

Sheek Louch, Kiss Your Ass Goodbye (Remix)

(Intro)

D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
Ohh shit! (let's go)

(Chorus: Sheek Louch)

You can kiss yo' ass goodbye (D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block)
La-da-da, da-da-daaaah (D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block)
You can kiss yo' ass goodbye (D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block)
La-da-da, da-da-daaaah

(Sheek Louch)

Aiyyo, this that shit that make niggaz wanna rep they clique (uh-huh)
Grab their gun and diss niggaz to their dick
Buck somethin, go somewhere and fuck somethin (fuck somethin)
Like that frontin nigga bitch, make her suck somethin (suck somethin)
Wild out, D-Block shirt inside out
Hoodie on with the all black Belushis on
Niggaz yappin 'til they muh-fuckin face is torn (uh-huh)
Tongue is gone (what else) three-piece suits is worn
Hit y'all faggot-ass niggaz that's scared to death
Talk shit, when I'm around y'all hold y'all breath (whattup Sheek?)
I make murder music, my shit bang in the city
But they want me to chill since Janet showed titty
(It's too much violence now since Ja ruined 50)
I don't know no other way but to rap gritty (yeah!)
Fuck that baby when I'm rich
Until then where the fuck is my thugs at up in this bitch? (let's go)

(Chorus)

(Styles)

Whattup nigga, you cut up nigga (whattup)
Shoot shit to lift the truck up nigga (woooooo)oo
D-Block, D-Block howl like a wolf
Tell your mom I throw a child off the roof
Give a basshead a hundred dollars to towel off the Coupe (clean that up)
Style on niggaz; beat somethin down
we gon' pile on niggaz (get 'em) wild on niggaz
{La-da-da, da-da-daaaah} That's a lullaby for you (hear it?)
Better ask your man he ready to die for you (you ready?)
We comin through tearin the block up (tear it up)
We ain't gettin locked up (uh-uh) that mean we even shootin the cops up
Whattup? (Yeah nigga, two mo' times)
Whattup, whattup? Now we in the New York rhyme
Better kiss that ass goodbye, when I'm passin by
with plastic nines to blast your eyes, right
What, nigga?

(Chorus)

(Sheek Louch)

Aiyyo, I talk shit how I wanna talk, bop how I wanna walk
And you can tell that nigga dere is from New York
And I still got my South niggaz ready to squeeze
I don't need cake to see me with a couple of G's (let's go)
And I don't need a loan, muh'fucker I'm grown
Had a thirty-eight before I had a phone
I stuck niggaz up before y'all lil' niggaz started to bone
This that Sheek Louch shit y'all niggaz tryin to clone
Let's be real, the average muh'fucker with a deal
probably never had a fight (nah) no guns, none of that
Niggaz know I'm right (yeah) I say goodnight to my son

Give my baby moms a lil' cake
And my moms a lil' somethin 'fore I go on the run
Before pussy niggaz try their hand
I'll kick in the door like "Daddy's Home" and I ain't "Making the Band"
What y'all coward niggaz don't understand? (YEAH!)

(Chorus)

(Sheek) You can kiss yo' ass goodbye...