

# Ten Hut

Sheek Louch

Imma make the hits  
why'all book the shows

Aiyyo  
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

Aiyyo, who's that looking through my window  
Blaaaow, why'all muh'fuckas 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  
Yeeeeeah!, 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 vobulary sick  
Use big words like, suck-my-dick  
You don't want to play Louch, wit out entering cheats  
I'm like Eddie Kane nigga from the Five Heart Beats  
Coke thicker than ya muh'fucking cream of wheats  
Paper too small nowadays, I write on sheets  
And I done made so many hits, I'm about to cop cleats

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, nickle 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 gangstah love  
Street shit, Sheek shit, bring life to tug  
Ha ha, I'm like new, but I been here tho  
Just low, I ain't drop and why'all wanting a show  
Book it, let the hood in and let me rock  
Bring the hardest niggaz from ya block, what up!

I got ? signs, fuck dog, beware the owner  
Step out, shopping boxes, Lemon Coronna  
Scratching my ass, hoping that the kids tresspass  
One of 'em vietnam niggaz, my stitch wit hair triggers  
I'm hot like, bout to start breaking you up  
I feel the earths 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  
May be 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 Play Boy nigga, stin Pepe Lepues  
I don't just clap, Sheek'll make the 4 go off

Espionage and all that, like ?  
Hit the block and make the o's go off, oow!