

D-block/dipset

Sheek Louch

Ayo back off the boat, unload the dope
Untie the rope, this is not soap
Get it out the water, complete my order
Get it down to florida, Sheek's so smarter
Before only count to ten like a kindergarder
I got no patience, I don't like waitin'
See my homey in the rear, say hello to Satan
I'm that blatant, y'all can keep hatin'
Cuz I'll take a bitch out without datin'
You know what I'm skilled in
Keep the guns and the coke in the trump buildin'
Keep the deers and the raccoon arround my children
Give'm fresh air, kinda mad but the school system best there
And I'm still a thug keep the white tee
Over the banana incase one of these gorillas bug
D-Block Dipset get ya shit plugged

D-Block (Styles P), Dipset Dipset (Jim Jones)
D-Block hawk work, heat cocked (Styles P), bang on a nigga (Jim Jones)
Big money, hotels, fast cars, mad women, liqor drinks' weed smoke (Styles P)
Hang on a nigga (Jim Jones)

On the way to Fifteenth as I speed up Eighth Y'all
High off the drug make me see it like Ray Charles
Night on the block blowin' weed with my shades on
Bang, stop fuckin', fuck you get ya ace on
Nah but they don't do it like we do
Pull up to the hood but the roof is all see through
So is my trial gettin' closa
Down in Miami puttin miles on the Rosta
Feds got mommy's child on the posta
But I ain't gon' snitch, not on my Cosa Nostra
I'm out on bail, but I'm livin' it up
Until the day I get nailed, I ain't givin' a fuck
You gotta find me guilty. New York's most wanted
Tearin' up the streets in a Porcshe gettin' blunted
In and out of court with my lawyer
Goons outside, somethin' sporty with a spoiler

Bout to wrap them things up all I need is some plastic
Got ya suit and tie ready, all you need is ya casket
Half a million off of dope and I'm still in the hood fella
Niggas respect me like uncle Paulie in Goodfellas
And whoever you get ya coke from I'm their supplier
Homey I watch the Wire, nigga you wear the wire
Hop out the ferrari spyda
Cock it back then put two in his Ed Hardy visor
It's mister Ruger nigga
I made my money off of crack spots and hood extortions
Fuck cars, I'm about to have a bullet auction
Goin' once, goin' twice
Sold to the nigga who think he tough cuz he hard cuz he on home parole

Yeah listen cocksuckers I got bullets for each of you
If nothin' else at least I know my dreams is reachable
People say I changed but I think I'm the same brother
DB 9 in the Vanquish is the same colour

Potato salad white, them haters gotta fight
The scrilla is on stash the weight is outta sight
Dope money to rap money, still on the same route
I ain't miss a game since T-Bo came out
Way under the radar, stay offroad
I'm on the side gettin' haze and the yay off slow
I'm the studio right now in playoff mode
Work till' you die, never take a day off yo
Yeah