

I Ain't Forget

Sheek Louch

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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