

My Block

Lil' Flip

(You don't like the ghetto, everyone knows the ghetto, it in every hood)

From my block to your block, ha ha, this for tha streets, ha ha, Look

From my block to yo' block, we stackin' chips
From yo' block to my block, we packin' clips
And if you don't work, then you don't eat
I'm tell you like this, it get rough on these streets

Late night, if you don't work you don't eat
That shit is fo' real
You hustlin' for tennis shoes, put that shit on yo' bills
Dope fiends everywhere, like H2O
We don't believe in police, cause they too slow
I had to do what I did so I could get what I got
You wanna feel like I feel then go sit on my block
You might see teenagers, flippin' and workin'
You might see canines, sniffin' and searchin'
You might see plastic bags with drugs and stuff
You might see a whole block full of thugs and stuff
Be quiet cell phones got bugs and stuff
Real niggas in the kitchen cuttin' stuff
Wrap it up, zip it up after it bubble up
I got dreams of seeing all my money double up
I gotta get it, cause I got a family to feed
If you feel what I'm sayin' put yo' hand on yo' heat

Do any niggas wanna step to this?
I back 'em down with tha nickel-plated fifth, watch the hip
Look at your men, they all jumpin' ship
And I ain't even bring an extra clip
Just imagine if I brought my nigga Flip
We comin' for yo' grip, that rubber band shit
And tha KG9, it spit sick, and you'll notice
Your final notice, ready to die
Like my nigga Biggie from best high, keep yo' hands high
My whole clicks alibi, fuck the piece I want the whole damn pie
Eight sounds tha best high
I get it with my lips or with the rubber grip
Smoke kicks than Matrix, you cats ain't seen shit
You really know who you fuckin', you betta tell 'em Flip
My glock cocked, yo' block drops
I bust shots, ya'll call cops, fuck 911 nigga we blaze spots

Hey Flip, from my block to yo block, I'm thugged out
I'm realizin' its some soljas Down South
Scream it loud, if you the meanest nigga
Affiliated with guns, gang bangers that pull triggas
Me and my niggas, feelin' trapped like we in a maze
Misbehave, refuse, to be a slave
And you can't break me, if the Lord want me, let him take me
Respect mine, I'm livin' life by the tech 9
I'm livin' now while I'm still hea
Fuck it when I'm gone
Long as tha homies pour the beer I know its still on
We high, gettin' drunk, doin' what we want
Jail can't change us it only makes us dangerous

We roll V12 motors, Pittsburgh to tha Clovers
Down South they lean, the East be never sober
Elected by the voters, ride just like a lotus
I'll buy the house, never get an eviction notice
You niggas bogus, gotta keep my mind focused
Lost in the jungle, this animal's ferious
My hyponosis, count my nets and my brouses
Sell a bunch of records, like Hootie and tha Blowfish
After I recite this, you niggas shouldn't quote this
Godfather, fragilistic xpalidosius
Street bums, rap for pennies and nickels
Like nigga la vocal, give 'em the Russian sickle

Look, I stay on my block
I get paid on my block
It aint no such thing as being afraid on my block
I'm true to my block, I shoot wit my glock
If I don't know you, I don't wanna see you on my block
I stack on my block, I park my 'Lac on my block
Even though I'ma star, I go back to my block
I hang on my block, they know my name on my block
And every since I blew up, it aint tha same on my block
I live on my block, I eat ribs on my block
You might see me wit William Gibbs on my block
I'm real wit my block, I chill on my block
7 years and 5 days nigga, and I'm still on my block

What nigga, feel that, Lil' Flip, Cloverland, Godfather, Pittsburgh
Crime, New York, nigga Dante, California, feel that, from my block to yo
block, nigga, we do tha same..thang