

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*}