

# Don't Mean Nuthin'

## Sheek Louch

Yeah  
Uh Huh, D Block  
D Block, You with me Louch?  
You know it my nigga  
Yeah I know  
Yeah  
You know why we do this right?  
Why's that dog?  
Make these niggaz feel us all the time, everytime  
Walk wit' us  
Are we the best or what?  
Who the fuck else  
Yo, we do nothin', we are nothin'  
I ain't pullin' my blade if I won't scar nothin'  
I ain't pullin' my gun if I won't shoot shit, that's useless  
I'll kill ya whole family, that's ruthless, you could die nigga  
I ain't droppin a tear, I ain't thinkin twice nigga, you ain't my nigga  
I don't smoke with you, drink with you, eat with you  
I got a problem with you, I'mma let the heat whistle  
This is real shit, nigga I peel shit  
I'm harder than concrete and steel mixed  
I wanna kill niggaz  
You think it's part of the verse, it's part of the curse  
And I don't really feel niggaz  
They say stop the violence, but I gotta join in it  
I'm in the hooptie with 3 Ki's a boy in it  
This is pay day, fuck what they say  
D Block, grab your handguns and A-K's  
Bang that shit off, clap that kid up  
Stomp that kid out, don't let him get up  
Any block frontin', gon' wet that shit up  
It don't mean nuthin' to me, to me  
Bang that shit off, clap that kid up  
Stomp that kid out, don't let him get up  
Any block frontin', gon' wet that shit up  
It don't mean nothin' to me, to me  
Ayo, ayo, yo it's the baby faced gangster, product of my enviornment  
Hoodied up, stickin' your grandfather for his retirement  
Talkin' super hard when I know that you bitch-made

Stab ya ass in the espohigus with a switchblade  
Take it out and straight saw off your ribcage  
Pour gasoline on the matress where your kids lay  
J Hood, D Block, respect the name and the click  
Whoever ain't feelin' this song could suck my dick  
Garbage bag around your brother head, smother him out  
To make sure he don't survive, nigga, I'm snubbin' him out  
Make you drink a bottle of Chlorox, hit you with four shots  
They can't determine the 'cause of your death in your autops'  
You scared? Don't come outside, the streets is serious  
My ribs touchin', I'm starvin', trigger happy, and furious  
We could do it whenever, wherever, nigga set a date  
Remember to ask the doc if he could replace your face  
Bang that shit off, clap that kid up  
Stomp that kid out, don't let him get up  
Any block frontin', gon' wet that shit up  
It don't mean nothin' to me, to me  
Bang that shit off, clap that kid up  
Stomp that kid out, don't let him get up  
Any block frontin', gon' wet that shit up  
It don't mean nothin' to me, to me  
Ayo, kill one of mine, I'mma kill one of yours  
It ain't bitin' for base, but they still want it raw  
Y'all niggaz think y'all do dirt, we do it more  
My man turned 14 shirts into a store  
Now you could get it from us, we got enough of it  
The dead president dope Chris Tucker was fuckin' with  
There's 2 things, ether the jail or the cemetary  
Hammers and the Hawks is on the itinorary  
Anywhere, any block, clap any iron  
And beat niggaz 'til you can't identify 'em  
D Block my nigga  
To the niggaz on cure perscription and Ki-lock my nigga  
What, it don't mean nuthin'  
And you got the rights to bang a nigga wherever you want if he frontin'  
We done starved together and burned some scroller  
Now we doin' it again, it's your turn gorilla  
Bang that shit off, clap that kid up  
Stomp that kid out, don't let him get up  
Any block frontin', gon' wet that shit up  
It don't mean nuthin' to me, to me  
Bang that shit off, clap that kid up  
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It don't mean nuthin' to me, to me

Uh, you want it with who?  
You can't be talkin' to Louch or none of his crew  
We poppin' you quick, put big knives in you, bitch, get off our dick  
White Air's and white T's get filthy quick  
And we ain't caught in' or sneezin', but the camp is sick  
Uh, stop frontin', y'all don't wanna pull triggers  
Lifetime, sex In the city ass niggaz  
Spit it for the hood and the gritty ass niggaz  
Put big scars on the pretty ass niggaz  
I'll pull up wit' a hooptie at a black tie affair  
And smack the fuck out a boozie nigga like a bear  
Crime don't pay, who the fuck said that?  
How much you think I'm gettin' for his chain, where my gat?  
Nigga act up, I'll let it rip in his back  
You know who it is from coast to coast  
Thug niggaz keep clappin' ya toast, what up?  
Bang that shit off, clap that kid up  
Stomp that kid out, don't let him get up  
Any block frontin', gon' wet that shit up  
It don't mean nuthin' to me, to me  
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