

## **Sheek Louch**

### **"On The Road Again"**

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Let me try this machine one more time, man  
Put one more coin in this shit right here, lemme see,  
let's go  
Yo, I hit? We rich my niggaz, we rich  
Koch, whattup? No more lookin' back now nigga  
It is what it is bitch, I'm ready

For the road again  
I got my money, my passport  
My gun is loaded, nigga, I'm ready

For the road again  
I got my weed, a couple niggaz  
Some liquor, the new Madden, I'm ready

For the road again  
I'm in your town puttin' it down  
Bankheadin' and all that, I'm ready

For the road again  
I'm goin' back out my niggaz  
All aboard bitches

Hey yo, my momma struggled for me, poppa juggled  
for me  
My niggaz huddled for me, they said you gotta let 'em  
off  
Let him do his thing  
Y'all ain't tryin' to work with him, let him spread his  
wings  
Let him go out in the world, see a couple of things  
See what's workin' for him, see who chirpin' for him  
For what shows and what label is lurkin' for him  
I got it bitin' ma, I've been writin' ma

I've cut down on drinkin' but I've been lightened ma  
You've gotta see my stage show, I'm excitin' ma  
Your boy nice dropped my album, did around 400  
I expected double, I guess they didn't want it  
Niggaz stayin' blunted, walk with me zit  
We can pop it in and you ain't gotta touch shit  
Anyway back to the drawin' board

I'm independent now, whoever with me all aboard

Hold on son, hey yo foolz, rewind that back my nigga  
I think I forgot, I gotta tell 'em a lil' more shit  
That happened between me and shit  
Aight that's far enough, let's go

Hey yo, anyway, Kadar about to leave  
P comin' home, Ruff Ryders lil' seed  
Kiss asked, "Why," how kids gotta die?  
To Mr. George Bush and his sales hit the sky  
Ja reached out with this "New York" idea  
Kiss from the hood so he was like hell, yeah  
50 gettin' mad, came out with "Piggy bank"  
That was probably the best song he had  
We had to shit on him, game quit on him  
Now we got it locked like we sicked the pit on him

We're takin' meetings, but we don't wanna go major  
'Cuz we know how these artists takin' beatings  
Plus I seen how these down South niggaz do it  
Eight dollars? Shit, I could get used to it  
Look at Lil' Jon, nigga, got his own fluid  
Ying Yang and them, they can show you how to do it  
Now I'm gettin' crunk with Koch and them  
All these new niggaz spittin'? I'm watchin' them  
I got a thousand songs like 'Pac and them  
And niggaz prayin' for me like Ak and them

My son is born, I'm back alive  
I caught a DW I tryin' to drink and drive  
I'm huggin' the bottle, I'm hittin' the throttle  
Got a beat tape playin' tryin' to think some bars  
Like weed I just put 'em in my mental jars  
'Til I get up in the booth and space out like Mars  
I'm ready for it, I already saw it  
A lot of shit about to change, niggaz can't ignore it

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