

Sheek Louch "In and Out (S.P.)"

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Yeah, D-Block
Styles P, you wit me dog?
Hell yeah, let's get 'em, yeah
Let's go

You get smacked with the hammer, nigga play your
position
'Fore rigor mortis set in and you stay in position
Nigga, I'll hawk your ass, wanna fit in my shoes
And you cowards can't walk my path

I don't know nobody fuckin' wit us
I ain't Gerome Bettis, but if I hit you it's gon' feel like
the bus
And you couldn't live this life and play this role
Like never part with your gun and stay this cold

Yo, we in the streets where it's nothin' but love
I'm them leather shits, you the Michael Jackson glove
I'm in the hood 'cause I'm dedicated
If I was you, I woulda never made it
I'm holiday, so I'm celebrated

We don't reminisce bitch ass, remember that
Style's verse is the only thing gon' bring it back
Tell the ghetto show discipline, whattup?
I said Sheek gun, Puerto Rican, bullets stay whistlin'

Sheek and SP in and out, haul for the streets
Turn the bass up and try not to fuck up your seats
Rock that shit, every corner, knock that shit
Niggaz try to front on us, cock that shit

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I guess I'm gettin older
'Cause everybody that I thought was hot
Go inside the garbage folder
And nigga I'm from D-Block, I'm on 3, 5, 4

I keep my heat cocked and my blunt lit

The mack out, take a piece of your back out
Raise it to your cheek nigga, dare you to speak
Shit, I got plenty guns
And thugs that'll give a nigga a hug
And say they stab anyone

You ain't never seen a nigga jaw hangin' from his face
Sausage shaped, red shit hangin' from his waist
Nigga, I'm well connected
By the time you hear this, I'll be in jail
But I probably got two cells connected

Yack in one hand, with the other, the lizm
And if I push you down and wet you, it's not Baptism
Bitch, this is Mafia, it won't stop
Till they put you in the dirt with the flowers on top of ya

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Sheek goin' broke is not in the plans
I could sell gloves to a nigga with no hands
A lot of niggaz screamin' they wolf but I'm feelin' they
sheep
I won't be happy till the niggaz asleep

I'll punch a niggaz nose in, duckin' and bustin'
Cuttin' and cussin', hold that, you bitch ass nigga
And I could make the best die
Cut your throat open, pull your tongue through it
That's a fuckin' neck tie

We turn bitch niggaz skin maroon
Pump turn niggaz voices like they hit a helium balloon
If Christ is comin', it oughta be now, I swear to God
'Cause all y'all faggot niggaz die according to Styles

What nigga you could get it for free?
Put your money up, ain't nobody fuckin' wit Louch and P
Yeah, nigga that's what's up?
D-Block till the death, motherfucker so our gat is up

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