Ok

[Sheek Louch](#)

This song is for you, not for anyone else but you
It's your own special song, I wrote it for you
Just for you, only for you
[Sheek Louch]I see why'all niggaz want to ride my dick, whatever
Don't put your hands up on me, Sheek'll come out the leather
Put the hammer to your hatin mouth, nail it shut
Get off my dick and get you some butt, try and nut
Cause this nut is macadamian, keep the mack and I'm Damian
This game you don't want to play me in
Niggaz need somethin to do, you ain't gon ride or clap nothin
Might as well hate from the side, not that ain't good
Bitch I'll push your motherfuckin cap back like you popped open the hood
Flesh burner like somebodykeep puttin in wood
Don't add nothin, don't count nothin unless it's yours
Let me see, he done been on atleast three tours
Bad cars, he atleast get thirty for bars
See that's the problem motherfuckers don't know
But they think that they know what you do and what you don't
Where you live, what it cost, what you gettin for a show

Who your girl, where she from, what you buyin for that ho
So at that I tell you mind your biz
Punch out, take the bus home and mind your kids
Before ya kids be pumpin my work, bitch doin the jerk
Get down and throw sperm on her shirt
Can't be him, he ain't supposed to shine like that
Back with BadBoy that nigga ain't rhyme like that
Damn he hot, you sure? That if you think I'm jiggy nigga
Key to life, Puff, used to be with Biggie nigga
Yeah, S-H-E-E-K L-O-you-see-H be -E sick in the H-E-A-D
I worry when why'all stop hatin, it's a problem, waitin
When I'm back to drinkin old beers like Walter Patin
Easy wider, mouth web like a fuckin spider
Haha, why'all niggaz sweeter than apple cider
I pull a all nighter, pumpin the fifth
Weed and a spliff, nigga it's the curse and the gift
The fuck, yo engineer do me a favor
Come in here for a minute, please
(Hey Sheek is everything ok in there?)

Nigga, who told you to stop the beat?
Get ya ass in there and turn another beat on