The Blocks (feat. Nature)

Screwball

Verse 1: (Nature)
Ayo, Auxillary cops be grillin' me out patrol cars
why's my chain so big with no job?
remain so jig with no scars, infinite names
ain't it funny how the innocent change?
used to be kinda quiet,
a whole different way, fake permit in my wallet
until the shit expired
learned to drive at age Twenty-Five, see I used to catch cabs
smokin' lye while my girl fuck with mesc tabs
do anything just to laugh
I'll cop anything to to have
rock it once, put it in a hustlers path
I got signed with no rhymes wrote
wrote it quick, throwin' rhymes out for free so ya'll could know my shit
know my zip, 11101
pretend thug niggas own one gun
bust shots and don't run
late nights the police don't come
and if you still don't know where I'm from...Chorus
10th street (96th and Spellman), 12th street, Vernon (Queensbridge), the
pub, the hill (Long island City), the thugs (thugs everywhere) , it's
real, the love (organized crime)Verse 2: (KL)
Livin' life on the edge way back
now I get money and stay black
some find it funny, others hate that
reason why the angers developed
put a shell up in the chamber, let the gun smoke from the Nine I tote
bassheads numbed off coke, a rib got broke
police slid
Yo, yo, you see what they did?
a lot of money to be made, now they raid the spot
niggas engagin' to pop shots
aimin' to drop cops
the block's hot, niggas on the roofs of houses
there's a thousand niggas with schemes for gettin' figures
the Bridge blossoms with gossip
chicks who cock suck
niggas who hardly wash up

and they light as paper weight
I guess it's safe to say my hood's got tradition
Q.B. Cobolition, while you be tryin' to listen
regradless of the district we ballin' on a mission
at any given moment I destroy competition.Chorus
Verse 3: (Kyron)
Fuck, I hate 'em and the Fourtieth will put the chamber to their brain
and bang 'em
you violatin' Q.B.? had to lay 'em
I'll serve you if you onto that
hit 'em up with all of that
Seventeen, applaudin' they gat, I wrote a song to that
twist the erb, dispose of that sack, ain't no more of that
it's 2:30 am black, where ya Daughter at?
the truth hurt, now I'm up in shorty boo's skirt
take a sip of Jack D and relax G, it attracts me
you want to know who's Donnin' these hoes? just ask me
the way the jewels flash makes 'em want to be nasty
Cuban Link cable, Dom Peri on the table
look unstable, now I see why Brother Cain killed Abel
love thy neighbor, we can live in the World
that's your Man Fifty Grand 'till he fucks your Girl
now it's all out war over that Whore
Deja vu got you buggin' 'cause you know you saw this before.

Songwriters
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