

## Sheek Louch f/ J Hood

### "Devine"

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Ayo Devine drop that daddy

**\*\*repeat twice\*\***

ooh weee, lets get it poppin daddy  
uh, yea, lets get it poppin mommy

[Sheek Louch]

Ayo the moral of the story is  
we all can't be gloriest  
some of us still on our grind (our grind)  
Thats why I walk wit this chrome .9 (I'm fine)  
'Fore who eva want to cross this line Devine  
Ayo Sheek on the street again, they know the big man  
is back  
But niggaz still don't want to get down wit the heat  
again  
You see me postin on the block, see these bitches on  
my cock  
Seein you jumpin out the drop, somebody light up  
I ain't fuckin wit you homey, you ain't smokin, you don't  
know me  
you can eat from my dutch, I'mma fuck 'em right up  
you can catch me all Nelly in the blue red dully  
Half crip half blood nigga west side  
But you can catch me in New York on stage on the block  
or even visitin my niggaz in the cage (lets ride)  
Its somethin to do, lackin the fool, packin a .2, ok nigga

[Chorus: 2X]

Me and my niggaz on our New York shit  
Me and my niggaz on our West Coast shit  
Me and my niggaz on our down South shit  
Yes, Midwest, Bay area

[J Hood]

Lets go, uh  
When niggaz see me in the street they be like there go  
double O again  
He got the .357 set and he 'bout to let it go again  
Switchin up this flow again, grindin up for that dough  
again

Your mans in that set trip, I'm 'bout to put a hole in him  
Hands up plus lip, let me see ya'll niggaz bang  
Hit a nigga in his head make 'em come about this chain  
Homey I'm the best at this shit  
I'm the don wit a black mark about to tag up on this shit  
That niggaz perpin ya'll ain't seen no bricks  
We movin grindin on a new city gettin jacked suckin  
ain't no dick  
And you can show if it ain't no purp-b  
Our buns be color of pookey lips when they gave 'em  
that turkey  
Been a long time comin, but my time is due  
Everythin is crystal clear but the shines is blue  
Caught away seats in the gray CL  
Wit so many weight in the trunk  
If you don't chop it the brick scale, nigga!

[Chorus: 2X]

[Sheek Louch]

Ayo me and my young boy  
Remind me of my self in early days sort of like a young  
hoy  
Now I'm puffin in the Phantom out in St. Croix  
Blue water two bitches and peep a toy  
But don't play it sweet, the heat is in the cooler  
And the cooler got no bait for lunch meat  
You done fuck see the morgue  
You ain't fuckin wit me dawg  
Ayo Hood you ready, bark at your fawg

[J Hood]

Ayo I'm 'bout coastal G  
But I'm 'bout to east coast back where it 'pose to be  
D-Block got the streets in a zip lock  
And we bustin off 'em hammers  
Like we don't give a fuck 'bout hip-hop  
So who wanna get popped, just give me the word  
It won't be occasion when I hit his ass wit this bird  
Leave his ass on the curve  
So you can put that yach on 'em  
I'mma make this drug related and leave some crack on  
'em

[Chorus: 2X]

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