On My Block

Hell Rell

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
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