Sheek Louch, D-Block

(feat. J-Hood)

(J-Hood)
Nigga what what what
(Sheek)
Twin yall niggaz ready
(J-Hood)
yeah yeah yeah

(Sheek)
She here to put the clack clack in this
Crack pack in this
Dick in this like I had a six pack of Genus
Niggaz know that the flow be wicked
Been nice since Tri Backs can they kick it
Can't walk with out lil momma trying to flick it
So be it take let your boyfriend see it
US gangsta but all my guns be Soviet
Jake did it gon take em up to I D it
Chain hanging out but I ain't talking about jewelry
Talking ammunition, bullets, big artillery
Put a hole in a big ass social security
Been this way be for I even reached maturity
Nigga they all book me quicker
Cuz I'm worth more, like a Jam Master J sticker
Alive but you can still pull out liquor
Gotta dead serious flow I'm about to blow
yeah

(Chorus: repeat 2X)
D-Block (where my niggaz at)
D-Block (where my bitches at)
D-Block (where them gangstas at)
D-Block (where the shankstas at)

(J-Hood)
J-Hizzle clap for my nizzle
Who the fuck want to beef
Louch pass me the pistol
I'm about to let him ring like a phone
He used to have a good head on his shoulders
But now the shit gone
D-Block bout to wake the game and get these bucks
It's for them niggaz Dickie Dan throwin it up rocking Chucks
Like pimples motherfucker I'm all in your face
You like sneakers when them strings about to get laced
What you need chronic homeboy, we got all types
Fuck your bikes, Nigga I smoke more than exhaust pipes
You know those new 7-60's yeah I got 2
One platinum like my rhymes the other raspberry blue
When I'm riding on the track like a surf board
I'm on the block pitching what the fuck you think I got the word for
Walk with me motherfucker we taking over the streets
Let em warn all your peeps Hood coming at they street

(Chorus)

(Sheek)
Seek a fucking crook
Stake your house out know what your momma cook
Fuck her with a broom
Fuck the movie when I'm there its a panic room
Niggaz start to stutter, please don't cut my mother
I'm too fucking gutter clip on top of each other

2 twelve gages take you threw the stages
Bullets running low but yours been there for ages
Cob web niggaz iced out slob like I'm on a fucking bob sled niggaz
I'll talk to yall niggaz I ain't trying to shout
Why fit in with Sheek was born to stand out
You'll get pretzeled up twist in half
Long shit with the black spots like a giraffe
Clear my path when the guy walking
How you try getting in the club I hope you jump in my coffin
Besides D-Block I don't see that often

(Chorus 4x)