

# Mighty D-block (2 Guns Up)

## Sheek Louch

Yeah, D Block, Green Lantern blast that  
Everywhere we go, people wanna know  
Who we are, so we tell them  
This is D Block, mighty mighty D Block  
Everywhere we go, people wanna know  
Who we are, so we tell them  
This is D Block, mighty mighty D Block  
Everywhere we go  
D Block you bitch ass niggaz  
Yo, it'll revolve, when I'm mad he's cool  
Knife game like Daddy Kool's, since Valley Shoes  
This is real life street shit, truest and the deepest  
Known niggaz that go to jail just to get they teeth fixed  
Think I give a fuck what you heard 'em say?  
When I got the nigga that you trying to be watchin' my wordplay  
Now everybody wanna be 'Pac  
Till they ass really get popped and they die on the third day  
The Des'y got a beautiful ring  
I can hit any one of y'all, options a beautiful thing  
Body is finished, maybe then can save the tooth  
Call me Kiss or call me the Black Babe Ruth  
That many hits, fuck that, that mean he bricks  
D Block that many niggaz' gats to your lips  
My dope is two toned, but I had to change my spot  
'Cuz it turned into a drug free school zone, let's go  
They ain't D.A. I'm top five, dead or alive  
And that's just off one LP  
Word up Sheek Louch up in your motherfuckin' chest  
Walk witt me, Green Lantern  
Jae Hood  
Two guns up  
All I know is bitches and money, grams and guns  
Here's why they call me the Ghost  
Yo, I don't give a fuck about pull out cockbacks  
Spin a muthahfucker out, empty his chest  
Leave your muthafucker whip a mess  
All over the dashboard, in backseat pieces of flesh  
Send niggaz to the grave wit they face half gone  
Stomach ripped open, the beef back on

That nigga Sheek rude, I'll spit in your food  
Tell the women in ya family to suck my dick  
No respect, fuck that I'll murder you quick  
Mad weapons in your trunk bitch take your pick  
Stick a gernade up under your fender  
Stick a pineapple bomb in ya blender, I don't care about you  
You say fuck Sheek Louch? Well fuck you too  
Your father, your mother, the hole you came through  
Niggaz don't learn till they're carasined out  
Lighter to their face they'll spit gasonline out  
You want me dead, I'm right here do it bitch  
Make me bleed till I'm motherfucking fluidless  
I ain't new at this and don't give a fuck about you  
Sheek'll run up and smack the shit out you  
I live this shit, it's never gon stop  
Open niggaz face wit a octopus top  
Face all ripped up, catch me on the block  
Shells all loaded up, catch me wit the glock  
Pussy muthafuckers don't want no beef  
Trip niggaz down to their platinum teeth  
Chase you in the house with the all black heat  
Leave you just boxers and slippers on your feet  
I talk reckless, I really want the coke and the money  
But I'll settle for your necklace, D Block, two guns up  
Everywhere we go, people wanna know  
Who we are, so we tell them  
This is D Block, mighty, mighty D Block  
D Block, two guns up  
Call up hood, hit up ya hood  
Yo dude skip up street  
I grew up as a young dude, chillin' wit them old cats  
Couldn't cop crack so I had to slang Prozac  
Fuck being broke, I'm tryin' to cop a tan four  
Trap you up like niggaz get pussy in The Sopranos  
You really want beef? I'm bustin' the tech  
I'll hit you up in the park while you're doin' your sets  
It's D Block, yeah, yeah, y'all  
You can't get no streeter nigga  
I'm nice wit the hands but I'm better wit the heater  
Old school style stash haze in my sock  
I'll bust at you and turn your Ac' Jeep to a drop  
You niggaz talkin' like y'all can't get stuck up  
I ain't an icon but y'all will still get fucked up  
As we continue on, your hood you finish  
Write a suicide note and get a window on

Nigga that's the type of shit we on  
Redrum, Redrum spin it back like a Missy song  
Take a cold heart to twist your mom  
But it's wintertime, shotty under the snorkle  
Will flip when it's dinner time  
Strange days without Angela Bassett  
Middle of the hood niggaz handlin' plastic  
Gotta watch ya head and not get popped with lead  
And watch ya bread, not get popped by Feds  
Anywhere we gon be in the hood  
Wit the burners and the hawks nigga being the hood, watup  
Everywhere we go, people wanna know  
Who we are, so we tell them  
This is D Block, mighty, mighty D Block

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