Wha wha, wha wha, wha wha, what

Straight off the black gold, nuts in my hand, trustin no man Got my glock cocked, runnin this thing, ya understand We be steamin, blazin, nines pumped in caves and Hollygrove 17th, the hood where I was raised in Niggaz bustin heads and, runnin duckin Feds and rocks under they tongues and, ki's under they beds and do it for the real niggaz, twenty-four seven hustlers EHHH, until we shove a barrel down ya pipe suckers Ain't no love for them busta, no pimp for no coward No respect for no stunt, and no money without power We keepin niggaz hotter, EWWWW nasty and sour Pile up in the Eddie Bauer and BLAKA at every hour Some niggaz like that powder, fold it up what they drain Some like that weed or that dope and some shoot it up in they veins From the home of the game, jackin and crackin brains Broadcastin live from Tha Block it's Lil' Wayne

Nigga you got that llello?
Well cook something nigga
Nigga you let them K's go?
Well bust somethin nigga
Are you duckin that law?
You better run from em nigga
Are you playin with that raw?
Well won't you front somethin nigga
Tha Block is Hot, Tha Block is Hot ha, ha-ha
Tha Block is Hot, Tha Block is Hot ha, ha-ha
Tha Block is Hot, Tha Block is Hot ha, ha-ha
Tha Block is Hot, Tha Block is Hot ha.

See where I'm from we keep our guns out Dodgin cops and burnin blocks, cause we be thugged out It's time to floss, two big bodies on Broad South and they got quarter staffs and birds that run the house It's all good in the hood hustlin like illegal Soon as you get it, hot SKIRT, like for them people Break up the block and hit the cut by the corner sto' End up in Miss Taylor backyard, be quiet, she on the porch This everyday, at the spot where niggaz murder on top, boy It's the spot where they got Fire Girls and Hot, Boys We don't know what be goin cause we so blunted from trees and we'll be round ya all day til it's "400 Degreez" And you see where niggaz go, nobody be on the pulpit They got a nigga that own the sto', he flippin out off that broad Betta stay in yo' car, and make sure, your door is locked Cause this ain't nuttin proper, cause Tha Block, is jusssst Hot

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See watch your step on my section, gotta walk like, talk like Where they shot out all the street lights So you can't see what nobody be like And we like, to dress in all black up in my residence Ain't got on no suits, cause we ain't tryin to be presidents And ever since the coke drought, niggaz been on a trip y'all So you better watch what y'all playin wit Cause a nigga will try to flip y'all They hit y'all, jam you up and put a gun to your jug Hahhhh, catch your breath, now shhhhh, catch a slug It's street smarts, plenty niggaz that keep spots When the heat starts, ain't nobody got sweethearts Callin weak shots, you could come try to cheap talk We cut your week short, them lil' boys don't give a damn Call out for that caper, won't hesitate to kill a man Run in his house and kidnap the nigga, him and his fam Tie em up put em in the vans, then put a gat in his drawers ... tch, one move blow his cactuses off

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WHOOT! Some people call me cause Tha Block is Hot Shk-a-BLAOW! Bust ya guns cause Tha Block is Hot Nigga shhhhh, cook it up, cause Tha Block is Hot Say look Daddy, just hook it up, cause Tha Block is Hot Nigga WHOOT! Some people call me cause Tha Block is Hot Shk-a-BLAOW! Bust ya guns cause Tha Block is Hot Nigga shhhhh, cook it up, cause Tha Block is Hot Say look Daddy, just hook it up, cause Tha Block is Hot Nigga my block hot, nigga my block burn My block on fire, nigga what about yours? Nigga my block hot, nigga my block burn My block on fire, nigga what about yours? The block is hot ha ha ha