

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-Unot 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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