

My Block

Mobb Deep

I'm bloodshot, glassey-eyed
Breath smelling like piss
Wired up fire up another one
Let's get lifty, real dopey
Pour me another cup of that hellfire, watching for the police
We outside chopping it up, shooting the shit
Couple niggas making bangs, I'm just trying to spit
Some good rap to this bitch that I've been trying to hit
Since we was nineteen damn she still fine as shit
Remember at the card tables feeling on my dick
Got pregnant by that nigga I ain't seen her since then
It ain't nothing like the hood sitting on top the benches
You terrified where I'm comfortable in the trenches
Most of my friends is in project nigga
Brooklyn, Queens, the whole NY nigga
Nigga pull your card like an ATM
Mistook me for fool found out that I'm poison on the block
A staple in the hood like a liquor store
In the church I'm cut from a different cloth
The fabric of life in every Hav verse
Pull your cabbage wig worm I did mad dirt
Deserve this groove so you fear to lose
Have your whole team rocking r.i.p
Tattoos, rested and hooked to IVs
NYC city of the crime scene
Paint a better picture call me ace Banksy
They scoop you off the floor like fall raked leaves
Nigga take a knee cause this one over
You in the fourth quarter with a reaper on your shoulder
Around every corner or at least most of them
Somebody getting money or a chest opening
The pain so real not even Motrin
Could take away the pain or save a closest friend
The block

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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