

# On My Block

## Scarface

For the block boy, take it rough  
Everyday it's been the same old thing on my block  
Ya either workin' or ya slangin' cocaine on my block  
Ya had to hustle, 'cause that's how we was raised on my block  
And ya stayed on ya hop until ya made you a knot  
On my block, to hangout was the thang back then  
And even when ya left out, ya came back in  
To my block, from Holloway, Belford to Scott  
We rolled the fox, we know the spots  
Smoke weed and rocks, drink all the blue dots  
On yo' block you probably had a fat pad of Tupac  
Or big pun, or B I ya homeboys from knee high  
And even when it was stormin' outside, that nigga'd be by  
That's me dawg, on my block, I had to play the big shot  
Niggaz knew me back when I was stealin' bell from Shamrock  
And my nickname was creepy, if Black June could see me  
He'd be, trippin' and I'd bet he still try to tease me  
My block where everything is everything fa sheezy  
My block we probably done it all homey believe me  
My block we made the impossible look easy, fa sheezy  
My block I'll never leave my block, my niggaz need me  
On my block, we duck the nigga haters and the cops  
Fuck a hotrod, we race Impalas, chromed out  
On my block it ain't no different than the next block  
Ya get drunk and pass out, and they back ya to the house  
And when you wake up on the couch you goin' right back at it  
On my block when ya that fucked up they laugh at it  
On my block, it's just another day in the heart  
Of the south side of Houston, Texas, makin' ya mark  
On my block, we're cuing all the time, playin' Dominoes  
Keep the swishers sweet down  
Until my mama goes back inside then we can fight  
Pass it around a few times to get high  
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On my block, everybody business ain't ya business  
What's goin' on in this house is stayin' here, comprende?  
On my block, ya had to have that understanding  
'Cause if ya told Ms. Mattie, she went and told Gladys  
And once ya mama got it, it was all on the wire  
And when the word got back, the set yo' ass on fire  
On my block, we got some 'nam vets shell shocked  
Who never quite got right, now they inhale rocks  
On my block it's like the world don't exist

We stay confined to this small little section with dividends  
Oh my block, I wouldn't trade it for the world  
'Cause I love these ghetto boys and girls, born and raised, on my block  
My block where everything is everything  
fa sheezy  
My block we probably done it all homey believe me  
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