

# 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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