

Sheek Louch, On The Road Again

Psh, let me try this machine one more time man
Put one more coin in this shit right here lemme see, let's go
{*slot machine sound simulated by a synth keyboard*}
Ohh! Yo I hit? We rich my niggaz! We rich! Ha ha!
Koch, whattup? No more lookin back now nigga
It is what it is bitch, I'm ready

(Chorus: Sheek Louch)

For the road again - I got my money, my passport
My gun is loaded, nigga I'm ready
For the road again - I got my weed, a couple niggaz
Some liquor, the new Madden, I'm ready
For the road again - I'm in your town puttin it down
Bankheadin and all that, I'm ready
For the road again - I'm goin back out my niggaz
All aboard bitches, OWW!

(Sheek Louch)

Hey yo, my momma struggled for me, poppa juggled for me
My niggaz huddled for me, they said you gotta let 'em off
Let him do his thing (let him do his thing)
Y'all ain't tryin to work with him, let him spread his wings
Let him go out in the world, see a couple things (Sheek Louch)
See what's workin for him, see who chirpin for him
For what shows and what label is lurkin for him (D-Block!)
I got it bitin ma, I've been writin ma (been writin ma)
I've cut down on drinkin but I've been lightened ma
You've gotta see my stage show, I'm excitin ma
Your boy nice (I'm nice) - dropped my album, did around 400
I expected double, I guess they didn't want it
Niggaz stayin blunted, walk with me zit
We can pop it in and you ain't gotta touch shit
Anyway; back to the drawin board
I'm independent now, whoever with me all aboard

Hold on son - hey yo Foolz rewind that back my nigga
I think I forgot, I gotta tell 'em a lil' more shit
That happened between me and shit
Aight that's far enough let's go

Hey yo, anyway, Kadar about to leave (ha ha)
P comin home, Ruff Ryders lil' seed (yeah)
'Kiss asked "Why," how kids gotta die
to Mr. George Bush and his sales hit the sky (let's go my nigga)
Ja reached out with this "New York" idea (New Yorrrrrrk)
'Kiss from the hood so he was like hell yeah (I got you son)
50 gettin mad, came out with "Piggy Bank";
That was probably the best song he had
We had to shit on him (uh-huh), Game quit on him (yeah)
Now we got it locked like we sicked the pit on him (it's ours nigga)
We're takin meetings, but we don't wanna go major
Cause we know how these artists takin beatings
Plus I seen how these down South niggaz do it
Eight dollars? Shit, I could get used to it
Look at Lil' Jon, nigga got his own fluid (Get Crunk)
Ying Yang and them, they can show you how to do it
Now I'm gettin crunk with Koch and them
All these new niggaz spittin? I'm watchin them
I got a thousand songs like 'Pac and them
And niggaz prayin for me like Ak and them (yeah)
My son is born, I'm back alive
I caught a DWI tryin to drink and drive (damn)
I'm huggin the bottle, I'm hittin the throttle
Got a beat tape playin tryin to think some bars

Like weed I just put 'em in my mental jars
'Til I get up in the booth and space out like Mars (oh!)
I'm ready for it (uh-huh) I already saw it
A lot of shit about to change, niggaz can't ignore it

(Chorus)

For the road again