

# 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  
regardless 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

IVEY, FREDRICK G/JONES, KYRON/LAWRENCE, PATRICK ANTHONY/BAXTER,  
JERMAINEPublished by  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Royalty Network

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>