

The Block

Master P

This one here goes out, to the Ghetto
To the Street corneres
To the homeless thats duckin and dodgen the police
To the soldiers thats out there puttin in work
To the soldiers out there thats makin it Happen
Straitback to the Penitentary

Thugs on the block, Drugs on the Block
Aint no love on the block, So we keep them thangs cocked

Six in the mornin', Nine at night
Feinds beatin on the window, Lookin for tha crack Pipe
Mamma wasn't home, Said she went to bingo
Daddys at the bar, Tryin to get the drinks for
Me and my litte Brother, Just a young Nigga
And for the Homies that aint here, pour out a little liqour
We dont Gangbang, just crack deal
Motorbike, ten speeds, never rode a big wheel
Find me on the front porch, Blaze the indo
Runnin from tha cops with tha homies by tha liqour store
Somebody hit tha stach box, Pass me tha match doc
C-P-3, Caliope livin like tha worlock

This one for my young niggaz, don't be no dumb niggaz
Go to a gun fight, wit out a gun niggaz
We chasin riches, we love bitches
Ghetto ballin, sittin on twenty inch switches
At the club, Show me love
And all my No Limit Soldiers shake the scrubs
We hard hittaz, Thug figgaz
Ghetto millionaires, one-hundred percent real niggaz
Grew up on corn flakes, wit the water
Learn to turn a powdered eggs, Into quarters
Wonder why we out here, And how we got here
Aint no turnin back, Cuz we was put to work to die here

[Chorus 4x]