

# Walk Witt Me (Feat. Stephanie Lynn)

## Sheek Louch

[Intro (talking)]

Whoo! Haha, yeah!

Uh, this is how I put it down on the M-I

Can I, talk to why'all niggaz for a second

Feel me, ya know I mean?

I want why'all niggaz to get why'all Coronas, yeah

Get why'all muh'fuckin dutches, light why'all muh'fuckin haze up

Grab why'all yak ya know I'm sayin

Get some Courvoisier and all that, some cranberry

Matter fact take that shit straight cause I need niggaz to feel me on this

Ya know what I mean?

Listen, listen[Verse One]

Yo, I don't think you understand what I mean

When I aks you to Walk Witt Me, I got the hawk wit me

No talk wit me, in the yard wit my dickies (whoo!)

Young but I remind you of somebody in the sixties

I knew it was on when our God was shown

But I was caught up in the mix of some glittery shit

A.T. him and Mase makin' mils wit it (damn!), I ain't mad

But that shit wasn't me (nah), had to get up off that

Jewelry and Cristal, couldn't talk that

They my niggaz though, I ain't mad, I ain't hatin'

To this day him and Busta got the best show (word up)

Ya know I'm sayin' yo fuck yo yo yo, yo feel me though

Back wit my niggaz, Double are

Before X blew it up, before Eve was a star

We are the streets, they couldn't wait for it

Interscope couldn't wait to get a plate for it

Grammy night, couldn't wait to get a date for it

Not, we sold over gold

Finally reached platinum status and near that is

Still in the hood, still tryin' to learn the biz

Jadakiss dropped a solo they lovin' his voice

I'm lovin' his shit but the hood thought it was moist

Styles P dropped Gangsta and a Gentleman

Hard, no need to speak but the promotion was weak

Sheek never had solo plans

Till I dropped a freestyle in the studio with some a my mans

Lobson tweaked that, Mario leaked that

Your shit hot you could bring the muhfuckin streets back  
 Nah, I dunno I'm just tryin' get a label  
 Sit behind the desk you know, watch a lil' cable  
 Put my lil' man out, throw a few grand out  
 Get into some pop music, put a rock band out  
 Got wit my nigga K, cool and Whop  
 Green Lantern had my shit on the block (Hold me down)  
 Killed it in Flex now these labels tryin' to jump on our cock  
 If we could get Sheek album we'll sign D-Block  
 P and Kiss was like fuck that we gettin' you off  
 We up in there, the rest of these labels is soft  
 Mario had a meetin' or two  
 Brought us to the you-N-I-V-E-are-S-A-L, what up Sue?  
 why'all aks for it now I hit you in the head  
 I will sleep in my bed you don't woke the dead  
 Feel me you keep truttin' I'm a hit you wit the lead  
 And leave your whole shit flatter than the first broke head  
 Thanks to why'all niggaz it couldn't be  
 Without Envy, Whoo Kid, cool Kid and Ron G  
 My nigga Enuff, S&S, Capone  
 Chubby Chub, Sight for Sound and it's on[Outro (talking)]  
 Wordup this street shit right here mayn  
 Ya know I mean?  
 I love why'all niggaz dawg  
 why'all made a lot of shit possible  
 I gave why'all the heat, why'all distributed the shit  
 why'all bumped that shit, why'all had faith in this shit  
 That's why I love why'all shit  
 Whatever why'all need I got why'all niggaz dawg  
 D-Block. That's street promotion right there man  
 Na mean? Real respect real, hood respect hood  
 Gangsta respect gangsta, gangsta got no love for pussy  
 Yeah, Vinnie Idol, ha ha, Vinnie  
 This shit is knockin daddy, yo da next one  
 It's on. Yeah, D-Block!  
 I love why'all niggaz. One  
 Whoo!

Songwriters

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