

LL Cool J F/ Ricky Bell, Ralph Tresvant

"3-5-4"

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[Sheek Louch]

A'yo four shots let off, black truck sped off
Big shit, tryna take a motherfuckin head off

A'yo hold up man, let me take y'all back to the begining
Let y'all know what happend that night, listen
I don't even know these niggaz hangin in front
Usually we woulda been asked them what do they want
What they came here for, this is 354
What you tryna get some gas or some shit from the
store
But nobody asked these motherfuckers what do they
want
It was bitin, mad traffic, the first of the month
It was me, Chep, Bizzy and Hit
B.G. and Lickalone and yeah I think Earth was there and
shit
And a few other niggaz in and out of the buildin
Tryin to catch every sell but not to children
Got a sixty of that yack in the store in the back
Chep about to go home and get more of his pack
Jake ain't fuckin wit us, what's the miracle
Niggaz moms ex heads now turn spiritual
Wanna preach to us talk about Christ
And how fuck sand, how he could bring the beach to us
That's when I noticed niggaz still outside
Hoody on with some shades like they tryna hide
So I cocked the hammer then I walked to 'em
No beef, just a friendly little talk to 'em
Listen

Sheek: Here we go, yo whaddup money?

Guy: Yo whaddup

S: What y'all niggaz waitin for somebody or somethin?

G: Yeah, why?

S: Nah nah, I'm sayin y'all niggaz got on big hoodies
and shit

Yaknahmean? It's my block out here daddy

I don't need blood on this shit and all that

G: It's all love, it's all good

S: Aight, just checkin dog

[Sheek Louch]

A'yo, turns out these niggaz is not from here
And they got blood on they hands while they drinkin a
beer
They just robbed Dread and them niggaz spot
I told 'em they gotta get up out of here, they makin it
hot
That's when four shots let off, a black truck sped off
Big shit, tryna take a motherfuckin head off
Bombaclot, no man rob me spot, everybody here feelin
me glock
They done put us in a mix now we gotta go to war with
Dread and them niggaz cause they think we wit these
dicks
Shots goin everywhere, everybody clappin but them
niggaz that was standin there
They fuckin disappeared
I cut one yardy underneath his fuckin beard
Still clappin, got everybody runnin scared
They ain't backin down and we ain't bitchin
Niggaz comin out the house with the hitchelin under
the michelin
Throwin back a clip or two
You would think we went to war with Colin Powells crew
Police comin now but we don't give a fuck
Rhas' tryna grab all his niggaz in the truck
That's what I get for lettin niggaz blend in
And they ain't really wit us, niggaz really tryna get us
I keep my glock not givin a fuck
But the bullshit is we still gotta watch for that truck

[Sheek Louch]

Yaknahmean, y'all niggaz remember that night dog?
Only B.G. had his gun on him man, word up
Styles P had his gun on him
Besides that niggaz was fuckin naked man
Yall niggaz didn't stop it man
Niggaz had the drop on us kid
If homeboy didn't come thru, if he didn't come thru
and silence those guns dog, we woulda been sick
Check it out though, I know them faggot ass niggaz kid
You know what the fuck I'm talkin about
Niggaz just bought them shits, that's why we had all
them hammers
Besides that man, word up man, no wing niggaz
around us dog
If you ain't a motherfuckin friend of mine or friend of
ours, you gotta go
Niggaz is grimey man, it's D-Block for real man
You think these niggaz don't want what we got?

Fuck yeah they want it
That shit we be rappin about
All that shit we be fuckin drivin around, these niggaz is
hungry man
I got somethin for that belly though

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