Sheek Louch, Intro

Hey yo B.G., pass my drink my nigga We gon' try this one more time I'm back motherfuckers, get the mac muh'fuckers Pull it out the trunk, clack clack muh'fuckers I told y'all to " Walk Witt Me, " dropped somethin sick on it And I ain't put no one but my motherfuckin clique on it (D-Block) No R&B, I ain't have no muh'fuckin chick on it These other niggaz songs, jail niggaz beat they dick on it Now I got a couple guests; friends, got a couple less I don't give a fuck, my bullets goin through a couple vests This ain't rehearsal; you TV, I'm DVD bitch What I'm sayin is ain't no commercial I came to stomp shit out, drive by or get out Got a lil' money but, I'm used to bein without So act like I won't put your face on the side of Chase Then take your Bass right off your little designer waist Can beat you with the hands, but I'm packin just in case Dice game, niggaz sweatin, hopin that I ace Real niggaz fuck with me, thank you if you stuck with me Now the whole hood, screamin out a nigga company D-B, L-O-C-K Still got the turntables right next to the instant replay First I let you get to know me, now this one here I'ma let you bitches get to blow me, talk to 'em slowly Fuck bein humble, and fuck the sophomore jinx I been around since the Benjamins was in the Tunnel It ain't changed, I seen niggaz turn Bryant Gumbel After that, I done wild out and didn't fumble I even threw two guns up like I was in the jungle You will now board, flight number 3-5-4 First class hip-hop, and we landin in hardcore The music niggaz pray to they God for Y'all niggaz judge it yourself But if you soft and don't do dirt, this music might be bad for your health Whattup? {*gunshot*}