

Sheek Louch, Mighty D-Block (2 Guns Up)

(Intro - Jadakiss)

Yeah, D-Block (Green Lantern blast that)
Everywhere we go-oh, people wanna know-oh
Whooo we arrrre, sooo we tell them
This is D-Block, mighty mighty D-Block
Everywhere we go-oh, people wanna know-oh
Whooo we arrrre, sooo we tell them
This is D-Block, mighty mighty D-Block
Everywhere we go-oh (yeah D-Block you bitch ass niggaz!!)

(Verse - Jadakiss)

Yo it'll revolve, when I'm mad he's cool
Knife game like Daddy Kool's, since Valley Shoes
This is real life street shit, truest and the deepest
Known niggaz that go to jail just to get they teeth fixed
Think I give a fuck what you HERBS say?
When I got the nigga that you trying to be watching my wordplay
Now everybody wanna be 'Pac
Till they ass really get popped and they die on the third day
The Des'y got a beautiful ring
I can hit any one of y'all, options a beautiful thing
Body is finished, maybe then can save the tooth
Call me Kiss or call me the Black Babe Ruth
That many hits, fuck that, that mean he bricks
D-Block that many niggaz' gats to your lips
My dope is two toned, but I had to change my spot
Cause it turned into a drug free school zone (let's go)

(Chorus)

(Jadakiss) They ain't D.A.
I'm top five, dead or alive
And that's just off one LP

Word up Sheek Louch up in your motherfucking chest!
{*scratched*} Walk Witt Me.. Green Lantern!

(Jae Hood) Jae Hood

(Styles P) Two guns up

(Jae Hood) All I know is bitches and money, grams and guns

(Styles P) Here's why they call me the Ghost

(Verse - Sheek Louch)

Yo, I don't give a fuck about pull out cockbacks
Spin a muhfucker out, empty his chest
Leave your muhfucking whip a mess
All over the dashboard, in backseat pieces of flesh
Send niggaz to the grave wit they face half gone
Stomach ripped open, the beef back on
That nigga Sheek rude, I'll spit in your food
Tell the women in ya family to suck my dick
No respect, fuck that I'll murder you quick
Mad weapons in your trunk bitch take your pick
Stick a gernade up under your fender
Stick a pineapple bomb in ya blender, I don't care about you
You say fuck Sheek Louch? well fuck you too
Your father, your mother, the hole you came through
Niggaz don't learn till they're carasined out
Lighter to their face they'll spit gasonline out
You want me dead, I'm right here do it bitch
Make me bleed till I'm motherfucking fluidless
I ain't new at this and don't give a fuck about you
Sheek'll run up and smack the shit out you
I live this shit, it's never gon stop
Open niggaz face wit a octopus top

Face all ripped up, catch me on the block
Shells all loaded up, catch me wit the glock
Pussy muhfuckers don't want no beef
Trip niggaz down to their platinum teeth
Chase you in the house with the all black heat
Leave you just boxers and slippers on your feet
I talk reckless, I really want the coke and the money
But I'll settle for your necklace
D-Block (Styles P: two guns up)

(Bridge: Jadakiss)
Everywhere we go-oh, people wanna know-oh
Whooo we arrrrre, sooo we tell them
This is D-Block, mighty mighty D-Block
{*scratched*} D-Block, two guns up
Call up hood, hit up ya hood
Yo dude skip up street

(Verse - Jae Hood)
I grew up as a young dude, chillin wit them old cats
Couldn't cop crack so I had to slang Prozac
Fuck being broke, I'm trying to cop a tan four
Trap you up like niggaz get pussy in The Sopranos
You really want beef? I'm busting the tech
I'll hit you up in the park while you're doing your sets
It's (Jadakiss: D-Block) (yeah yeah y'all!)
You can't get no streeter nigga
I'm nice wit the hands but I'm better wit the heater
Old school style stash haze in my sock
I'll bust at you and turn your Ac' Jeep to a drop
You niggaz talking like y'all can't get stuck up
I ain't an +Icon+ but y'all will still +Get Fucked Up+

(Verse - Styles P)
As we continue on, your hood you finish
Write a suicide note and get a window on
Nigga that's the type of shit we on
Redrum Redrum spin it back like a Missy song
Take a cold heart to twist your mom
But it's wintertime, shotty under the snorkle
Will flip when it's dinner time
+Strange Days+ without +Angela Bassett+
Middle of the hood niggaz handling plastic
Gotta watch ya head and not get popped with lead
And watch ya bread, not get popped by Feds
Anywhere we gon be in the hood
Wit the burners and the hawks nigga being the hood (watup!)

(Outro - Jadakiss)
Everywhere we go-oh, people wanna know-oh
Whooo we arrrrre, sooo we tell them
This is D-Block, mighty mighty D-Block