

## Freestyle 4

Sheek Louch

Yeah Poobs

Kay

I never cared what I sold, you know what I sold but it's different now, I'm  
tryna blow 'cause I'm gettin' old (I'm tryna blow now)  
I need major sales, tried of the major skills  
Montega sales, feel 'em on my way to jail  
I need bigger money (need bigger money)  
I need L.A. or Jigga money so I could get a house on the river money (house  
on the river)  
I need Lyor or Jimmy (yuh)  
Tell the truth I go extra hard never got none of Diddy money (I ain't never  
get none of that)  
I got grindin' hard in New York city money (grindin')  
Been through a lot of shit  
So I call it shitty money, you a fan? then I want you to cop (cop)  
'Cause the label don't want me to drop (uh uh)  
Rather see a nigga pump on the block (shit)  
Nah I ain't 50 and them, they sell more but I spit a lot sicker then them (I  
'm sicker)  
I guess I need me a Dre or need me a Em (I need to know) to make me a monste  
r hit and get me some spins  
But shit I'ma grind like I know how (I know how)  
Came from the streets and did it for nuttin' but niggas said "flow Styles, c  
ome down like the rain  
Shine like the sun, (shine) blast like a gun anytime it's time to bring pain  
" (yea)  
I can't be touched like porcupine  
Ain't no crossin' mine  
'Less you dead ready for coffin time (you dead ready)  
And I could say that I'm the nicest right now, take out the top five, I coul  
d make a crisis right now (yuh)  
Shit, you oughta call me to ghost write  
Dog you just you and you ain't ready to ghost fight (you ain't ready)  
I'll raid these niggas (raid 'em)  
Ain't a fuckin' king, I ace of spade these niggas (spade 'em)  
Blade these niggas (yuh)  
Twelve gauge Mossberg, big ass tech and a hand fuckin' gun when I spray thes  
e niggas, blaow!

Yeahhhhh, spray these niggas (yeah)  
I bring the big guns out all day 'fore I pay these niggas (fuck outta here)  
Sheek keep one in the head (no doubt)  
Coupe in the lot, a ounce of weed, a bitch in the bed (ahh)  
And the Hawk still might not close (uh uh)  
From dried up blood, (hold that) take a picture but I might not pose  
I don't see nuttin' funny my dude (uh uh)  
Sorry if I'm rude but I'm thinkin' 'bout eatin' ya food (let's go)  
I'm half bake, half can crystal lake  
Ready to go Jason on Jake (ha ha)  
I got anger like J.J. father (damn)  
Wit the Barney milo revolver, (woo) nuts like Washington Carver (uh)  
You wan' fuck around wit me (yeah)  
Ice grill 'till I pull a nine out the dickie (yeah)  
Like two bitches do a lil licky, licky  
Hit you in the chest stop it from ticky, ticky (ha ha ha)

Sheek Louch nigga After Tax (After Taxes)  
Even when that drop I can't relax (nah)  
Then come the comp (and what?)  
Then come Hood (and what?)  
Then The Lox album  
Homie we good

Ha ha  
We good Poobs  
S.P  
The ghost nigga, Time Is Money  
After Taxes, bitch  
Ha ha  
Whadd up Jada  
J Hood whadddd up  
All my jails, all my group homes  
All my niggas on the block grindin' right now, man, y'all already know what  
it is, man, one