

# One Name

## Sheek Louch

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

One Name - Sheek Louch Genre/Lang.: Hip-Hop (Feat. Carl Thomas) Roc drop that baby  
Rocwilder on the track ladies and gentlemen  
No doubt  
Aiiyo Carl Thomas, help me out dog...  
{ \*Carl harmonizes\* }  
I mean, this is for the grown and sexy right?  
(For the grown and sexy)  
That's what they say [Sheek Louch]  
Hey yo, let's walk baby, and talk baby  
You know where I'm from (New York baby)  
You look good enough to put you on a fork baby  
You got them other chicks outlined in chalk baby  
Uhh - you killin' 'em  
Wit'cha Chanel shades and ya 'Licia Keys brais, I'm feelin' 'em  
(Okay) Blow with me, flow with me  
I wan' take you to a show with me  
I wan' cool out in the crib with a lil' sticky  
I wan' see how you look in a lil' Vicky  
Ha ha, you sexy baby, stomach tight  
Ass right, nice heighth  
Damn baby bless yo' momma  
Any girl scratch yo' face it will be drama  
Comma, I'm just jokin  
But your body kinda got me open - damn! [Chorus: Carl Thomas]  
Girl your spiritual, and your physical  
Got my open soul, so emotional  
I was thinkin - one house, two cars, one name  
Glad I'm not a lame, and this is not a game  
So why not do it now, and why not show you how  
Baby I was thinkin - one house, two cars, one name [Sheek Louch]  
Sheek Def Poetry, incent burnin  
Hat low, GT, listenin to Floetry

Sendin notes, see if shorty wanna go with me  
Check yes if she wanna be my girl  
Then to the wife, welcome to the life  
Big trips, Louis bags, welcome to the ice (bling)  
Rock big enough to make Trump look twice  
Nice - holla at your boy  
We can fly to Cali to pick out your toy  
But make sure it's big enough for a girl and boy  
But no rush, we got time to crush  
And get to know each other 'fore I bust[Chorus][Sheek Louch]  
Aiyyo, I wanna stretch you baby, sex you baby  
I ain't that what sit around and text you baby  
But I will pull over, jump out the Rover  
Hug you like I miss you, kiss you all over  
And I'm too grown not to keep this real  
And I ain't hardcore enough to hide the way I feel  
All you gotta do is hold on tight  
Put your feet up, sit back, enjoy the night  
I got you[Chorus]{\*Carl Thomas ad libs to end\*}

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