

# Sheek Louch, Bag Em'

(D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block)  
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Lets Go

You Can kiss Your Ass Goodbye (D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block)  
La-Da-Da Da-Da-Da  
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(Sheek Louch)

Ai Yo,  
It's that shit that make niggas wanna wreck they click,(Uh-huh)  
Grab your gun and diss niggas to they dick,  
Buck sumin go sumwhere and f\*\*k somethin, (F\*\*k somethin)  
Like that frontin nigga bitch, make her suck something, (Suck somethin)  
Wild out, D-Block shirt inside out,  
Hoodie on with the all black ballushies on,  
Jab you till your motherf\*\*kin face is torn, (Uh-huh)  
Toungue is gone, (What else?)  
3-piece suits is worn,  
Hate yall faggot ass niggas thats scared to death,  
Talk shit, when im around yall hold yall breath,  
I make murder music,  
My shit bang in the city,  
But they want me to chill since Janet showed titty,  
"Theres too much violence now since Ja Rule and fiddy"  
I dont know no other way but to rap gritty, (Yeah!)  
F\*\*k that maybe when im rich, (F\*\*k that)  
But untill then where the f\*\*k is my thugs at up in this bitch?!

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(Styles P)

Warrup nigga, Your cut up nigga, (Warrup)  
Shoe shit to lift the truck up nigga,  
D-Block, D-Block howl like a wolf,  
Tell your mom i'll throw her child off the roof, (Roof)  
Give her base head a hundred dollars to towell off the coup,(Clear that up)  
Style on niggas, (Style on niggas)  
Beat some down we gon pile on niggas, (Get em)  
wild on niggas (La-Da-Da Da-Da-Da)  
Thats the lulabye for you, (hear it)  
betta ask your man he ready to die for you (he ready)  
We comin thru tearin the block up, (Tear it up)  
We aint gettin locked up, (Uh-Uh)  
That mean we even shootin the cops up,  
Warrup? (Yeah nigga 2 more times)  
Warrup, Warrup?  
Now we in the New York grind, (New York grind)  
Betta kiss that ass goodbye,  
Wen im passin by with plastic nines to blast your eyes,  
riii!

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(Sheek louch)

Hey yo, i talk shit like i wanna talk, (Yeah)  
Bop how i wanna walk, (Yeah)  
And you can tell a nigga derr is from New York,  
And i still got my south niggas ready to squeeze,  
I dont need cake to see me with a couple of g's,  
And i dont need a loan muhf\*\*ker im grown,  
I had a 38 before i had a phone,  
I stuck niggas up before yall little niggas started to bone, (Woo)  
It's that sheek louch shit yall niggas tryna clone,  
lets be real,  
the average muhf\*\*ker with a deal, (Nah)  
Proibly never had a fight,  
No guns, none of that,  
Niggas know im right, (Yeah)  
I say goodnight to my son,  
Give my baby moms a little cake,  
And my moms a little something before i go on the run,  
Before pussy niggas try their hand,  
Im kickin the door like "daddy's home!" and i aint making a bang,  
What yall coward niggas dont understand,  
YEAH!

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