

D-Block (Feat. J-Hood)

Sheek Louch

[Jadakiss:]Yeah
[Sheek:] Uh Huh, D Block
[Jadakiss:] D Block, You with me Louch?
[Sheek:] You know it my nigga
[Jadakiss:] Yeah I know
[Sheek:]Yeah
[Jadakiss:] You know why we do this right?
[Sheek:] Why's that dog?
[Jadakiss:] Make these niggaz feel us all the time, everytime
[Sheek:]Walk wit us
[Jadakiss:] Are we the best or what?
[Sheek:] Who the fuck else[Sheek]
Yo, we do nuthin', we are nuthin' (true)
I ain't pullin' my blade if I won't scar nuthin'
I ain't pullin' my gun if I won't shoot shit, that's useless (why would I do that)
I'll kill ya whole family, that's ruthless (you pussy nigga)
You could die nigga
I ain't droppin a tear, I ain't thinkin twice nigga, you ain't my nigga
(you ain't my nigga)
I don't smoke with you, drink with you, eat with you (uh uh)
I got a problem with you, I'mma let the heat whistle
This is real shit, nigga I peel shit (tell em')
I'm harder than concrete and steel mixed (who's better)
I want to kill niggaz (kill em)
You think it's part of the verse, it's part of the curse, and I don't really
feel niggaz (I don't feel why'all)
They say stop the vilouence, but I gotta join in it (I'm gonna join in it)
I'm in the hooptie with 3 Ki's a boy in it
This is pay day, fuck what they say (fuck em')
D Block, grab your handguns and A-K's[Chorus 2x:]
Bang that shit off, clap that kid up
Stomp that kid out, don't let him get up
Any block frontin', gon' wet that shit up
It don't mean nuthin' to me![J Hood:] Yeah! What up! D Block!
[Verse 2]
[J Hood]
Yo yo, ayo, ayo yo
Yo its the baby faced gangster, product of my environment
Hoodied up, stickin your grandfather for his retirement (what up!)

Talkin super hard when I know that you bitch-made (faggot)
Stab ya ass in the espohigus with a switchblade
Take it out and straight saw off your ribcage (all that)
Pour gasoline on the matress where your kids lay
J Hood, D Block, respect the name and the click (D Block!)
Whoever ain't feelin' this song could suck my dick
Garbage bag around your brother head, smother him out
To make sure he don't survive, nigga, I'm snubbin him out (bitch!)
Make you drink a bottle of Chlorox, hit you with four shots
They can't determine the cause of your death in your autops'
You scared? Don't come outside, the streets is serious (stay home)
My ribs touchin, I'm starvin', trigger happy, and furious
We could do it whenever, wherever, nigga set a date (what up!)
remember to ask the doc if he could replace your face (bitch!)[Chorus 2x]
[Jadakiss:] Uh huh, yeah, what, haha! Yeah, uh huh, yeah, uh, yeah

[Verse 3]

[Jadakiss]

Ayo, kill one of mine, I'mma kill one of yours (that's right)
It ain't bitin' for base, but they still want it raw (you know it)
why'all niggaz think why'all do dirt, we do it more (more)
My man turned 14 shirts into a store (you got it!)
Now you could get it from us, we got enough of it (uh huh)
The dead president dope Chris Tucker was fuckin' with
There's 2 things, ether the jail or the cemetery (yeah)
Hammers and the Hawks is on the itinorary (what)
Anywhere, any block, clap any iron (any iron)
And beat niggaz 'till you can't identify em'
D Block my nigga (uh huh)
To the niggaz on cure perscription and Ki-lock my nigga (got ya)
What, it don't mean nuthin' (nuthin)
And you got the rights to bang a nigga wherever you want if he frontin' (yeah)
We done starved together and burned some scroller
Now we doin' it again, it's your turn gorilla (doin' it again baby!)[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 4]

[Sheek]

Uh, you want it with who? (huh?)
You can't be talkin' to Louch or none of his crew (never)
We poppin' you quick (yeah)
Put big knives in you, bitch, get off our dick (get off our dick)
White Air's and white T's get filthy quick
And we ain't caughtin' or sneezin', but the camp is sick (haha)
Uh, stop frontin', why'all don't want to pull triggers (nah)
Lifetime, Sex In the City ass niggaz (yeah)
Spit it for the hood and the gritty ass niggaz (uh)
Put big scars on the pretty ass niggaz (yeah)

I'll pull up wit a hooptie at a black tie affair
And smack the fuck out a boozie nigga like a bear (come here bitch)
Crime don't pay, who the fuck said that? (huh?)
How much you think I'm gettin' for his chain, where my gat?
Nigga act up, I'll let it rip in his back (brattt!)
You know who it is from coast to coast (who)
Thug niggaz keep clappin' ya toast
What up!?[Chorus 2x]

Songwriters

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