

New York Shit

Sheek Louch

[Sheek Louch:]

Hahaha...

Ah, man

I got a nine on my waistline
I ain't thinkin' 'bout you bitch ass niggas no more
You could help a nigga out, he gon' still talk shit
And turn around and want more
I ain't thinkin' 'bout you (Get the fuck up out my face)
I ain't thinkin' 'bout you (When the last time we talked?)
I ain't thinkin' 'bout you (Nah, I ain't need your number)
I ain't thinkin' 'bout you (Monkeys out, nigga)
No more
Fuck around and get hit up (Facts)
Mom prayin' like, "Please, baby, get up" (Get up [?])
Niggas see your wounds, turn around and spit up
I ain't playin', Donnie came to fuck shot up, shyeah
This is that raw shit, New York
Winter time in front of the store, shit
Burnin' my weed with a stashbox real close (What up, nigga?)
Ear to the street, my lyrics, you could feel a pulse (Feel a pulse)
Put your glass up, let's have a toast (Salute)
Twenty years in this game, me, Kiss, and Ghost (L-O-X)
We stay away from them corny rappers that do the most
Gangstas, our careers ain't even close (Shyeah)

Don't make me bust you, nigga
Grew up together but I don't trust you, nigga
You let your feelings out when you drunk
Beef come, you run and hide like a fuckin' punk, shyeah
Top of the mornin', gun in her mouth while your bitch breath stinkin' and ya
wnin'
I had to talk to my young boy before he get life
Watch these left niggas 'cause they ain't right

[Havoc:]

Word, that's the same shit that I was sayin'
Gotta watch these niggas how these niggas be anglin'
Make 'em see stars so I start banglin'
Abduct these cowards out like they got ganged in
I said fuck me, I feel the same then
Talk behind my back and when you see me, wanna make friends
Fake type dudes, no love, no loyalties
'Spect us when you see us, this hip-hop royalty (Hip-hop royalty)
The crown secure and I got a tip (Word)
With the clips filled, the wrong word'll get you killed
Q.B. reppin', ain't a thing changed
Grown man, see y'all niggas out playin' kid games
Twenty-twenty comin', things realer than it ever been
People co-signin' shit y'all peddlin'?
Me and Sheek on a whole other wave length
On point with it, let them other nigga stay [?]

[Sheek Louch:]

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[Fat Joe:]

Yeah, still keep guns in the panel
Shot him through his flannel out the pocket of my Louis camo
Niggas say what's up but can't stand you
We call 'em New York undercovers, them nigga's done been canceled
You know me, a little Wraith, a hot bitch
Pharrell, Chanel slides, I'm bumpin' that Pac shit
My daughter seen a squirrel, said, "Look, dad, a chinchilla"
Up in the Bronx, born killers, we been realer (Been realer)
I got your body like that nigga shotty
Run up in your lobby with the mini shotty, body everybody
Black turtleneck, black [?]
Had to get me on the tax, yo, Crack's the black Gotti
I pop shit 'cause they can't stop me
Who, him? He can't rob me
Your bitch a damn thotti
You know these raps, they be physical
You could feel it though
I know he said it, but he live it though

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