

## Sheek Louch "Maybe If I Sing"

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(Sheek Louch)

50 you a rat, you a coward, you a snitch  
You a bitch motherfucker now hear this {\*tch-tch  
BOOM\*}  
All you talk about is money and sales  
What you need to talk about is all them niggaz that you  
put in them jails  
We don't dry snitch niggaz (nah) rappin and whisperin  
Knowin that the rap police listenin  
Homey know just what he doin, who career he swipe  
That's aight, Ja got him, niggaz say goodnight (aight)  
I'ma blast 'til I go on the run  
Just mad at Game cause he ain't like them, he ain't  
your son (bitches)  
50 this, 50 that; nigga 50 whack (50 whack)  
Nigga laid you down, when you gon' get him back?  
(woo)  
And when you gon' say somethin hot on the track?  
(never)  
I guess the next time you get hit'll be your back  
A fucked up nigga, let me get down wit'chu  
I make sure niggaz don't hit you - ha ha

(Chorus)

Hey yo maybe if I siiiiiing, I'll be rich (should I sing?)  
And maybe if I rat on you, I'll be rich (or maybe I should  
rat on you)  
Maybe if I crossover, I'll be rich (I need to cross over I  
think)  
I wanna beeee, I wanna be, just like that 50 bitch (how  
can I be like that nigga)  
Maybe if I siiiiiing, I'll be rich (should I sing son?)  
And maybe if I rat on you, I'll be rich (who should I give  
up?)  
Maybe if I crossover, I'll be rich (I need to cross over)  
I wanna beeee, I wanna be, just like that 50 bitch

(Sheek Louch)

Hey yo Banks you got a half-assed flow  
But fuckin with homey, all you gon' get is half-assed  
dough  
And where the fuck was you at wit'cha big-ass face

When I was writin "Benjamins" with 'Kiss, Diddy and  
Ma\$e  
I ain't heard of you homey, 'til you blew up quick  
But back then I'm pretty sure that you was on my dick  
(LOX nigga)  
I dropped L.O.X., chest to chest, back to back  
On Clue when, "If You Think I'm Jiggy" was whack  
I wore shiny suits, niggaz knew I didn't belong  
But even back then I still never sang on a song  
I've been white-tee'd out (yeah) white haze and hash  
It's fucked up, 50 makin y'all wear that trash (yeah!)  
What he do, put your clothes on the bed, put your  
sneakers on the floor  
and tell you what hat to put on your head? (ha ha ha)  
You lil' muh'fuckers to me daddy  
And I don't give a fuck if the doors lift up in your Caddy

(Chorus)

(Sheek Louch)  
Go Young Buck (go Young Buck) that's my nigga (that's  
my nigga)  
Even if 50 don't let you get bigger  
I see you run around stage wit'cha shirt off; you need  
some food  
You 'bout as big as "The Passion of Christ" dude  
And I still got love for the dirty South  
But I ain't gon' respect no nigga with my dick in his  
mouth  
G-Unit gon' be gone once Dre bounce on you (G-G-G-G-  
G)  
And it's fucked up cause Eminem tried to warn you  
You ain't as big as these white dudes that cut your  
check  
Think so? Wait and see who they go to next (D-Block)  
You forgot about the hood scamps  
Everybody ain't workin with bricks, some niggaz got  
gramps  
No new guns, just them shits that jam  
Fuck it though, I'ma ride wit'chu do the death  
D-Block muh'fucker 'til there's no one left  
G-G-G-G-G... the fuck outta here!  
(Yo bring in the hook son, bring in the hook)

(Chorus) minus the (ad libs)

D-Block!

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