

## Sheek Louch "D-Block"

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Nigga what, what, what?  
Twin y'all niggaz ready, yeah, yeah, yeah

She here to put the clack clack in this, crack pack in this  
Dick in this like I had a six pack of Genus  
Niggaz know that the flow be wicked  
Been nice since Tri Backs can they kick it  
Can't walk with out lil momma trying to flick it  
So be it take let your boyfriend see it  
US gangsta but all my guns be Soviet  
Jake did it gon take 'em up to ID it

Chain hanging out but I ain't talking about jewelry  
Talking ammunition, bullets, big artillery  
Put a hole in a big ass social security  
Been this way be for I even reached maturity  
Nigga they all book me quicker  
'Cuz I'm worth more, like a Jam Master J sticker  
Alive but you can still pull out liquor  
Gotta dead serious flow I'm about to blow, yeah

D-Block  
(Where my niggaz at?)  
D-Block  
(Where my bitches at?)  
D-Block  
(Where them gangstas at?)  
D-Block  
(Where them shankstas at?)

D-Block  
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(Where them shankstas at?)

J-Hizzle clap for my nizzle, who the fuck want to beef?  
Louch pass me the pistol, I'm about to let him ring like a  
phone

He used to have a good head on his shoulders but now  
the shit gone  
D-Block bout to wake the game and get these bucks  
It's for them niggaz Dickie Dan throwin' it up rocking  
Chucks  
Like pimples motherfucker, I'm all in your face  
You like sneakers when them strings about to get laced

What you need chronic homeboy, we got all types  
Fuck your bikes, Nigga I smoke more than exhaust  
pipes  
You know those new 7-60's, yeah I got 2  
One platinum like my rhymes, the other raspberry blue  
When I'm riding on the track like a surf board  
I'm on the block pitching, what the fuck you think I got  
the word for?  
Walk with me motherfucker, we taking over the streets  
Let 'em warn all your peeps Hood coming at they street

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Sheek a fucking crook, stake your house out  
Know what your momma cook, fuck her with a broom  
Fuck the movie when I'm there its a panic room  
Niggaz start to stutter, but please don't cut my mother  
I'm too fucking gutter clip on top of each other  
2 twelve gages take you threw the stages  
Bullets running low but yours been there for ages  
Cob web niggaz iced out

Slob like I'm on a fucking bob sled niggaz  
I'll talk to yall niggaz I ain't trying to shout  
Why fit in with Sheek was born to stand out  
You'll get pretzeled up twist in half  
Long shit with the black spots like a giraffe

Clear my path when the guy walking  
How you try getting in the club I hope you jump in my  
coffin  
Besides D-Block I don't see that often

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D-Block, D-Block

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