

I Ain't Forget

Sheek Louch

Yo you gotta hear the sixteen I just laid B.G.
Oh word, that shit a hit, that shit sound crazy
Yo check the phone man, the phone was ringin before
Yo this the Ghost right here my nigga
Damn I missed my nigga call, check my messages
Yeah this P
To erase this message press seven, to save it press nine
Styles: Pick up ya goddamn phone man, I keep tryin to call you
Jesus Christ boy, one

Yeah, D-Block
Styles P you wit me dog?
Hell yeah, let's get 'em, let's go

You get smacked with the hammer nigga play your position
'fore ruger more done set it and you stay in in position

Nigga I'll hawk your ass, want to fit in my shoes
And you cowards can't walk my path

I don't know nobody fuckin wit us
I ain't Gerome Bettis but if I hit you it's gon feel like the bus

And you couldn't live this life and play this role
Like never part with your gun and stay this cold

Yo we in the streets where it's nothin but love
I'm them leather shits, you the Michael Jackson glove

I'm in the hood cause I'm dedicated
If I was you I woulda never made it
I'm Holiday so I'm celebrated

We don't reminisce bitch ass, remember that
Styles verse is the only thing gon bring it back

Tell the ghetto show discipline
I said Sheek gun Puerto Rican, bullets stay whistlin

Sheek and SP in and out, all for the streets
Turn the bass up and try not to fuck up your seats
Rock that shit, every corner, knock that shit
Niggaz try to front on us, cock that shit

I guess I'm gettin older
Cause everybody that I thought was hot go inside the garbage folder

And nigga I'm from D-Block, I'm on 3-5-4
I keep my heat cock, and my blunt lit

The mack out, take a piece of your back out
Raise it to your cheek nigga, dare you to speak

Shit I got plenty guns
And thugs that'll give a nigga a hug and say they stab anyone

You ain't never seen a nigga jaw hangin from his face

Sausage shaped red shit hangin from his waist

Nigga I'm well connected

By the time you hear this I'll be in jail but I probly got two cells
connected

Yack in one hand, the other the lizm

And If I push you down and wet you it's not baptism

(SP)

Bitch this is mafia

It won't stop til they put you in the dirt with the flowers on top of ya

Sheek goin broke is not in the plans

I could sell gloves to a nigga with no hands

A lot of niggaz screamin they wolf, but I'm feelin they sheep

I won't be happy til the niggaz asleep

I'll punch a niggaz nose in, duckin and bustin

Cuttin and cussin, hold that you bitch ass nigga

And I could make the best die

Cut your throat open, pull your tongue through it

That's a fuckin neck tie

We turn bitch niggaz skin maroon

Pump turn niggaz voices like they hit a helium balloon

If Christ is comin it oughta be now, I swear to God

Cause all why'all faggot niggaz die according to Styles

What nigga you could get it for free

Put your money up, ain't nobody fuckin wit Louch and P

Yeah nigga that's what's up

D-Block til the death motherfucker so our gats is up