

Styles P "Street Shit"

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(Sheek Louch Hook):

Where my hood at
Where dem red and blue flags
Where dat good at
Somebody tell them hood rats to come up front
And let the club know ima smoke my blunt

Verse 1 Styles P:

Money green weed green hoodrat hardblack
Never let em see where u live where u park at
Never let em know how you get it dislodge that
Never let the beef ride long go squash that
You can shoot it out
Or go peace it up
If we was in jail I would make you give your sneakers up
Cause I'm a lawless and I spray shit
Fortyfour make niggas look like crayfish
Cause you seafood so go on sleep wit em
I don't trust lil niggas I don't eat wit em
Matter fact ima keep it street wit em
I don't like ya style I don't even speak wit em
I keep a g from the get go real go getter
And I let my shit blow
U don't wanna get ya shit blown
I got the hawk you don't wanna get ya shit broke

(Sheek Louch Hook):

Where my hood at
Where dem red and blue flags
Where dat good at
Where dem vanillas
Where dat sticky
Where my right hand man with the blicky
Somebody tell them hoodrats to come up front
And let the club know ima smoke my blunt Bitch
This aint guchy this aint prada this street shit
I'm fuckin wit ya nigga sonata

Sheek Looch verse 2

Yo it's never goin to b another
Shock the world with that half face gorilla cover
Clip on top eachother

Now everybody wanna listen to the sheek
Funny I'm on the plane watchin gettin to the greek
20 thousand when I land just to listen when I speak
Bully he in my will somewhere he like bleek
Long as I'm alive high like peace all that's why my
shades on

Used to be in love with nia long

Donny aint around now I talk bout vietcong

It means more bitches more haters on my schlong

But I don't go back and forth me no ping pong

Donny at your door like avon

DING DONG

Yeah me and my e hall pop them things off with the
glock

Then later we pop plinko

Ha amazing aint it if u can a better picture

Then go head and paint it

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Styes P Verse 3:

Bang like them white boys in mash pits

Hawktoo spit on your favorite rapper he's not shit

My catalouge is collosus blunt for the prelude

One for the process

Perform where they swarm with fully loaded objects

Make it clearer than polish spring

I'm reachin for my phone cause I hear it before it ring

I'm reachin for my gun cause I hear it before it ring

In the hood I'm a muse

Phantom and ferril demoliton in the booth

Slicker then the oil that you get at the massuse

Chrome thing with the cone head in the goose

Added in the coup subtract it when I shoot

Get it in with a axe and some matches and a noose

You have no idea all the havoc I produce

Till it's way too late the grey matters on your shoes

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