For You

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

I see y'all niggaz wanna 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 wanna 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-U-C-H B-E sick in the H-E-A-D I worry when y'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, y'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