

# 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)