

Sheek Louch, Crazy

Lyrics:

(intro (talking))

imma make the hits

yall book the shows

(Hook)

Aiyyo

Bling bling, whats that? Sheek Louch is back

Ride ride, you got my back? where the heaters at?

12 gauge, tech nines, yo! where the hit em at?

D block, we got 'em going crazy, crazy

(Verse One)

Aiyyo, whos that looking through my window

Blaaaow, y'all muh'fuckas know my style

Any nigga looking and I'm daffy ducking his ass

Beat upside down, straight bucking his ass

Louie bat to his head, roll a truck in his ass

Old man style, bust a bottle, cut 'em wit glass

Yeeeeeah!, it can be who? Sheek the mc

Spit hard, the mc, in the yard, the mc

I eat dictionaries and spit out little pieces of paper

Thats why my vocabulary sick

Use big words like, suck-my-dick

You dont wanna play Louch, wit out entering cheats

I'm like Eddie Kane nigga from the Five Heart Beats

Coke thicker than ya muh'fucking cream of wheats

Paper too small nowadays, I write on sheets

And I done made so many hits, I'm about to cop cleats

(Hook)

(Verse Two)

Without baking soda still keep the arm and hammer

D block flag waving on the rangest tanner

In our jungle, all gorillas keep a banana

Spraying dumb, yo heat is old as nana

Listen, if you wit us no time for bailing

Sheek Louch, D-block, stop Rose like jalen

No bull, nickle plate catch me pailing

Scoop big niggaz, put 'em through half the sailing

Yeah! I dont care if I sell or not

The boy is hot, that be wit a oven glove

Fuck mainstream, keep me wit gangstah love

Street shit, Sheek shit, bring life to tug

Ha ha, I'm like new, but I been here tho

Just low, I ain't drop and y'all wanting a show

Book it, let the hood in and let me rock

Bring the hardest niggaz from ya block, what up!

(Hook)

(Verse Three)

I got big signs, fuck dog, beware the owner

Step out, shopping boxes, Lemon Corona

Scratching my ass, hoping that the kids tresspass

One of 'em vietnam niggaz, my stitch wit hair triggers

I'm hot like, bout to start breaking you up

I feel the earths a little baller niggaz shaking me up

I'm bout to dig inside ya pockets, start caking me up

I get coke before, I ever be outside wit a cup

And yo what, thats right, the god sick wit it

May be before, but right now the kid Louch forget it

I'm the best out right now, spread the news

I could write a book, Louch the new Langston Hughes

Yellow Play Boy nigga, stin Pepe Lepues
I dont just clap, Sheek'll make the 4 go off
Espionage and all that, like gombachev
Hit the block and make the o's go off, oow!