

Kiss Your Ass Goodbye

Sheek Louch

Hahahaha, y'all know what this is (D-BLOCK!)
Oh yeah, by the way...
THIS IS THE REMIX (WOOOO!)

You can kiss your ass goodbye (d-block, d-block, d-block, d-block)
La-da-da-da-da-daaaaa

Ay yo, the flow is here, the dough is here (yeah)
They gon' call this the hardest remix of the year (ha-ha)
The wrist is sickle, the 9 is nickled (damn)
The inside tan, the outer pickle (woooo!)
The dutch is rolled, the 'gnac is poured (iight)
You running your mouth, I'm getting you jawed (ow!)
I'm waving the blade; I'm telling you back up (back up!)
You empty your pockets, I'm picking your pack up (gimmie that)
You can act stupid if you wanna (uh-huh)
Like you don't know what block I'm in front of (I'm right here dog)
I'm out in New York or down in the south (no doubt)
I'm out in the trap with gold in my mouth (ha-ha)
They book me for the clubs and the hood (yeah)
When niggaz scared to go, but Sheek Louch good (D-BLOCK!)
It's loaded when I get out the car like... (la-da-da-da-da-daaaaa)

They say hate spread faster than love
So the Bentley is black, same color as the mask and the gloves
With me, I'm a send a bastard to bub
Before he get the police first and last to the gov
These dickhead niggaz, you shoot 'em and bleed come
Like two pussies they wet, just make it a three-some
They growing up quick, 'cause that'll buy your seed guns
Now they spreading magazines 'fore they can read one
My glass jar's had a hell of a re-run... (la-da-da-da-da-daaaaa)
As we proceed son, and I know
Every hood got a street fan if not they need one
I thinking short-range, give me a sport range
I wanna get warmer; I'm jumping in the sauna
Duck when I'm passing by
Put your head between your legs; kiss your ass goodbye (BLAAHHHHHH!)

You niggaz lost y'all game; I'm throwing the Roc down
Just to put y'all D, I'm back on the Block now (uhh)
Running your mouth, 'fore I shit all in it
All y'all ass, and I'm about to dig all in it (eww!)
I birthed you niggaz, I fed and I burped you niggaz (uh-huh)
Quick as that, I will Earth you niggaz
Clothed you niggaz, wiped the snot from the nose of you niggaz
What not to expose you niggaz
Fist, knife, or razor fight
I got a year and a day, still played it like they gave me life
Can't walk through the jail without shackles and two cops (uhh)
Throwing shit on the warden outta the food slot (uh-huh)
Got connections with pop, he boofin the weed plants (yeah)
Get my khakis washed and pressed for a few stamps
Respect in the jail, a check in the mail
I stay on the phone; I don't put collect on the bill (mwah, ha-ha)

Ay, you better know I'm going all-out, whatever the cost

So fuck whoever hating', I'm the king of the South
You gon' forever see me flossed, Spyder with the top off
Third gear I got lost to the million dollar law
J.G. the one who told the bitch to take your tops off
I'm a seven-figure nigga, paid the cost to be the boss
On the streets or behind the wall
Lift weights; get straight, 'til it's time to ball
Even if I never sell a million times at all
Dope boy trap niggaz, I'll grind for y'all
Pimp Squad, D-Block I'll ride for y'all
A-Town to Y.O, see the Chevy ride slow
With the light turned down and the beat down low
40-cal's and K's out the window
You better do like Lil' Jon told you "Get Low"
Cause you can cancel Christmas, when the chopper-missle hit you
I ain't waiting for permission; I'm a flip until it hits you