D Block (featuring The LOX & J. Hood) [Explicit]

DJ Envy

Yeah
(Yeah)
D block
(D block)
(New Lox)
Envy, whattup my nigga?
Larsiny! Haha, aiyyo yo
(C'mon)If the hammer don't work then the pump gon' get you
(Yeah)
Body in the tub, let the chainsaw rip you
I don't give a fuck about none of your clique
(At all)
Or this music, y'all can sound scan my dick
(Whoo)
I give it to y'all niggaz simple and plain
(Uh-huh)
Have your chest lookin' like the connect four game
Y'all muh'fuckers know sheek is it
(Sheek luch')
I got a toilet bowl flow, I keep some shitI'm the best out right now none of y'all want it
(All day)
(Uh-uh)
Like your album ain't shit unless sheek up on it
(Got the exclusive)
Fuck what you drive, I'll see you in hell
(Uh-huh)
'Cause I ain't never seen 23's stop a shell
(Envy)
D block the label that'll pop it all
Walk with me and I ain't puttin' out nothin' soft
(C'mon)
Even talkin' to a bitch I'm thuggin' her out
(Yeah)
Sheek luch', y'all already know what the kid is about, whattup?I'ma give you, all of the bullets, all of the blade
D block 'til we all in a cage or all in a grave
My gangstas
(Gangstas)
My niggaz
(Niggaz)

Our weed smoke, our liquor
Can't find a crew or clique that could rhyme sicker
(D block)
It go down I'm bustin' my nine witcha
(D block)
I get knocked I'm doin' my time witcha
(D block)
For life my nigga I'd grind witchaI got my own problems fuck all the shit you been facin'
(Uh-huh)
(Fuck it)
Can't count your blessings, see you in a situation
(That's right)
Hit you in your melon and your ribs, mmwwaa
We can get it on, I got a felony to give
(Bring it)
Mad when I run out of my weed or my cereal
Only sleep late when I run out of material
(Uhh)
Funny thing is you don't even know how I'll murder you
(You don't even know)
The 40-cal'll make a nigga convertible
(Yeah)And if the judge and the jury don't believe me
Fuck it, just give me a cell next to the TV
(C.O.)
They might hate but they ain't tryin' to guard
(Uh-uh)
And shit come naturally, y'all niggaz tryin' too hard
(Come on)
Prayin' for nothin', all you doin' is lyin' to God
'For a sign in PC, I'd rather die in the yard
And we pretty much controllin' the east
Workin' on the south and the west
(D block)
Shoot you in your mouth and your chest, whatI'ma give you, all of the bullets, all of the blade
D block 'til we all in a cage or all in a grave
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(D block)
For life my nigga I'd grind witchaYo, I was told life is what you make and I'ma make the best of mine
The slugs out the fo'-fifth'll make your chest decline
I don't associate with niggaz that talk to cops
(Uh-uh)
I'm on top of my game like I'm standin' on X-box
I'm tryin' to get cheddar, fuck fuckin' with hoes
(Fuck it)
I'm tryin' to cop the coupe that come out in 2004
We got dimes and dubs of haze
And I can hit you with a gat the size of a sub from subwayI'm a child of the slums, descendant of the gutter
(D block)
Got two chrome glocks that resemble each other
Nigga they brothers, one all chrome and one black
(Yeah)
One out of either one'll lay you on your back
So watch how you stare at niggaz
(Watch out)
'Cause my niggaz might spaz out and start throwin' chairs at niggaz
(Whattup)
And I know y'all ain't better than hood, y'all niggaz liars
Leave a hole in you the size of a moped tireI'ma give you, all of the bullets, all of the blade
D block 'til we all in a cage or all in a grave
My gangstas
(Gangstas)
My niggaz
(Niggaz)
Our weed smoke, our liquor
Can't find a crew or clique that could rhyme sicker
(D block)
It go down I'm bustin' my nine witcha
(D block)
I get knocked I'm doin' my time witcha
(D block)
For life my nigga I'd grind witchaYeah, the people's choice, DJ Envy
Fat Shout, Dave McPherson, Epic

Songwriters
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