

2 Turntables & A Mic

Sheek Louch

Aiyyo Spider, this what it's missing huh?

Walk with a diddy-bop, arm out the hard-top
Leaning like the eighties, Bs on the Mercedes
Piff lit, yelling out some shit to the ladies
Chrome three-eighty, too small to go on my hip
So I just keep it right next to my grip
I'm a B-Boy standing in my B-Boy stance
But I don't breakdance ever since 'One More Chance'
I'm a fly muh'fucker, I do it (BIG) like that Bed'-Stuy' muh'fucker
Coupe at the Rucker
M.O.P. blasting, yeah 'Blucka Blucka'
I don't throw it back, I'm just cool like that
White tee, white terrycloth, Fila hat
You know the goons is here
You'd think Flex started the car show a little bit early this year
Old Caprices totally gutted
Copped it from an old man, when I got it it was totally flooded
Now this one chick seen it and totally nutted
"Sh-Sh-Sh-Sheek.." that's what she stuttered, haha
I'm an H-double O-D-L-U-M
In the streets but still fly high like Jim
I do ten or, and a year and a day like Kim
Either way your chances of beating me are slim
I'm not him, please take precaution
Your boy Sheek pull that baby out like an abortion, let's go

Let's go
Two turntables and a mic, let's go
It ain't over till someone fight, let's go
Police come and ruin our night, let's go
Let's go, let's go

Go hoodlums, go thugs
Police thank everyone but men got drugs
Couple of revolvers, clips and some slugs
Sheek watch the news, I know if I'm going for a cruise
The stashbox got a fresh fuse
Apache on him, break beating, bringing it back
Bringing it back, bringing it back, bringing it back
Bringing it back, bringing it back, apache on him
Now its CDs, no vinyl
Sheek go back like the Jeffersons' first (Lionel)
They ask me to spit, I said sure
I had to think what the game missing now, straight up raw
I ain't no backpacker, I'm a clown smacker
A {?} weed-smoking nutcracker
I'm in the hood with bottles
with two hoodrats that could be models, if they lose some weight
But I'm good, a fat ass to me is straight
Old Levi's, five-oh-one, wash 'em one time, they done
Eff it, I got more in the trunk
Next to the Stan Smiths, next to the pump
You hear that bump when it's come on, the crowd jump
Drinks get spilled, the crowd get crunk
I'm back on it, I got straight hood music
Either way you put it, it's all good music, let's go