

# I Ain't Forget

[Sheek Louch](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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(Sheek Louch)  
You get smacked with the hammer nigga play your position  
'fore ruger more done set it and you stay in in position(Styles P)  
Nigga I'll hawk your ass, want to fit in my shoes  
And you cowards can't walk my path(SL)  
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(SP)  
And you couldn't live this life and play this role  
Like never part with your gun and stay this cold(SL)  
Yo we in the streets where it's nothin but love  
I'm them leather shits, you the Michael Jackson glove(SP)  
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(SL)  
We don't reminisce bitch ass, remember that  
Styles verse is the only thing gon bring it back(SP)  
Tell the ghetto show discipline  
I said Sheek gun Puerto Rican, bullets stay whistlin(Chorus x2)  
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(SL)

I guess I'm gettin older  
Cause everybody that I thought was hot go inside the garbage folder(SP)  
And nigga I'm from D-Block, I'm on 3-5-4  
I keep my heat cock, and my blunt lit(SL)  
The mack out, take a piece of your back out  
Raise it to your cheek nigga, dare you to speak(SP)  
Shit I got plenty guns  
And thugs that'll give a nigga a hug and say they stab anyone(SL)  
You ain't never seen a nigga jaw hangin from his face  
Sausage shaped red shit hangin from his waist(SP)  
Nigga I'm well connected  
By the time you hear this I'll be in jail but I probly got two cells  
connected(SL)  
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(Chorus)  
(SL)  
Sheek goin broke is not in the plans  
I could sell gloves to a nigga with no hands(SP)  
A lot of niggaz screamin they wolf, but I'm feelin they sheep  
I won't be happy til the niggaz asleep(SL)  
I'll punch a niggaz nose in, duckin and bustin  
Cuttin and cussin, hold that you bitch ass nigga(SP)  
And I could make the best die  
Cut your throat open, pull your tongue through it  
That's a fuckin neck tie(SL)  
We turn bitch niggaz skin maroon  
Pump turn niggaz voices like they hit a helium balloon(SP)  
If Christ is comin it oughta be now, I swear to God  
Cause all why'all faggot niggaz die according to Styles(SL)  
What nigga you could get it for free  
Put your money up, ain't nobody fuckin wit Louch and P(SP)  
Yeah nigga that's what's up  
D-Block til the death motherfucker so our gats is up(Chorus)

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