboss
C.M.G. fa shoHit 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 goneI'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 ghettoI 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 makingI'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 makingYou 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 robbedI 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 thangRapping 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 whatI'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 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 I'm in the kitchen, with the Pyrex shaking
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