

Da Block Hot

Waka Flocka Flame

The block hot, the hood on fire
The trap bunking and the J's wanna get high
12 riding around, trying to patrol the shit
But we control shit, tell the cartel to bring some more bricks
The block hot, the hood on fire
The trap bunking and the J's wanna get high
12 on the strip, fifty in the clip
And if they kick the door, shit, I'ma let it rip

Police kicked my door in, shawty, last night
I'll be damned if I don't go out with a fight
My girlfriend said she need some new shoes and a bag
I said, "Shut the fuck up and get off your ass"
Me and Capp busting bricks down the Michael Vicks
One-fifty for a seven of that rock shit
Hit Squad Taliban on that hood shit
Cobra Squad in Clayco, y'all could suck my dick
A thirty-pack of pills and a quarter-pound of mid
We on that young nigga shit, trying to get rich
And till the day I die, I'ma stay fresh and fly
And live life everyday motherfucking high

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Tell Cartel to meet me at the Texaco
I got love for my plug, he from Mexico
Snitching-ass niggas singing like the opera
Keep your mouth closed or talk to the chopper
What up, Cartel? My The trap bumping on this strong and Mary-
Kate and Ashley got my hands ashy
He from out of town, so I had to test him
I'm up all night and getting no sleep
But I'm so geeked, [?], Grove Street
Bomb on my nuts, pistol in the cut
You've got to juug? (oh let's do it)
'Cause I fucked my money up

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Sure Waka Flocka tell them that they on deck
Drop ten on me, come back on a Tuesday
Police watching, I don't give a shit
I keep moving bales, I keep busting bricks

Everybody in the trap got a full clip
Bald head Mexicans on some good shit
Trap life, count money, and kush burning
J's knocking on the door, so I started serving
Cartel, Flocka, and Capp in one room
Counting six mill in my grandma's living room
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