

# Block Life

Mobb Deep

Yo, my life story - based on a true story  
We popped MAC's all growin' up, while y'all played story  
We were playin' hide the cracks, while y'all played tag  
I was a young gun learnin' how to fight back  
A 'lil rock head fuck, who neva learned shit  
Who picked up a habit for the block life kid  
A few cases, sit on the bench, make conversation  
Yo, there's party tonight, get the razors  
"Dawg, but it's all goin' overboard"  
I told 'em - "Dang god you tryin' to take a nigga arm"  
We're like a brick, when we come smashin' through  
A-C-D, M-O-B, nigga fuck it's you  
We're straight thugs over here bo', what the deal y'all?  
Up in the staircase, post-up, long chrome  
With the .4 long, closest I could reach my arm  
Who wanna play target, check out the name of the song  
It goes...

R: Block - Life, what's the matter with your thugs  
Block - Life, what's the matter with y'all's guns  
Block - Life, everybody can't be on top  
The Block - Life, can't stop, won't stop

Comin' up, I was a fuck up, burnin' blunts up  
Playin' dice with the older crowd, puttin' dubs up  
Some kids was into sports, I was into doe  
You was mad 'cause you felt all I was stress  
'Cause the money was slow  
Fractured my hand, I'm stashin' 'em  
Before I'm bagged wit 'em, plus my son got the Magnum  
Wylidin' out in these young gun days, young love days  
New to the game, but was curious about the fees  
And them thick rope chains, I'm stuck on how  
Niggaz blew up off cocaine, and opened wide  
In '88, when I first heard Jane, we got all the --  
But the hood still remains the same  
Old fiends, same drugs, new thugs  
Same slugs, new crews with MAC's  
With thoughts to push it back, straight like that  
Actin' up off Cognac, come through  
Act hostile, but lay you flat, in the --

R:

Yo, we use to play the lobby  
Get bent; see that was my favorite hobby  
Watchin' my dawgs get off, some even framed Ferrari's  
Alot of school peers blew, some even bought Ferrari's  
Young thugs we grew, still we're crashin' parties  
Too all the shooks ones too, my crew'll bash & body  
Dukes stuntin' witchu, don't make us clap somebody  
New rats and other run fast and tellin' friends who looked fat  
We off the hook as the jook style  
Years went by pages turned onto calendar  
Trade in my Tray .8, copped the .40 Caliber  
Kept it on me in school, got shorty cuttin' out Algebra  
Niggaz always seemed cool, others tryna to challenge us

Retaliation, got me trapped with false accusation  
Tossed cracks & graders, when the ambs' invaded, madd congregation  
Watchin' altercation go down, the rough frantic, when the hear the .4 pound

R: (2x)