

# The Block

## Master P

(Intro)

This one here goes out, to the Ghetto  
To the homeless thats duckin and dodgen the police  
To the Street corneres  
To the soldiers thats out there puttin in work  
To the soldiers out there thats makin it Happen  
Straitback to the Penitentary

(Chorus 2x)

Aint no love on the block, So we keep them thangs cocked  
Thugs on the block, Drugs on the Block

(Verse 1)

Six in the mornin', Nine at night  
Feinds beatin on the window, Lookin for tha crack Pipe  
Mamma wasn't home, Said she went to bingo  
Me and my litte Brother, Just a young Nigga  
Daddys at the bar, Tryin to get the drinks for  
And for the Homies that aint here, pour out a little liquour  
Motorbike, ten speeds, never rode a big wheel  
We dont Gangbang, just crack deal

Find me on the front porch, Blaze the indo  
Somebody hit tha stach box, Pass me tha match doc  
Runnin from tha cops with tha homies by tha liquour store  
C-P-3, Caliope livin like tha worlock

(Chorus 4x)

(Verse 2)

This one for my young niggaz, don't be no dumb niggaz  
We chasin riches, we love bitches  
Go to a gun fight, wit out a gun niggaz  
Ghetto ballin, sittin on twenty inch switches  
And all my No Limit Soldiers shake the scrubs  
At the club, Show me love  
We hard hittaz, Thug figgaz  
Grew up on corn flakes, wit the water  
Wonder why we out here, And how we got here  
Ghetto millionaires, one-hundred percent real niggaz  
Learn to turn a powdered eggs, Into quarters  
Aint no turnin back, 'cause we was put to work to die here

(Chorus 4x)

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