

Shabaam Sahdeeq "Straight Like That"

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[Shabaam Sahdeeq]

Yeah.. It's S-Double baby, yaknah'mean uh
Can no motherfuckin lil' executive sittin behind a desk
Tell me whaat's goin on in the streets, knahmean
I'm in the streets everyday uh, yaknow
I'm in the party spazzin out
Doin drinks, throwin blows.. what!

[Verse 1]

Hate so thick when they know that you so sick
Sick hustle so swift, that I seen the track jip ships
Pitch-black bitch from fools that pop shit
Lock shit, like clamps and shackles on hostage
Blown ya mind with a poisonous verse, disperse ya
team
Let's battle for ya change, whips, cash, and cream
What? Sinister Sounds C.E.O., see me flow
Break niggaz apart like C3P-O
Y'all herbs ain't lethal, y'all niggaz is small people
I crush you with a two ton verse, unrehearsed
They question the validity cuz they see me with us
three
Trust me, it'll take a lot for you to crush me
Your wife is a hussie, your crew; they hush-puppies
Try to bite like sharks, but get ate like guppies
Try to play me, look at the fuckin monster y'all made
FUCK Rawkus! I'm sharper than any razor blade
On this one here, I'ma go straight for the jugular
Brain and Jared, straight up be fuckin each other
(faggots)
In the ass, straight gas without the Texaco
I'm next to blow, like Molokov's in ya car window
And your artists could say they names thirty times in a
song
Niggaz ain't gon' remember once Sahdeeq get on
And after this y'all could all go and make a diss song
Or put a stamp on a bomb and mail it to ya moms

[Hook w/ talking in background] 2x

Cuz straight like that
I'ma tell the world you wack
Straight like that

Won't you take that knife out my back
Straight like that
I'ma smack you with the back of the gat
Straight like that
You blast at me, I'll blast back

[Verse 2]

I got the fever baby... I'm hot and I'm sweaty
I bring the drama to you fake-ass bookstore
revolutionaries
And all y'all niggaz think y'all know my steez, please
I moved everything, from coke to trees
And every pull that I moved, I always was that new
nigga
I'm used to the hate, so watch how I do niggaz
Duke you straight crab-cake, I'll put you on
Gave ya first check, and your first artist the pen
And you overpaid street-team niggaz, shut ya trap
When ya label done, you'll be back to flips it in Craps
They got all y'all under pressure, but not me though
I gots no company whip, or Company Flow
And Black Shawn you can go 'head and smoke some
more dust
Sinister Sounds, ain't none of y'all niggaz fuckin with us
And Pharoahe you my nigga, but ya manager a bitch
A mega, traitor -- push you down the escalator
This for Arnold, Jason, and Dilo
All you die-hard Rawkus fans just don't know
The label is obsolete, I bomb ya fleet
Move discrete, served the charge for a couple of weeks
Didn't let my shit bump, Y'ALL NIGGAZ IS CHUMPS!
So like camel backs, I'm leavin ya dome with two lumps
You get rained on, better yet, get pissed on
This nigga is PISSED OFF, you boys rippin me off

[Hook] 2x

[Sahdeeq talking]

Y'all lil' faggots up here, can't stop nothin, knah'mean
Word up, Never Say Never, yaknah'mean
Shabaam Sahdeeq word up.. Sinister Sounds
Raptivism, the next fuckin chapter, ya'know...
Word up, straight like that
BK - NJ shit yaknah'mean
Run up in ya motherfuckin Christmas party and spray
shit
Fuckin homos, word up..
Fuck Rawkus, eat a dick..

