

D-Block

"Sheek Louch Freestyle #1"

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{*bang, bang*}

[Sheek Louch]

Yeah, Poobs whattup nigga?

Sheek Louch, new album comin son, _After Taxes_

{*tires squealing*} Fucked up

Aiyyo, fuck that nigga, send him to the funeral home
Let a couple of them hot things sit in his dome
Let his family stand over him singin a poem
When I pull out and I bust my chrome
Girl or boy, I put it your neck like Troy
And I don't let bums beat me, I'm not like Roy
I'm a cut somethin off of your bitch-ass
Nice and easy, I'ma get the beef over quick fast
You muh'fuckin right, it's goin down tonight
And I'm stressed, yo Poobs let me get the vest
Graveyard, I ain't workin with a lot of rest
Just crack addicts and mathematics
And I don't mean science or One World Alliance
Sheek use the iron like a household appliance
I'm the hardest nigga, I don't need a major
I can go indie like The Artist nigga
And get paper out the ass
Throw the deal in the bag and drive the red GT out the
glass
Hood all smashed, diesel and hash
Itchy trigger finger, I'm startin to get a rash
Y'all can fuck off, or bust that off
Your little-ass guns 'bout as loud as a cough
Sheek Louch spit for them niggaz up North
Shank wavin, misbehavin
Two treys blowin powder for the shit they blazin
Two AK's 'n, one revolver
I've been workin at hustlin as long as your father
Y'all lil' niggaz don't even bother
You ain't got no juice; you like a cell phone without the
charger
I don't come half-assed
I come home with a big bag of jewelry, other half cash
Mean whiplash, plenty of horses

Fuck it if I crash, I take my losses
Sheek Louch nigga, accounts got bigger
But I ain't gon' retire, no disrespect Jigga
I'ma keep flowin 'til there's no more dough
Or I'm sick in the bed and my voicebox go
Motherfucker! YEAH! {Whatdja do that for?}

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