

# Keisha

## Dave East

I cannot believe it  
I cannot believe it  
Real life though  
I cannot  
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Eyes open  
She from Jamaica, Queens, only came to Harlem to shop  
Her mother just got a divorce and her father a cop  
I learned this about 10 minutes in the conversation  
I'm thinking I don't even know you, why that information?  
My head was racin', I'm pacin' back and forth  
Asked her for her number, her name Keisha, nice to meet ya  
She said she never fucked with nobody from Harlem  
I've got homies from south side, I figured I would call them  
I found exact locations and where she grew up  
Her moms new boyfriend got some coke, then he blew up  
She used to play with credit cards and line niggas at night clubs  
Fucked a couple niggas but left 'em cause she ain't like love  
I was down in Flight Club, Keisha text me like "What you doing?"  
"I scuffed up my retro's, I'm bout to cop some new ones"  
She said she at the Mandarin Oriental in Columbus circle  
She got some sour but she wanted purple  
I told her later we can link up  
I called my youngin Conner bring an eighth to her  
He plotting on taking her  
Funny lil' nigga, but fuck it, that's how we raised  
If it ain't wifey than all the homies can play  
Back to Keisha, she black but had them Spanish features  
Five seven, most these niggas would plan to keep her  
I got that drop from my homie that knew her, he went to school with her  
Said he used to be cool with her, but he ain't fuck her though  
Con' callin' me, I forgot to text him the address  
I'm going through some other shit, honestly got me mad stressed  
If Con' delivered that, we 'bout to meet  
I gotta a club tonight, told Keisha if she up I hit her when it's over  
Now it's rosé, henny, rosé, henny  
Strippers all over me, I ain't throwing a penny  
Got a text from Keisha, "I'm in room 17C"  
I know your with your homies now but later come and see me"  
I'm rolled out, sky dweller, the light hittin' it right  
I'm hearing niggas talking like, "That's Dave East, that nigga nice"  
Wayno told me 30 minutes, flat line, backwoods I pack mine

Unless I want 'em harsher, please don't no one bother  
I called my driver and told him take me to midtown  
Had to stop for condoms cause raw ain't the way I get down  
He dropped me off, I told him "Park it and don't leave yet  
Let me see what this bitch about, something I gotta figure out"  
I'm in the 'tele, I hit the elevator blunted  
Stumbling, just hennessey and rosé in my stomach  
Figure we fuckin' and then order some room service  
I knocked twice, she opened the door but so nervous  
Maybe I was buggin, I was drunk, she was ready though  
Came up out of everything, R. Kelly on the radio  
Slim waist, Hershey chocolate skin, ass heavy though  
On everything, I fucked this bitch delirious, shit Eddie know  
Henny taking over, we passed out, at least I did  
15,000 in my balmain's, I'm lackin'  
I put my rollie in the dresser with like four chains  
My id and my bank cards, iPhone 6 to make calls  
Condom box of 3-pack, I used two of them  
Brand new Fendi sneakers, the club just ruined 'em  
Something told me wake up, I checked the bed  
Nothin' but pillows and cover, I had to shake my head  
I checked me jeans, every dollar gone, that's 15k  
All my chains and my rollie missing  
I put my shit on, looking for my phone, that shit was gone too  
I'm ready to kill Keisha, what the fuck I'm gon' do?  
I told myself I wasn't drinking, why the fuck I get bent?  
And how the fuck I get robbed?  
I ran out, my driver sleep I woke him up like "You ain't see that bitch  
Brown skin, thick, probably moving on some schemin' shit?"  
He telling me that he was sleeping, waiting on my phone call  
I cannot believe this shit, can't wait until I see this bitch  
This for every nigga that be slippin' cause he think he rich  
Keisha you a sneaky bitch, called shooter I'ma need the grip  
Fuck  
I cannot believe this bitch robbed me  
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If I catch her I ain't tryna hear I'm sorry  
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I cannot believe it  
Fuck

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>