

Sheek Louch

"Don't Mean Nuthin'"

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Yeah

Uh Huh, D Block

D Block, You with me Louch?

You know it my nigga

Yeah I know

Yeah

You know why we do this right?

Why's that dog?

Make these niggaz feel us all the time, everytime

Walk wit' us

Are we the best or what?

Who the fuck else

Yo, we do nothin', we are nothin'

I ain't pullin' my blade if I won't scar nothin'

I ain't pullin' my gun if I won't shoot shit, that's useless

I'll kill ya whole family, that's ruthless, you could die
nigga

I ain't droppin a tear, I ain't thinkin twice nigga, you
ain't my nigga

I don't smoke with you, drink with you, eat with you

I got a problem with you, I'mma let the heat whistle

This is real shit, nigga I peel shit

I'm harder than concrete and steel mixed

I wanna kill niggaz

You think it's part of the verse, it's part of the curse

And I don't really feel niggaz

They say stop the violence, but I gotta join in it

I'm in the hooptie with 3 Ki's a boy in it

This is pay day, fuck what they say

D Block, grab your handguns and A-K's

Bang that shit off, clap that kid up

Stomp that kid out, don't let him get up

Any block frontin', gon' wet that shit up

It don't mean nuthin' to me, to me

Bang that shit off, clap that kid up

Stomp that kid out, don't let him get up

Any block frontin', gon' wet that shit up

It don't mean nothin' to me, to me

Ayo, ayo, yo it's the baby faced gangster, product of
my environment
Hoodied up, stickin' your grandfather for his
retirement
Talkin' super hard when I know that you bitch-made
Stab ya ass in the esophagus with a switchblade
Take it out and straight saw off your ribcage
Pour gasoline on the mattress where your kids lay
J Hood, D Block, respect the name and the click
Whoever ain't feelin' this song could suck my dick

Garbage bag around your brother head, smother him
out
To make sure he don't survive, nigga, I'm snubbin' him
out
Make you drink a bottle of Chlorox, hit you with four
shots
They can't determine the 'cause of your death in your
autops'
You scared? Don't come outside, the streets is serious
My ribs touchin', I'm starvin', trigger happy, and furious
We could do it whenever, wherever, nigga set a date
Remember to ask the doc if he could replace your face

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Ayo, kill one of mine, I'mma kill one of yours
It ain't bitin' for base, but they still want it raw
Y'all niggaz think y'all do dirt, we do it more
My man turned 14 shirts into a store
Now you could get it from us, we got enough of it
The dead president dope Chris Tucker was fuckin' with
There's 2 things, ether the jail or the cemetery
Hammers and the Hawks is on the itinerary

Anywhere, any block, clap any iron
And beat niggaz 'til you can't identify 'em
D Block my nigga
To the niggaz on cure perscription and Ki-lock my
nigga
What, it don't mean nuthin'
And you got the rights to bang a nigga wherever you

want if he frontin'
We done starved together and burned some scroller
Now we doin' it again, it's your turn gorilla

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Uh, you want it with who?
You can't be talkin' to Louch or none of his crew
We poppin' you quick, put big knives in you, bitch, get
off our dick
White Air's and white T's get filthy quick
And we ain't caught or sneezin', but the camp is sick
Uh, stop frontin', y'all don't wanna pull triggers
Lifetime, sex in the city ass niggaz
Spit it for the hood and the gritty ass niggaz

Put big scars on the pretty ass niggaz
I'll pull up wit' a hooptie at a black tie affair
And smack the fuck out a boozie nigga like a bear
Crime don't pay, who the fuck said that?
How much you think I'm gettin' for his chain, where my
gat?
Nigga act up, I'll let it rip in his back
You know who it is from coast to coast
Thug niggaz keep clappin' ya toast, what up?

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