

# 45 Minutes to Broadway

## Sheek Louch

Oh, oh, we gon' do it like, oh, oh, we gon' do it like, oh, oh  
We gon' do it like, oh, oh, we gon' do it like Sheek usually white tee thugging, blue steel hugging  
See me with a chick, most likely be fucking  
Neighbors too nosy, chain all rosy  
Fresh white airs, one squirt of dolceCoupe all kitted, wrist all glitted  
You would think I'm hot in how low I wear my fitted  
Dutch already twisted, 'gnac all poured  
'Bout to hit the hood and find me a nasty broad I like 'em with some weight, at least around eight  
They don't gotta be a 10 long as they can bring a friend  
Come on, pile in, let your hair out  
Reach into that little mini-bar and pull a beer out Loose, there's cranberry if you need it for the gray goose  
By now I got my pants around my ankles  
Ooh, come here mama, let me thug you out  
Let me whisper something to you that'll bug you out 45 minutes to Broadway  
I can be downtown, I'm only 5 minutes from the boogie down  
45 minutes to Broadway  
We can come back up to Y.O. where I blow your back up 45 minutes to Broadway  
We can get drunk ma, and hang out right in the sports bar  
45 minutes to Broadway  
Or you can fly to New York bitch, the home of this D-block playa She like take it off  
Do you mind if I take a picture of you and send it up north?  
My homey in his cell and all he got is black tail  
He need a polaroid so he can let 'em know it's real And you ain't gotta stay indoors  
I got a house key for doing the choors  
Chef in the mornin, mines scrambled baby, how you want yours?  
I take 'em to the hood, send 'em to the store Introduce 'em to my homies, Sheek so raw  
It's all fair game, I come back with four more  
Don't be scared ma you heard a lot about D-block, right?  
Well, you here ma, let's go 45 minutes to Broadway  
I can be downtown, I'm only 5 minutes from the boogie down  
45 minutes to Broadway  
We can come back up to Y.O. where I blow your back up 45 minutes to Broadway  
We can get drunk ma, and hang out right in the sports bar  
45 minutes to Broadway  
Or you can fly to New York bitch, the home of this D-block playa I don't wanna talk about it  
You keep telling me your house is crowded  
What you wanna move in? I doubt it  
I'll let you sleep over, use the robe and go get you an outfit I like my freedom baby, I already got a baby  
I lay my game down flat soon as I meet a lady

We can do it up, I don't care if you married  
Divorced with kids, I don't give a fuck45 minutes to Broadway  
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Songwriters

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