

# Don't Mean Nuthin'

Sheek Louch

A'yo four shots let off, black truck sped off  
Big shit, tryna take a motherfuckin head off

A'yo hold up man, let me take why'all back to the beginning  
Let why'all know what happend that night, listen  
I don't even know these niggaz hangin in front  
Usually we woulda been asked them what do they want  
What they came here for, this is 354  
What you tryna get some gas or some shit from the store  
But nobody asked these motherfuckers what do they want  
It was bitin, mad traffic, the first of the month  
It was me, Chep, Bizzy and Hit  
B.G. and Lickalone and yeah I think Earth was there and shit  
And a few other niggaz in and out of the buildin  
Tryin to catch every sell but not to children  
Got a sixty of that yack in the store in the back  
Chep about to go home and get more of his pack  
Jake ain't fuckin wit us, what's the miracle  
Niggaz moms ex heads now turn spiritual  
want to preach to us talk about Christ  
And how fuck sand, how he could bring the beach to us  
That's when I noticed niggaz still outside  
Hoody on with some shades like they tryna hide  
So I cocked the hammer then I walked to 'em  
No beef, just a friendly little talk to 'em  
Listen

Sheek: Here we go, yo whaddup money?

Guy: Yo whaddup

S: What why'all niggaz waitin for somebody or somethin?

G: Yeah, why?

S: Nah nah, I'm sayin why'all niggaz got on big hoodies and shit  
Yaknahmean? It's my block out here daddy

I don't need blood on this shit and all that

G: It's all love, it's all good

S: Aight, just checkin dog

A'yo, turns out these niggaz is not from here  
And they got blood on they hands while they drinkin a beer  
They just robbed Dread and them niggaz spot  
I told 'em they gotta get up out of here, they makin it hot  
That's when four shots let off, a black truck sped off  
Big shit, tryna take a motherfuckin head off  
Bombaclot, no man rob me spot, everybody here feelin me glock  
They done put us in a mix now we gotta go to war with  
Dread and them niggaz cause they think we wit these dicks  
Shots goin everywhere, everybody clappin but them niggaz that was standin th  
ere  
They fuckin disappeared  
I cut one yardy underneath his fuckin beard  
Still clappin, got everybody runnin scared  
They ain't backin down and we ain't bitchin  
Niggaz comin out the house with the hitchelin under the michelin  
Throwin back a clip or two  
You would think we went to war with Colin Powells crew  
Police comin now but we don't give a fuck  
Rhas' tryna grab all his niggaz in the truck

That's what I get for lettin niggaz blend in  
And they ain't really wit us, niggaz really tryna get us  
I keep my glock not givin a fuck  
But the bullshit is we still gotta watch for that truck

Yaknahmean, why'all niggaz remember that night dog?  
Only B.G. had his gun on him man, word up  
Styles P had his gun on him  
Besides that niggaz was fuckin naked man  
why'all niggaz didn't stop it man  
Niggaz had the drop on us kid  
If homeboy didn't come through, if he didn't come through  
and silence those guns dog, we woulda been sick  
Check it out though, I know them faggot ass niggaz kid  
You know what the fuck I'm talkin about  
Niggaz just bought them shits, that's why we had all them hammers  
Besides that man, word up man, no wing niggaz around us dog  
If you ain't a motherfuckin friend of mine or friend of ours, you gotta go  
Niggaz is grimey man, it's D-Block for real man  
You think these niggaz don't want what we got?  
Fuck yeah they want it  
That shit we be rappin about  
All that shit we be fuckin drivin around, these niggaz is hungry man  
I got somethin for that belly though