

The Fiend

Sheek Louch

(Ooh, shit...)
(That boy-that's a bad mother)
Gangsta shit, nigga
(Move out-move out of his way)
Dayzel, let 'em out
(That's thirty G)

Uh, back on the block, loaded Glock in the bushes (Uh)
Couple workin' niggas but mostly be with them pushers
Niggas pullin' up askin' where the coke or kush is
Flower in her pussy take it out when she douches
Different breath on this track
Different gunner with me now, he shoot left with the MAC
Nothin' shiny when he clap, prefer that shit in black
I let the wolves eat the sheep, I just tell 'em where they at (Woof, woof)
Couple dollars and some real estate
Jealous niggas eat a dick 'cause I'm too real to hate
Me and my wife havin' lunch at the Garden State
Side bitch blowin' me up but she gon' have to wait
Everything I did, you know crime was in it
Rollie on my wrist but ain't no diamonds in it
Fuck a bust down, I'm too grown for that
Lawyer pickin' up the phone, he like, "What now?"
Think I give a fuck what they say outside?
Nigga, it's a reason that they stay outside
I be everywhere but move like I'm tryna hide
I be everywhere but move like I'm tryna hide
Nigga

This motherfucker, oh
Shit, can I borrow a dollar?
Come on, baby
My veins hurt, baby, I need more of that shit
I'm goin' back in, nigga
Shyeah

They say the early bird, he get the worm
Niggas fuckin' raw until they get the germ
Cipher 'til you realize you smokin' sherm
Lessons that these lil' niggas have to learn
Before the bookie, we was throwin' dice
Broke, we missed Christmas over Kwanzaa twice
Got some money then we back to Santa
Got some work and I'm back in Atlanta
I chop it up if I knew you a while
Besides that, I don't give a fuck 'bout what numbers to dial
I shake hands when we meet, don't expect me to smile
I get the bag and go home, I'm protectin' a child
I don't care where you from
I put the sticks on these niggas like Questlove's drum
Get in the Hellcat and floor it 'til the muffler hum
Used to hang out a lot but now that shit sound dumb (Ah)
Misery love company, still
We all eatin', couple thousand? Just pass me the bill
Club promoter's gettin' nervous, he asked me to chill
I told him stay outside with it, my niggas is real
Done

Any one of these niggas move, I got you, Louch
You go on ahead and enjoy yourself
You want me to wash your car while you in there?
Yeah, I'll wash it
I know it's rainin', nigga, I don't give a fuck
I got you
Yeah, so, I told this nigga look, man, this both our bitches
It ain't just yours
Wait, hold on, my client is here
Hey, Sheek, what's up, nigga?
Yeah, your car is ready to go, nigga
How was the club?
Yeah, come on, you gon' hold me down or what, baby?
Where all your bitches at?
You tryna tell me not one bitch is on your dick tonight?
Oh man, it's okay, sometimes you gotta go home and rub one out
Yeah, it's okay to be alone