

Stand for Summtin

Sheek Louch

How you know that shit?
Where you grow that shit?
Whole verse didn't rhyme, how you flow that shit?
Fuck a gun, put it down, toe-to-toe that shit
Never fuck with the gorilla, make a note of it
I'm a Yonkers nigga, yeah, you know my team
I ain't just a lil' rapper, nigga, mainstream
Hit records and money, that's the main thing
Tryna' chill but my niggas let it bang-bang
Got bars like I just got outta Sing Sing
All D's are red fuck one of your thangs
I grew up in this, I blew up in this
Range Rover as a kid, I threw up in this
All kind of bud, thickest strain
Run everything in New York, nigga, pick a train
Sold dope to these fiends, nigga, pick a vein
'Lotta copy-cat rappers, all I see is Wayne

Came from bein' broke but I'm rich now
I can fuck another nigga bitch now
And it kinda smell like I'm the shit now
Stand up dyin' never sit down
Hundred flyin' in every week now
On the grind, I don't really get to sleep now
Paranoia got me ridin' with my piece now
Stand up dyin' never sit down

Yo, Donnie colorblind, all I see is green
Fuck them other niggas, I just rep my team
I just want that bag, more dope shit
Stay away from suckers, no hoe shit
Okay, okay, okay, okay
If I don't do another show, my kids'll be okay
My cases gettin' beat, my lawyers can free OJ
Big chromy on my hip, these niggas know I don't play
Different Louies on my feet now
Twenty years still hot with the heat now
Still chumps step up to get beat down
Turn the radio, nothin' I hear is street now
Yeah, you too soft for what you askin' for
I come through and write bitch on your casket door
Yeah, I got cake but I grind for more
Yeah, you ain't gon' shoot her, what you packin' for?

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