

Crazy

Sheek Louch

I'ma make the hits, y'all book the shows Aiiyo, bling bling, what's that? Sheek Louch is back
Ride, ride, you got my back? Where the heaters at?
12 gauge, tech nines, yo, where the hit 'em at?
D block, we got 'em going crazy, crazy Aiiyo, who's that looking through my window
Blow, y'all motherfuckers know my style
Any nigga looking and I'm Daffy Ducking his ass
Beat upside down, straight bucking his ass Louie bat to his head, roll a truck in his ass
Old man style, bust a bottle, cut 'em wit glass
Ywah, it can be who? Sheek, the MC
Spit hard, the MC, in the yard, the MC
I eat dictionaries and spit out little pieces of paper
That's why my vocabulary sick
Use big words like, suck-my-dick
You don't wanna play Louch without entering cheats I'm like Eddie Kane nigga from the Five
Heart Beats
Coke thicker than ya motherfucking cream of wheats
Paper too small nowadays, I write on sheets
And I done made so many hits, I'm about to cop cleats Aiiyo, bling bling, what's that? Sheek
Louch is back
Ride, ride, you got my back? Where the heaters at?
12 gauge, tech nines, yo, where the hit 'em at?
D block, we got 'em going crazy, crazy Without baking soda, still keep the arm and hammer
D block flag waving on the rangest tanner
In our jungle, all gorillas keep a banana
Spraying dumb, yo heat is old as nana
Listen, if you wit us no time for bailing
Sheek Louch, D-block, stop Rose like Jalen
No bull, nickel plate catch me pailing
Scoop big niggaz, put 'em through half the sailing Yeah, I don't care if I sell or not
The boy is hot, that be wit a oven glove
Fuck mainstream, keep me wit gangsta love
Street shit, Sheek shit, bring life to tug Ha ha, I'm like new but I been here though
Just low, I ain't drop and y'all wanting a show
Book it, let the hood in and let me rock
Bring the hardest niggaz from ya block, what up Aiiyo, bling bling, what's that? Sheek Louch is
back
Ride, ride, you got my back? Where the heaters at?
12 gauge, tech nines, yo, where the hit 'em at?
D block, we got 'em going crazy, crazy I got [unverified] signs, fuck dog, beware the owner
Step out, shopping boxes, Lemon Corona
Scratching my ass, hoping that the kids trespass
One of 'em Vietnam niggaz, my stitch wit hair triggers I'm hot like, 'bout to start breaking you up

I feel the earth's a little baller, niggaz shaking me up
I'm 'bout to dig inside ya pockets, start caking me up
I get coke before, I ever be outside wit a cup And yo what, that's right, the God sick wit it
Maybe before but right now the kid Louch forget it
I'm the best out right now, spread the news
I could write a book, Louch the new Langston Hughes Yellow Playboy nigga, stin Pepe Lepues
I don't just clap, Sheek'll make the 4 go off
Espionage and all that, like [unverified]
Hit the block and make the O's go off, ow

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