Tha Block Is Hot

Lil' Wayne

[Lil' Wayne]
Wha wha, wha wha, wha wha, wha wha, what

Straight off the black gold, nuts in my hand, trustin no man
Got my glock cocked, runnin this thing, ya understand
We be steamin, blazin, nines pumped in caves and
Hollygrove 17th, the hood where I was raised in
Niggaz bustin heads and, runnin duckin Feds and
rocks under they tongues and, ki's under they beds and
do it for the real niggaz, twenty-four seven hustlers
EHHH, 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 keepin niggaz hotter, EWWWW nasty and sour
Pile up in the Eddie Bauer and BLAKA at every hour
Some niggaz 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, jackin and crackin brains
Broadcastin live from Tha Block it's Lil' Wayne

[Chorus: B.G. and Juvenile, Lil' Wayne]

[Juve:] Nigga you got that llello?
[B.G.:] Well cook something nigga
[Juve:] Nigga you let them K's go?
[B.G.:] Well bust somethin nigga
[Juve:] Are you duckin that law?
[B.G.:] You better run from em nigga
[Juve:] Are you playin with that raw?
[B.G.:] Well won't you front somethin nigga
[Wayne] 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 ha..

[Lil' Wayne]
See where I'm from we keep our guns out
Dodgin cops and burnin 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 hustlin 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 niggaz murder on top, boy
It's the spot where they got Fire Girls and Hot, Boys
We don't know what be goin cause we so blunted from trees
and we'll be round ya all day til it's "400 Degreez"
And you see where niggaz go, nobody be on the pulpit
They got a nigga that own the sto', he flippin out off that broad
Betta stay in yo' car, and make sure, your door is locked
Cause this ain't nuttin proper, cause Tha Block, is jusssst Hot

[Chorus]

[Lil' Wayne]
See 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 tryin to be presidents
And ever since the coke drought, niggaz been on a trip y'all
So you better watch what y'all playin wit
Cause a nigga will try to flip y'all
They hit y'all, jam you up and put a gun to your jug
Hahhhh, catch your breath, now shhhhh, catch a slug
It's street smarts, plenty niggaz that keep spots
When the heat starts, ain't nobody got sweethearts
Callin 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 cactuses off

[Chorus]

[Lil' Wayne]
WHOOT! Some people call me cause Tha Block is Hot
Shk-a-BLAOW! Bust ya guns cause Tha Block is Hot
Nigga shhhhh, 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
Shk-a-BLAOW! Bust ya guns cause Tha Block is Hot
Nigga shhhhh, 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/