

# Sheek Louch, Street Music

(feat. The Game)

{\*helicopter flies overhead\*}

There comes a time, in every man's life  
When he gon' have to decide, who he fuckin with  
Who you fuckin with? Them niggaz don't care about you  
Them niggaz don't give a fuck about you  
Why you rappin like that? This street music!

(Sheek Louch)

Yo, let's, talk about it what; Sheek can throw  
the fiend on a nigga guarantee he won't walk up out it  
No no, nickel-plated uhh; kinda old  
but the muzzle them usin make this motherfucker updated  
Puh-puh, nigga please; if a nigga had your son  
and had him lookin down you wouldn't even squeeze  
Uh uhh, I don't know; I don't wanna hear about  
the money that you had, or what you did a long time ago  
Yo yo the hood is mine; I don't gotta sell a lot  
I just live off more points than the porcupines  
Uh uhh, feel me cousin? Sheek been a problem  
before this D-Block shit started buzzin  
Some are sayin - no he wasn't, he turned sick  
With that women in your family can suck my dick  
And I've been red hot every since; I ain't sayin I'm the best  
Muh'fucker, I'm just workin with some sense

(Chorus: Sheek Louch)

This is that blood, crip, latin king shit, every hustler pushin a whip  
Street music - what? {\*repeat 4X\*}  
This is that blood, crip, latin king shit, every hustler pushin a whip  
Street music - what? {\*repeat 4X\*}

(Sheek Louch)

Y'all niggaz so sweet, Sheek so street  
From the doo rag on my head to the sneakers on my feet  
The heart in my chest, black on my flesh  
And I swear to my son, I'll leave this shit a mess  
I do it for the yard, where most of my squad  
is sittin in a cell, goin through hell  
And every frontin nigga got a story to tell  
Bye bye nigga, doves fly nigga  
The hardest nigga spittin came from Bed-Stuy nigga  
After that was Sheek, some say it was Jigga  
I got loyalty; I ain't a king to none of this shit  
But I swear, on the streets I'm royalty  
Kinda scary ain't it? You don't wanna be  
That's why the hood treat you colder than the A&P  
I throw my fists up - but it ain't for black power  
It's for any motherfucker that gets up

(Chorus)

(Sheek Louch)

Niggaz don't wanna buh-bug bang with me  
Cause 9 out 10 when you see me I got the muh'fuckin thangs with me  
Fuck it put 'em up; muh'fucker put your guns in the air  
If you with me nigga hold 'em up  
Ruh ruh rowdy ain't it; I ain't afraid to go to war  
and have a nigga white tee, like you fingerpaint it  
Every hood got 'em, kinda hard to spot 'em  
Once I'm there about to tell you what nigga shot him  
What the fuck is up? I ain't nuttin up

Niggaz hard 'til they leakin through they button up  
Get at my crew, whatever nigga who  
You don't need a flight to be all JetBlue  
Understand me nigga - if it happens, it happens  
But I ain't really a Grammy nigga  
Sheek spit rage; y'all don't want me to win nuttin  
I'm bringin the whole Block on the stage

(Chorus)