Tha Block is Hot

Lil Wayne

Wha' wha', wha' wha', wha' wha', wha' wha', whatStraight off the black gold, nuts in my hand, trusting no man
Got my glock cocked, running this thing, ya understand
We be steaming, blazing, nines pumped in caves and
Hollygrove 17th, the hood where I was raised in
Niggas busting heads and, running ducking Feds and
Rocks under they tongues and, Ki's under they beds and
Do it for the real niggas, twenty-four seven hustlers
Until we shove a barrel down ya pipe suckers
Ain't no love for them busta, no pimp for no coward
No respect for no stunt, and no money without power
We keeping niggas hotter, ew nasty and sour
Pile up in the Eddie Bauer and blaka at every hour
Some niggas like that powder, fold it up what they drain
Some like that weed or that dope and some shoot it up in they veins
From the home of the game, jacking and cracking brains
Broadcasting live from tha block it's Lil' Wayne(Nigga you got that llello?)
Well cook something nigga
(Nigga you let them K's go?)
Well bust something nigga
(Are you ducking that law?)
You better run from em nigga
(Are you playing with that raw?)
Well won't you front somethin' nigga
(tha block is hot, tha block is hot ha, ha-ha)
tha block is hot, tha block is hot, ha, ha-ha
tha block is hot, tha block is hot, ha, ha-ha
tha block is hot, tha block is hot, haSee where I'm from we keep our guns out
Dodging cops and burning blocks, cause we be thugged out
It's time to floss, two big bodies on Broad South
And they got quarter staffs and birds that run the house
It's all good in the hood hustling like illegal
Soon as you get it, hot skirt, like for them people
Break up the block and hit the cut by the corner sto'
End up in Miss Taylor backyard, be quiet, she on the porch
This everyday, at the spot where niggas murder on top, boy
It's the spot where they got Fire Girls and Hot, Boys
We don't know what being cause we so blunted from trees
And we'll be round ya all day til it's "400 Degreez"

And you see where niggas go, nobody be on the pulpit
They got a nigga that own the sto', he flipping out off that broad
Betta stay in yo' car, and make sure, your door is locked
Cause this ain't nothing proper, cause tha block, is just hot(Nigga you got that llello?)
Well cook something nigga
(Nigga you let them K's go?)
Well bust something nigga
(Are you ducking that law?)
You better run from em nigga
(Are you playing with that raw?)
Well won't you front somethin' nigga
(tha block is hot, tha block is hot ha, ha-ha)
tha block is hot, tha block is hot, ha, ha-ha
tha block is hot, tha block is hot, ha, ha-ha
tha block is hot, tha block is hot, haSee watch your step on my section, gotta walk like, talk like
Where they shot out all the street lights
So you can't see what nobody be like
And we like, to dress in all black up in my residence
Ain't got on no suits, cause we ain't trying to be presidents
And ever since the coke drought, niggas been on a trip y'all
So you better watch what y'all playing wit
Cause a nigga will try to flip y'all
They hit y'all, jam you up and put a gun to your jug
Catch your breath, now sh, catch a slug
It's street smarts, plenty niggas that keep spots
When the heat starts, ain't nobody got sweethearts
Calling weak shots, you could come try to cheap talk
We cut your week short, them lil' boys don't give a damn
Call out for that caper, won't hesitate to kill a man
Run in his house and kidnap the nigga, him and his fam
Tie em up put em in the vans, then put a gat in his drawers
Tch, one move blow his cactus's off(Nigga you got that llello?)
Well cook something nigga
(Nigga you let them K's go?)
Well bust something nigga
(Are you ducking that law?)
You better run from em nigga
(Are you playing with that raw?)
Well won't you front somethin' nigga
(tha block is hot, tha block is hot ha, ha-ha)
tha block is hot, tha block is hot, ha, ha-ha
tha block is hot, tha block is hot, ha, ha-ha
tha block is hot, tha block is hot, haWhoot! Some people call me cause tha block is hot
Bust ya guns cause tha block is hot
Nigga sh, cook it up, cause tha block is hot

Say look Daddy, just hook it up, cause tha block is hot
Nigga whoot! Some people call me cause tha block is hot
Bust ya guns cause tha block is hot
Nigga sh, cook it up, cause tha block is hot
Say look Daddy, just hook it up, cause tha block is hot
Nigga my block hot, nigga my block burn
My block on fire, nigga what about yours?
Nigga my block hot, nigga my block burn
My block on fire, nigga what about yours?
The block is hot ha ha ha ha

Songwriters
THOMAS, BYRON O. / CARTER, DWAYNE / DORSEY, CHRISTOPHER NOEL / GRAY, TERIUSPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Ultra Tunes Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/