

# On The Road Again

Sheek Louch

Psh, let me try this machine one more time man  
Put one more coin in this shit right here lemme see, let's go  
Ohh! Yo I hit? We rich my niggaz! We rich! Ha ha!  
Koch, whattup? No more lookin back now nigga  
It is what it is bitch, I'm ready

For the road again - I got my money, my passport  
My gun is loaded, nigga I'm ready  
For the road again - I got my weed, a couple niggaz  
Some liquor, the new Madden, I'm ready  
For the road again - I'm in your town puttin it down  
Bankheadin and all that, I'm ready  
For the road again - I'm goin back out my niggaz  
All aboard bitches, OWW!

Hey yo, my momma struggled for me, poppa juggled for me  
My niggaz huddled for me, they said you gotta let 'em off  
Let him do his thing (let him do his thing)  
Y'all ain't tryin to work with him, let him spread his wings  
Let him go out in the world, see a couple things (Sheek Louch)  
See what's workin for him, see who chirpin for him  
For what shows and what label is lurkin for him (D-Block!)  
I got it bitin ma, I've been writin ma (been writin ma)  
I've cut down on drinkin but I've been lightened ma  
You've gotta see my stage show, I'm excitin ma  
Your boy nice (I'm nice) - dropped my album, did around 400  
I expected double, I guess they didn't want it  
Niggaz stayin blunted, walk with me zit  
We can pop it in and you ain't gotta touch shit  
Anyway; back to the drawin board  
I'm independent now, whoever with me all aboard

Hold on son - hey yo Foolz rewind that back my nigga  
I think I forgot, I gotta tell 'em a lil' more shit  
That happened between me and shit  
Aight that's far enough let's go

Hey yo, anyway, Kadar about to leave (ha ha)  
P comin home, Ruff Ryders lil' seed (yeah)  
'Kiss asked "Why," how kids gotta die  
to Mr. George Bush and his sales hit the sky (let's go my nigga)  
Ja reached out with this "New York" idea (New Yorrrrrrk)  
'Kiss from the hood so he was like hell yeah (I got you son)  
50 gettin mad, came out with "Piggy Bank"  
That was probably the best song he had  
We had to shit on him (uh-huh), Game quit on him (yeah)  
Now we got it locked like we sicked the pit on him (it's ours nigga)  
We're takin meetings, but we don't wanna go major  
Cause we know how these artists takin beatings  
Plus I seen how these down South niggaz do it  
Eight dollars? Shit, I could get used to it  
Look at Lil' Jon, nigga got his own fluid (Get Crunk)  
Ying Yang and them, they can show you how to do it  
Now I'm gettin crunk with Koch and them  
All these new niggaz spittin? I'm watchin them  
I got a thousand songs like 'Pac and them  
And niggaz prayin for me like Ak and them (yeah)

My son is born, I'm back alive  
I caught a DWI tryin to drink and drive (damn)  
I'm huggin the bottle, I'm hittin the throttle  
Got a beat tape playin tryin to think some bars  
Like weed I just put 'em in my mental jars  
'Til I get up in the booth and space out like Mars (oh!)  
I'm ready for it (uh-huh) I already saw it  
A lot of shit about to change, niggaz can't ignore it

For the road again