

# Make Some Noise

Sheek Louch

Paint the picture of a genius  
45 on my waistline  
Interstate sign  
Bow down to Donny  
Niggas get scared when they see me behind the wheel of that Mozerati  
In a strugglin circle  
Blowin purple  
You niggas hurtin  
I don't give a fuck  
Don't give a fuck, go cop me another truck  
Hit you with the hammer, have you stuck  
What block you from?  
What block you from?  
Check the scenery, plastic and rubber bands rapped around my greenery  
My energy crazy  
Soon as I walk up in the club, my jewelry drippin on me like I just stepped  
out the tub  
So fresh, so clean, that's why I'm so cocky  
Rocky body, I get the bitch to give me coffee  
These motherfuckers can't stop me

Where my shooters at? we them dope boys  
We the weed killers, make some noise  
Money? I get it  
Pussy? I get it  
Cars? I get it  
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Loso  
Drug dealing weather, hoodie under the leather  
The weed without steze, birds with no feathers  
Your beef is mine, we loading guns together  
My goons ride, we give it to whoever  
Fuck getting by there, hood is getting dry  
Come with tricks out of town, have my Mack sittin high  
The streets is talkin, niggas die over words  
So don't understate anything you overheard  
The young shooters will kill something if you don't buy lunch  
6 piece wings, hot fries, and a whole fruit punch  
That's why I gotta move like a rich nigga  
Might be with a nigga's bitch, but never with a bitch nigga  
We all know the ones, who'd be hood if they could  
And they got them girls who think they too good for the hood  
So all I can do is keep a c note  
Cause it's goin down, and the streets is a steep slope

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