Block Rock

Weech Lok & Loot

You out there, on now
Sorry, that's word, I'm not the herb
Understand what I'm saying
It's the hardcore
Set it off, rusty, low down
Following me, it be the God
Whatever, whatever
God all
All New York, aight
Yo, aiyo, the Wally man's coming
You can hear his chain dangle
Brolic arm, check out the ankle
Best cuts, diamond sittin' sideways like they sit in the cup
You can pour Goose on it, juice on it, two Jamaican sluts
On the streets, cousin, word life, them big boy Toys'R'Us
Got them S5 fifties Maybach's, push suede back
Four hundred G's, on the concrete, save that
Like James Brown, it's the 'Big Payback'
Same place you front's where you get laid at
Strong arm a **** for real, we eat ya food
Like dog, mutha****, in replace of a meal
Give you a two hour car chase, flying through lakes and bushes
Holding the wheel, still burning the swishes
Exotic killas who bribe to kill us, and we pay for a tab
Don't matter what size the bill is
We don't need your support, wack speech your thought
Just to rhyme my **** when the tape cut off
The price of fame, a dope chain, the same chain
Yo, he tapped to the roof, watch the block, watch 'em hang

From Broad Street down to Milledge
You **** with experienced killas, mean wolves, silver back gorillas
Them Theodore kids' gorillas
You **** with experienced killas, silver back gorillas
The grenade gonna hit like a bomb from Flex
The streets is never at peace when I palm a ****
My enemies is sub, dude, I'm a black belt
The moves I do, is how Bruce stick Kareem Abdul
Same dudes give a **** booze, stupid rich dudes

Crystal, chandelier ice, keep a wrist full
'Cuz, if Lil' Jon, can ice his cup
I top that ****, and ice my ****
See I'm a threat when it comes to rocks
At 3 A.M., you like damn, who put the sun on the block
Is he crazy? Illuminate like the Son of God
And still pull up in the hooped out rented car
With dust and **** on him, knock the neighborhood bully out
Take his gun and **** on him
The magazines can't develop my flicks
The negatives came, and printed out them C-note chips
Keep the heat flaming, beats banging, bottle of **** stanking
Competition, yo, I'm giving out strict spankings
Burn 'em like bacon, some want Satan
In the hell fire, screaming, yo I'm sorry for faking, baking
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