

Sheek Louch, I Ain't Forget

(Intro (talking))

Whoo! Haha, yeah!

Uh, this is how I put it down on the M-I

Can I, talk to y'all niggaz for a second

Feel me, ya know I mean?

I want y'all niggaz to get y'all Coronas, yeah

Get y'all muh'fuckin dutches, light y'all muh'fuckin haze up

Grab y'all yak ya know I'm sayin

Get some Courvoisier and all that, some cranberry

Matter fact take that shit straight cause I need niggaz to feel me on this

Ya know what I mean?

Listen, listen

(Verse One)

Yo, I don't think you understand what I mean

When I ask you to Walk Witt Me, I got the hawk wit me

No talk wit me, in the yard wit my dickies (whoo!)

Young but I remind you of somebody in the sixties

I knew it was on when i got wit sean,

But I was caught up in the mix of some glittery shit

eighteen him and Mase makin' mils wit it (damn!), I ain't mad

But that shit wasn't me (nah), had to get up off that

Jewelry and Cristal, couldn't talk that

They my niggaz though, I ain't mad, I ain't hatin'

To this day him and Busta got the best show (word up)

Ya know I'm sayin' yo fuck yo yo yo, yo feel me though

Back wit my niggaz, Double R

Before X blew it up, before Eve was a star

We are the streets, they couldn't wait for it

Interscope couldn't wait to get a plate for it

Grammy night, couldn't wait to get a date for it

Not, we sold over gold

Finally reached platinum status and near that is

Still in the hood, still tryin' to learn the biz

Jadakiss dropped a solo they lovin' his voice

I'm lovin' his shit but the hood thought it was moist

Styles P dropped Gangsta and a Gentleman

Hard, no need to speak but the promotion was weak

Sheek never had solo plans

Till I dropped a freestyle in the studio with some a my mans

Lobson tweaked that, Mario leaked that

Your shit hot you could bring the muh'fuckin streets back

Nah, I dunno I'm just tryin' get a label

Sit behind the desk you know, watch a lil' cable

Put my lil' man out, throw a few grand out

Get into some pop music, put a rock band out

Got wit my nigga K, Kool and Whop

Green Lantern had my shit on the block (Hold me down)

Killed it in Flex now these labels tryin' to jump on our cock

If we could get Sheek album we'll sign D-Block

P and Kiss was like fuck that we gettin' you off

We done bin there, the rest of these labels is soft

Mario had a meetin' or two

Brought us to the U-N-I-V-E-R-S-A-L, what up Sue?

Y'all aks for it now I hit you in the head

I was sleep in my bed you don't woke the dead

Feel me you keep frontin' I'm a hit you wit the lead

And leave your whole shit flatter than the first broke head

Thanks to y'all niggaz it couldn't be

Without Envy, Whoo Kid, Kool Kid and Ron G

My nigga Enuff, S&S, Capone

Chubby Chub, Sight for Sound and it's on

(Outro (talking))

Wordup this street shit right here mayn
Ya know I mean?
I love y'all niggaz dawg
Y'all made a lot of shit possible
I gave y'all the heat, y'all distributed the shit
Y'all bumped that shit, y'all had faith in this shit
That's why I love y'all shit
Whatever y'all need I got y'all niggaz dawg
D-Block. That's street promotion right there man
Na mean? Real respect real, hood respect hood
Gangsta respect gangsta, gangsta got no love for pussy
Yeah, Vinnie Idol, ha ha, Vinnie
This shit is knockin daddy, you da next one
It's on. Yeah, D-Block!
I love y'all niggaz. One
Whoo!