

In Close Range

Sheek Louch

I heard a hatin' nigga runnin' his mouth again
I wish the bitch nigga make up his mind
He gon' clap when he see me, he gon' fuck me up
I come through watch the nigga go blind
I'm standin' right here nigga, what's up?
Ain't shit changed
You know the nine got a muzzle on it and I'm in close range
Do somethin' nigga!

When you see em' you gon' fuck him up, you said that shit
Then you seen 'em and ain't do shit, dead that shit
'Sup with you nigga? Tryna' not to fuck with you niggas
All I did since birth keep it a buck with you niggas
If I offend you, fuck you nigga
You ain't my man, I let it touch you nigga
Rip up and cut you nigga
You got birds that's in the goons and let 'em pluck you nigga
You ain't about shit, that's why I duck you niggas
If it's money to be made and we can split it, I'm with it
But if it's only one sided just for you, forget it
Like if I had to go to jail and I got a lot of mail at least one of them letters was from you
Niggas'll turn they back on you and I ain't even locked up
But we go back to the mixtapes with Clue
Donnie, I got that chrome four-four
Playin' Xbox with my foot on the door, fuck that

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Look, my man said they talkin' and they askin' 'bout me
But ain't no facts about me
But if they know you my mans then why they chattin' 'bout me?
Funny shit and they know you ain't 'bout that action, homie
They actin' phoney, that's why I carry this ratchet on me
No jewels, got 'em shiverin' though
Now everybody seen a drip but it ain't drizzlin' though
Keep most of the work stashed, then get rid of the snow
I still got some pills buried, I'm committed to dough
I got an address to send the dope
Nah, not a brick, I been sendin' smoke
Tryna' catch this lick like an envelope
I got more zips than a winter coat
Really out here tryna' get the dope before they
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Now I done heard a million times about how you gon' kill 'em
But you ain't do shit when you seen 'em but ice grill 'em
Corny niggas in his ear, buncha hype with him
Type to catch a body in the booth, another Mike villain These niggas get shot and stabbed and turned realer
Man, shut your little monkey ass's down around gorillas
I get back to back bids in the yard with them killers
Give 'em triple beam bars so the hustlers'll feel ya
It's quiet when they peel ya, keep that muzzle on that handgun
Smack a nigga up before I clap him, that's an and-one
You heard Louch in the spot with the four-four
I'm in the kitchen with the twenty-gauge cookin' up more

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Nigga talkin' like he 'bout that action but I ain't saw nothin'
But you was all tough when you was pillow talkin' to that bird bitch we all fuckin'
Now we dump the heaters, shoot three hundred meters, turn 'em to long-jumpers
Hittin' the gate, tryna' dip and escape
We from the same hood, you jealous of the shit in my safe
You tellin' niggas how you gon' lay me down and take my jewelry off
Mad 'cause I got the city lit and he wanna cool me off
Guess it's fuck all the blunts that we burned together
This nigga broke and he want what I earned
Sayin' you gon' do this and that
But you gon' make me put a dub on your neck and bet my young boys is gettin' that

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Fuck these niggas, Louch
They can't touch you my nigga
D-Block, bitch!