

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)