

# Sheek Louch, D's Up

(Sheek Louch)

Jump out the Rover nigga  
Hoodie on, back to carryin' them thangs  
Summer's ova nigga (Oh Summer's ova)  
I clap my shit  
Just copped a GT, album bout to drop  
I'm bout to rap my shit  
They go see me way upstate  
Sheek Louch: After Taxes  
G-U-not on the plate (G-UNOT!)  
The crack is beige, the wine is aged  
The yak is strong, the barrel is long  
Sheek show these little niggas ass like thongs (BITCH!)  
I ain't spit that shit to get dis whip  
Your advance: I made that with just this trip  
Next trip I'm savin' my dough  
I already know the hip hop police sit and study my flow  
So I throw em off, play the golf course  
Disappear like AIDS  
Yellow fo wit the Polo plaid pants  
And ever since New Orleans  
I've been comin' through Queens  
Coppin' weed and crazy blunts  
Word is, Curtis rats and they ain't seen you once  
Diamoned up  
Back with Bad Boy reminiscin', me and Big both Bacardi Limoned up (What Up Big!)  
They say I'm too sick for the new school  
I can't attend classes, so I just build up the masses  
Red Monkey jeans, Belushi glasses  
Me just sittin' there, causin' some crashes  
Sheek a rare breed  
They don't understand what I'm doin' there  
With some sunflower seeds (I'm in the hood nigga)  
10-10in', army coat no linen  
Doo rag, but not from my head  
The beat's spinnin'  
They sayin' what the street's been missin'  
Dropped Walk Wit Me, but that was just for the streets to listen  
November 8th, I'm comin' back like the wrath  
Ya'll bitch niggas ya'll ain't safe  
LETS GO!

(Jadakiss)

See the pictures I paint son  
If I ain't the King of New York then there ain't one  
Tell me who f\*\*kin' want it  
And you can put somethin' on it  
I'm in the O-6 Supercharged wit nothin' on it  
Mad-hot, to have is to have not  
My crack spot is pro-tools on my laptop  
Much cheaper then the carter, it's affordable  
I ain't neva gotta infiltrate, cause it's portable  
(C'mon) The trey 5-7 is chrome  
If any big niggas is wit me they just came home  
Either way I'ma pop that nine  
Call him 40 Cent now, cause he dropped that dime  
And he got me kinda jammed up right now, I can't lie  
But I don't know who told his black ass he can't die  
The other day I made 40 in a hour  
F\*\*k, in the studio, I'm Berry Gordy wit the powder  
No retreat, No surrender  
I'm at the juice bar, Armageddon's in the blender  
(NAH!) Getting' ready for the Winter  
Sweat-suit weather, some reason I shoot better

Carry the big gats  
And leave the scene real f\*\*kin' nasty, like chocolate milk after a Big Mac  
I'm on my CEO shit right now  
Til this underhanded politic shit pipe down (Feel Me!)  
Shout out to the media and maxes  
November 8th, Sheek Louch: After Taxes  
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