

## Sheek Louch

### "Get Over Here"

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Ain't nobody as hot as us  
East side, west side, north side, south side  
Let's ride, uh, the Goat is now taking over the building  
It's time for some of that ol', that good ol'

Yankee up north dirty south, Yankee music  
Uh, it ain't where you from, homey  
It's how hot you are, Nicolette, let's, come on

I be that, girl who straight pop from the N.Y.  
Doing my thing, all day, yeah, it's her  
Nicolette on the track, matter fact, bring it back  
Tell me what you think about her

Who you know with a flow so loco  
On a dirty south track from the N.Y. though  
I be on it, I be on it, y'all cats don't really want it  
Y'all don't want it, y'all just fronting, homeboy  
Then back up off me

I'm a young fly soldier  
Thought I told ya, wack cats is gon' be over  
I'm a supernova, controller, anything that I get I hold up  
I'm a supernova, controller, anything that I get I hold up

Take it back up to the N.Y.  
Show 'em how we do, what we do and why  
Keep ballin' in our ride, driving show, I pass 'em by  
You see our paper, haters hating but it's still all good

And if you looking for me  
You can catch me in my hood  
Just doing my thing, got the ring bling  
Don't get it misunderstood

Nicolette, LL, on the same track  
Bring it back, tell me what you, think about that  
Boys tryin' to holla but I ain't having that

You better have game, you better come correct  
Ya Girl Nicolette, don't like lame cats

Tell me what you think about that, let's go

Love that you made money, really don't matter  
If I see her from a far, this what I yell at her  
Hey, over there, over there  
Ho, get over here, get over here

In your club with your girls, I'm in here with my mans  
Won't your girls meet my boys, we can all be friends  
Hey, over there, over there  
Ho, get over here, get over here

Got to get it popping  
The track is knocking, the Bentley's rocking  
Overdose I'm suppose to roast 'em  
With every bar I'm dropping

Every time I drop they copping  
Every single line I lay is locking  
You a hater, boy, stop your plotting  
It'll be your blood we mopping

Talk about that major flavor, keyed up, cut like a razor  
Lyrically I stake and bake ya, you can see I get that  
paper  
Wear jet black like Darth Vader, hopping out on playa  
haters  
It's in my n-n-nature, never been a smoother operator

Switch it up, hit it up, get it up, let it up  
Your girl from the back like giddy up  
How come I run, you like my son  
I blow the whole god damn city up

Inside that long white milky Bentley  
Like I just picked Diddy up  
Think about that while you doubt that  
You a fake mac, you can't count that

Hop all off then I bounce back  
Got 'em looking a wolf pack outback  
I'm from where them Goat, Goat, shout that  
Ask Master P, I'm bout that

Everybody know I'm holding  
In the party, pocket swollen  
Rock and rolling  
Competition catching coals in they colon

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Won't your girls meet my boys, we can all be friends  
Hey, over there, over there  
Ho, get over here, get over here

What up y'all, y'all know us  
Know the party ain't I'll til we show up  
Once we hit the scene, the chicks go nuts  
Sorry if I intervene, ma but so what

Pour more cups of the drink, cups of the guz stop  
Til I'm all drunk in the place, burn the kush to the face  
Making the dudes wanna hate  
'Cause we them new dudes in the state

Yeah, we in the club just chilling, B, yeah, baby feeling  
me  
Feel like a barbecue, shorty keep grilling me up  
In the club doing stacks where a ceiling be

Do it well, ask LL dog feeling me  
Dudes not feeling me, because we walked in the door  
Looking flyer than airplanes, it's not touching the floor

It do what it do, get the flow get you, and it move  
The body move to the tune, yessir  
DJ let it boom in the room  
Shit's just there like and now your boy here

We hot like June, gon' drop real soon  
Let 'em know that Queens in the house  
We jam ride from to the north to the side  
I'm a young back, just shut your mouth

Shut your mouth, turn it around  
Shake a little bit, drop down to the ground  
Most of the time, don't stop or pound  
Before we wasn't it but be popping now

Popping now, people love us when we dropping the  
sound  
Come to your hood, we be rocking your town  
Go to the show we rocking the crowd  
Get gwop by the thou', wow

Come on and roll with the kid, back to the crib  
Car real fast, bed real big  
Just like that, I'm a get them stacks

Got 'em screaming out, my neck, my back

Work it all night, this ain't no tease  
You gonna be scarred, I'm a sweat that weave  
Now you can't drive, it's too much speed  
Just sit back and enjoy that breeze

In the whip today but not tomorrow  
That's the life of a superstar  
Wanna be involved, better be aware  
Ticky Diamondz got women everywhere

Do it on the floor, stairs to the chair  
Do it on the beat, please, hands to stare  
Got you on the beach, you out somewhere  
Got your girl screaming that it ain't that fair

Baby come true, got enough bread  
Switch to the truck, nothing more said  
Kid don't play, just do clean  
That's what it is, when I come from Queens

Do my lean, big black truck  
Coming through like I'm moving that stuff  
I just get checks, just get neck  
Girls I'm afraid, running round butt nake

Gotta go back to the grind  
Back to the tracks, back to the rhymes  
Burn a little haze, I let my rhyme

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