

Sheek Louch "Dinner Guest"

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Guess who's coming to dinner, mighty D-block
Guess who's coming to dinner, mighty, mighty D-Block

D-Block, oh, oh, oh, oh
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Okay, I lyrically ejaculate
I come on tracks, go 'head and hate
Go inside, run and hide
'Cause this gon' boost the murder rate

Flying with the law behind me
Nickel plate, extra shiny
Got this woman on my tip
Like they name is Tiny

Every hood, light is up, dark liquor, plastic cup
Sour diesel, hoodie on, gun out like "What the fuck?"
Porsche Turbo, Yankee blue, Derek Jeter of his crew
RosÃ©, feet up, deuce deuce in my shoe

Ten years on radio, ten years on mix-tapes
Did deals with everybody, even survived the Puff rape
Now I'm all bossed up, watch all glossed up
D-Block, we hard in the streets, put your signs up

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Money ain't shit to me, respect means more to me
We define loyalty, this is rap royalty
Let the fo' five off, live for, die for
Hustle is my first love and the streets my side hoe

Haze then I'm back to sour, okay, I'm back in power
Business man nine to five, hooligan after hours
Ain't nobody to compare to what we contribute
The bars is like the possession with intent to strip you

My hand, wrist, ears and neck laid
Nothing but straight fire for a decade
I'm in the polo rounds, polo down
Feelin' like when Tony put Manolo down
Y'all know who control the town

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This is for my looters and shooters
With them deserts and rugars and lugers
Who was newest to beat, talk to us, huh?
I got 'em, Don-Don, fully black Armani yan
Me not play wit dem facey boys, shut it down

Keep my barrel spinnin', that's why ratty warm
Have you marked for death, you're whole family gone
Got 'em pounds of that green, we call it the Hawks
D-Block, one time, we call it New York

Get money, hit honeys on the regular
Bully stay in peoples ear like a cellular
Now the world and your girl, they all know my name
Got 'em Trey Singing, bulllys insane

Never been to Yonkers before, neither entrepreneur
And I'm a monster for sure like Godzilla

Shoot is on your death, cut ya deck like a card dealer
Puffin' on the lies, spent a buck at the car dealer

They tryin' to say D-Block is negative
Any rapper breathing is breathing 'cause we let 'em live
I can tell you why these soft suckas mad at me
They can see I got every kind of flags with me

Honor flags [Incomprehensible] flags, game flags
It's a d block, everywhere we bangs at
Money long, run long, bullets long
Word to your hood, if you got a hood, put it on

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