

# Block Rock

Ghostface Killah

"You out there, on now"  
"Sorry... that's word, I'm not the herb"  
"Understand what I'm saying, saying, saying"  
"It's the hardcore"  
"Set it off, rusty, low down"  
"Following me, it be the God"  
"Whatever, whatever"  
"God all"  
"All New York, ight"

Yo, aiyo, the Wally man's coming, you can hear his chain dangle  
Brolic arm, check out the ankle  
Best cuts, diamond sittin' sideways, like they sit in the cup  
You can pour Goose on it, juice on it, two Jamaican sluts  
On the streets, cousin, word life, them big boy Toys'are'Us  
Got them S5 fifties Maybach's, push suede back  
Four hundred g's, on the concrete, save that  
Like James Brown, it's the Big Payback  
Same place you front's where you get laid at  
Strong arm a nigga for real, we eat ya food  
Like dog, muthafucka, in replace of a meal  
Give you a two hour car chase, flying through lakes and bushes  
Holding the wheel, still burning the swishes  
Exotic killas who bribe to kill us, and we pay for a tab  
Don't matter what size the bill is  
We don't need your support, wack speech your thought  
Just to rhyme my shit when the tape cut off  
The price of fame, a dope chain, the same chain  
Yo, he tapped to the roof, watch the block, watch 'em hang

From Broad Street down to Milledge  
You fucking with experienced killas  
Mean wolves, silver back gorillas  
Them Theodore kids' gorillas  
You fucking with experienced killas  
Silver back gorillas

The grenade gonna hit like a bomb from Flex  
The street is never at peace when I palm a tech  
My enemies is sub, dude, I'm a black belt  
The moves I do, is how Bruce stick Kareem Abdul  
Same dudes give a bitch booze, stupid rich dudes  
Crystal, chandellier ice, keep a wrist full  
'cause, if Lil' Jon, can ice his cup  
I top that shit, and ice my nuts  
See I'm a threat when it comes to rocks  
At 3 A.M., you like damn, who put the sun on the block  
Is he crazy? Illuminate like the Son of God  
And still pull up in the hoopted out rented car  
With dust and weed on him, knock the neighborhood bully out  
Take his gun and pee on him  
The magazines can't develop my flicks  
The negatives came, and printed out them see-note chips  
Keep the heat flaming, beats banging, bottle of weed stanking  
Competition, yo, I'm giving out strict spankings  
Burn 'em like bacon, some want Satan  
In the hell fire, screaming, yo I'm sorry for taking, baking