

# Crazy

## Sheek Louch

I'ma make the hits, y'all book the shows Aiiyo, bling bling, what's that? Sheek Louch is back  
Ride, ride, you got my back? Where the heaters at?  
12 gauge, tech nines, yo, where the hit 'em at?  
D block, we got 'em going crazy, crazy Aiiyo, who's that looking through my window  
Blow, y'all motherfuckers know my style  
Any nigga looking and I'm Daffy Ducking his ass  
Beat upside down, straight bucking his ass Louie bat to his head, roll a truck in his ass  
Old man style, bust a bottle, cut 'em wit glass  
Ywah, it can be who? Sheek, the MC  
Spit hard, the MC, in the yard, the MC  
I eat dictionaries and spit out little pieces of paper  
That's why my vocabulary sick  
Use big words like, suck-my-dick  
You don't wanna play Louch without entering cheats I'm like Eddie Kane nigga from the Five  
Heart Beats  
Coke thicker than ya motherfucking cream of wheats  
Paper too small nowadays, I write on sheets  
And I done made so many hits, I'm about to cop cleats Aiiyo, bling bling, what's that? Sheek  
Louch is back  
Ride, ride, you got my back? Where the heaters at?  
12 gauge, tech nines, yo, where the hit 'em at?  
D block, we got 'em going crazy, crazy Without baking soda, still keep the arm and hammer  
D block flag waving on the rangest tanner  
In our jungle, all gorillas keep a banana  
Spraying dumb, yo heat is old as nana  
Listen, if you wit us no time for bailing  
Sheek Louch, D-block, stop Rose like Jalen  
No bull, nickel plate catch me pailing  
Scoop big niggaz, put 'em through half the sailing Yeah, I don't care if I sell or not  
The boy is hot, that be wit a oven glove  
Fuck mainstream, keep me wit gangsta love  
Street shit, Sheek shit, bring life to tug Ha ha, I'm like new but I been here though  
Just low, I ain't drop and y'all wanting a show  
Book it, let the hood in and let me rock  
Bring the hardest niggaz from ya block, what up Aiiyo, bling bling, what's that? Sheek Louch is  
back  
Ride, ride, you got my back? Where the heaters at?  
12 gauge, tech nines, yo, where the hit 'em at?  
D block, we got 'em going crazy, crazy I got [unverified] signs, fuck dog, beware the owner  
Step out, shopping boxes, Lemon Corona  
Scratching my ass, hoping that the kids trespass  
One of 'em Vietnam niggaz, my stitch wit hair triggers I'm hot like, 'bout to start breaking you up

I feel the earth's a little baller, niggaz shaking me up  
I'm 'bout to dig inside ya pockets, start caking me up  
I get coke before, I ever be outside wit a cup And yo what, that's right, the God sick wit it  
Maybe before but right now the kid Louch forget it  
I'm the best out right now, spread the news  
I could write a book, Louch the new Langston Hughes Yellow Playboy nigga, stin Pepe Lepues  
I don't just clap, Sheek'll make the 4 go off  
Espionage and all that, like [unverified]  
Hit the block and make the O's go off, ow

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>