

Off the Block

E-40

It's hard times
Struggling
Trynna get by, trynna get by, trynna get by...

It don't stop
Always runnin' from the cops
Pray at night, in the day they sell rocks
Gotta make it out, before we get popped
It's ugly trynna make it off the block

[E-40:]

Crystal my religion, I'm tryn not to go to prison
Watch out [?] it's murky, shoot with precision
My vision never missing, Winchester rifle ammunition
These double deuce thirds will go through your ligaments
We created a sequel despite our skin and our pigment
One day I hope to become legitimate
That's the thought process of a young hustler about his money
Far from a dumby smart enough to run with big company
If I was put in position the end results would be lucrative
No more life on the rough, livin life as a fugitive
Unregistered gun and marijuana smoke in my lungs
To decrease the stress
Got a vest and some olive oil that the pastor blessed
Then I take out the bottle, put it on my head and chest, to protect me from death
It's gruesome out here in this spooky ugly and murky
They dirty out here, they dusty scummy and certainly thirsty

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[E-40:]

Second verse
You ain't no better than me
My sins ain't no worse than yours, only father thy God can judge me
I heard somebody say I'm sick of they urban gear
The dreads and the saggy pants, I had it up to here
You said "why ya'll show your drawers and wear em down to here"?
I said " why ya'll show your balls and wear em way up there"?
Contradictions and criticisms we trapped in the system
There's not a lot of schools but there's a lot of prisons
My big homie going through it man just like me and you
Hopin' and wishin' for a financial breakthrough
Comin' from where I'm comin' from you gotta be street smart and not dumb
Put your hands up... don't run
Cops will shoot you with they gun
Consequences, everyone makes mistakes
The difference between today and tomorrow, is your faith
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[E-40:]

Third one

Tryna make it off the block, triangular markers and yellow tape

Bodies outlined in chalk

We be funk' non stop

Warrin and beefin, tryna take off a top

We stressin depressin, nobody to answer our questions

The government treat us like peasants

Can't get a job nor reference

He really good people back in the day easy, had some scrill

Now he go to jail on purpose just to get a decent meal

Stop chasin his first high, he can get some get back

But he strung out, got that monkey on his back UGHHHHHHHHH

I see it all the time, What you see?

The people that help you the most be the ones you give the hardest time

Ain't that some backwards ass shit? Yeah it is

Act like you owe him somethin

And you don't owe him shit

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