

## In Close Range

Sheek Louch

I heard a hatin' nigga runnin' his mouth again  
I wish the bitch nigga make up his mind  
He gon' clap when he see me, he gon' fuck me up  
I come through watch the nigga go blind  
I'm standin' right here nigga, what's up?  
Ain't shit changed  
You know the nine got a muzzle on it and I'm in close range  
Do somethin' nigga!

When you see em' you gon' fuck him up, you said that shit  
Then you seen 'em and ain't do shit, dead that shit  
'Sup with you nigga? Tryna' not to fuck with you niggas  
All I did since birth keep it a buck with you niggas  
If I offend you, fuck you nigga  
You ain't my man, I let it touch you nigga  
Rip up and cut you nigga  
You got birds that's in the goons and let 'em pluck you nigga  
You ain't about shit, that's why I duck you niggas  
If it's money to be made and we can split it, I'm with it  
But if it's only one sided just for you, forget it  
Like if I had to go to jail and I got a lot of mail at least one of them letters was from you  
Niggas'll turn they back on you and I ain't even locked up  
But we go back to the mixtapes with Clue  
Donnie, I got that chrome four-four  
Playin' Xbox with my foot on the door, fuck that

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Look, my man said they talkin' and they askin' 'bout me  
But ain't no facts about me  
But if they know you my mans then why they chattin' 'bout me?  
Funny shit and they know you ain't 'bout that action, homie  
They actin' phoney, that's why I carry this ratchet on me  
No jewels, got 'em shiverin' though  
Now everybody seen a drip but it ain't drizzlin' though  
Keep most of the work stashed, then get rid of the snow  
I still got some pills buried, I'm committed to dough  
I got an address to send the dope  
Nah, not a brick, I been sendin' smoke  
Tryna' catch this lick like an envelope  
I got more zips than a winter coat  
Really out here tryna' get the dope before they  
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Now I done heard a million times about how you gon' kill 'em  
But you ain't do shit when you seen 'em but ice grill 'em  
Corny niggas in his ear, buncha hype with him  
Type to catch a body in the booth, another Mike villain These niggas get shot and stabbed and turned realer  
Man, shut your little monkey ass's down around gorillas  
I get back to back bids in the yard with them killers  
Give 'em triple beam bars so the hustlers'll feel ya  
It's quiet when they peel ya, keep that muzzle on that handgun  
Smack a nigga up before I clap him, that's an and-one  
You heard Louch in the spot with the four-four  
I'm in the kitchen with the twenty-gauge cookin' up more

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Nigga talkin' like he 'bout that action but I ain't saw nothin'  
But you was all tough when you was pillow talkin' to that bird bitch we all fuckin'  
Now we dump the heaters, shoot three hundred meters, turn 'em to long-jumpers  
Hittin' the gate, tryna' dip and escape  
We from the same hood, you jealous of the shit in my safe  
You tellin' niggas how you gon' lay me down and take my jewelry off  
Mad 'cause I got the city lit and he wanna cool me off  
Guess it's fuck all the blunts that we burned together  
This nigga broke and he want what I earned  
Sayin' you gon' do this and that  
But you gon' make me put a dub on your neck and bet my young boys is gettin' that

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Fuck these niggas, Louch  
They can't touch you my nigga  
D-Block, bitch!