

# Run Up

## Sheek Louch

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

This beat is to be used, violently - weapons not included(Sheek Louch)  
Double platinum never; still on the grind though  
Playin my position, watchin behind though  
D-Block'd out, must I remind yo  
Benjamins walk with me, two guns y'all can see  
Money pile, wild out, nigga who want what  
Every year it's somethin new for you to shake your butt  
Get on yo' strut, you feelin me soldier?  
Ten hun (ten hut) ten years strong, the record is long  
Coulda been a lil' richer if I rocked a thong  
Anyway; the Coupe is gray  
Sheek startin to get hot in the hood like the month of May  
My dog tags tangle, white tee on  
Paul Wall bottoms, big Jacob bangle  
One dutch of evil and piney  
Matter fact, gimme some 'gnac and I'ma chase that with a Heine'  
And make sure you pour some for my thugs behind me (yeah)(Chorus 2X: Styles)  
Hustle 'til the sun up (run up)  
Keep comin 'til you come up (run up)  
E'rybody keep your gun up (run up, run up, run up, run up, run up)(Styles)  
Run up you gon' die like the beeper call  
Dawg this is Styles, I ain't Nas but I "Ether" y'all  
You should hide when you see that ride creep along  
Cause it's on when the doors open - shut his lights out  
He got his mans, but I'm fuckin get 'em all coffins  
Lil' niggaz is now mine they swallow the barrel find it  
Bet that'll open 'em up (I bet)  
And they all act tough, 'til you pokin 'em up  
Nigga - run up like you came for a marathon  
Body's in the suitcase, head's in the carry-on (ha ha)  
You food to a real nigga, rude with the steel nigga  
Give a fuck; you shoulda chilled nigga (you shoulda chilled)

All I know is puttin in work  
Get the new M-5, nigga put in the work  
Crack a vanilla dutch, nigga put in the earth  
Run up I keep the gun up, get put in the earth - what?(Chorus)(Sheek Louch)  
M-6 revvin, all black on the cell phone  
And all that like I'm talkin to Devon (Knight Rider)  
Shorty wanna hang out of the car (uh-huh)  
Yellin out money ain't a thang, holdin up a mayonnaise jar  
of that stick-ickalous, ridiculous  
Comin down Harlem, foggin up the whole St. Nickalous (yeah)  
Red monkees on them pretty things  
Wipin off ash, showin Scado my Diddy things  
Pay attention (yeah) gon' miss if I squench in  
Just us bein there is causin tension  
No beef, no wreath nece', it get real messy  
Pull a rifle on you boys like Uncle Jesse  
I'm Sheek baby girl, one third of the LOX  
Put you in the mink and out of the fox  
Added a Honda into the box  
Earring holes is stretched from the size of the rocks  
Let's go(Chorus)

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