

SheDaisy

"Kiss Your Ass Goodbye"

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[Chorus - Sheek Louch]

You can kiss your ass goodbyeee
(D-block, D-block, D-block, D-block)
La da daaa, laa daa daaaa

[Verse 1 - Sheek Louch]

Aiyyo,
The flow is here, the dough is here
The gon' call this the hardest remix of the year (haha)
The wrist is sickle, the nine is nickle (damn)
The inside tan, the outter pickle (wooh)
The dutch is rolled, the yak is poured (aight)
You running you mouth, I'm gettin you jawed (ouch)
I'm wavin the blade, I'm tellin you back up (back up)
You empty your pockets, I picking your pack up (gimme that)
You can act stupid if you wanna
Like you don't know what block I'm in fronta (I'm right here nigga)
I'm out in New York, or down in the south (no doubt)
I'm out in the trap, with gold in my mouth (haha)
They book me for the clubs in the hood (yeah)
But niggas sacred to go, but Sheek Louch good (D-Block)
It's loaded when I get out the car, like
(La da daaa, laa daa daaaa)

[Chorus - Sheek Louch]

You can kiss your ass goodbyeee
(D-block, D-block, D-block, D-block)
La da daaa, laa daa daaaa

[Verse 2 - Fabolous]

Yeah, D-Block
They say hate spread faster than love
So the Bentley's black, same color as the mask and the gloves
With me, I'mma send a bastard above
'fore you get the police, the first and last of the gov
These dickhead niggas, you shoot 'em the bleed comes

The two pussies you with, just make it a threesome
They growin' up quick, you gotta buy your seed guns
Now they spread magazines, 'fore they can read one
My glass jar had a hell of a rerun
(la da daaa, laa daa daaaa)
As we proceed son, had i known
Every hood got a street fan, if not they need one
I'm thinking short ranged
Gimme a sport ranged
I wanna get warmer
I'm jumping in the sauna
Duck when I'm passing by
Put your head 'tween your legs
Kiss your ass goodbye

[Chorus - Sheek Louch]

You can kiss your ass goodbyeee
(D-block, D-block, D-block, D-block)
La da daaa, laa daa daaaa

[Verse 3 - Beanie Sigel]

You niggas lost ya'll game, I'm throwin the rock down
Just to put ya'll D (??), I'm back on the block now
Running your mouth 'fore I shit all in it
All ya'll ass, and I'm about to dig all in it
I birthed you niggas
I fed, and I burped you niggas
Quick as that, I will earth you niggas
Clothed you niggas
Whiped the snot from the nose of you niggas
What not to expose you niggas
Trist knife or razor fight
I got a year and a day
Still played it like they gave me life
Can't walk through these jails without shackles and two
cops
Throwing shit on the warden, out of the food slot (??)
Got connects with pops, we poofin the weed plants (??)
Hit my khaki's, watched them pressed for food stamps
(??)
Respectin the jail, or checkin the mail
I stay on the phone, I don't put collect on the bill
You let them DC niggas have sex in your cell
You live with a gun, you like gettin hit from the front
Stand some shit, like two dicks with no bitch
Rumor has it, you like your chicks with no tits
F.Y.. your P.S.I. said you snitch
How you blow trail and stay all rich, bitch (??)
Now it's time to set it off
You got something on your chest, man, take or tear it
off

Muah, haha

[Chorus - Sheek Louch]

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La da daaa, laa daa daaaa

[Verse 4 - The Game]

(Hurricane! Welcome to your funeral, mothafuckas)
You rat ass niggas, you run with the fags, you pussy
I'll shoot at your man, put him in the bag, you push me
After you flop, I'm taking your fans
Give you a reason to do that dumb shit with your hands
Piss in your mouth, and blow your promotional van
Come in your way, to slap all three of your fans
Get your mind right, or get your mind put right next to
them all white Air Nike's
Nails in your cophin, leave him locked air tight
Let him scream G-Unit, while dusting his wind pipes
Drive him through North Philly, brooklyn, and Yonkers
How it feel getting fucked all the way from Compton?

[Chorus - Sheek Louch]

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La da daaa, laa daa daaaa

[Verse 5 - Jadakiss]

Uh, yeah, yo
A lot of these niggas 'pposed to be down
They most to be clowns
Who think I'm trying to sign with Hov' to get close to the
crown
Take a couple moves and R's, jewels and cars
Screw some broads, and I'm still cool with Nas
Yeah
Real subtle still, so fucking ill
How you can turn an idea to a couple mill'
But everybody got they hand in they pocket
So either you cut 'em off, or you hand 'em a knock (??)
And I ain't never planning to stop, i'm planning to rock
Till the rims matching the top
And the fanime has dropped
They ain't never getting away with shit I pull off God
Nice on the clutch, even though I pull of hard
You know the old 'Kiss, you don't know the grown 'Kiss
Got about five in me, till I get home sick
Still got access to the two tone bricks
Terri Clauve (??) sweats, and while in that pretty tone
shit (??)

[Chorus - Sheek Louch]
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