

Uh
Block food, nigga
Cashwitus, Trust Gang, nigga
Ayo Spesh, you ready?
I'll talk my shit
It's only right that I talk my shit
Look

Nigga, it's time to put in work, trap house like a barbeque
It's cut crack on every paper plate like your momma food
It's 12 o'clock and the burner on 400
I already got four fiends, so I'm serving for four stomachs
Block food, I got pies, cookies and coke steaks
Even got some milk for the fiends, I give them coke shakes
Cook the white raw then serve them soon as the coke breaks
Even add the fizz so the junkies could get a coke taste
Young nigga, I was trapping since I was 12 with it
When I got bagged, I had bitches come to the jail with it
Sneaking it inside of their pussy, I had to pray to God
'Cause if I got caught with it, I have to stay the 5
It's like the night at Apollo soon as the fiends come
Cutting it with fentanyl even if I don't need none
If I ever run out whenever the fiends need some
Residue, I'm rubbing my thumbs all over the fiend's gum
That's block food for the niggas that never recollect
Treat it like Mickey D's, I'm only working to collect a check
These niggas hustle for clothes and the hoes in dresses
Fuck that, I hustle for money and more investments
Stuff crack, Ziploc sealed, the bag delicate
Stuff it in the wall so the boys can't find the evidence
Fuck a 12-12, I need shipments, I need them nine deep
Enough to fit all them bricks in the wall like it's concrete
Always keep a burner, a four-five or a long piece
No matter what it is, if it's a problem, that bitch at arm's reach
Coke price go up, we keeping the shit in rotation
Serving fiends locked jaw, leaving on probation
I'm on my bully, I'm moving raw without hesitation
Kitchen like a pharmacy, letting fiends get their medication
I put my all in this trap shit, give it dedication
Fuck up out my lane when I'm moving, I'm always designating

Ayo, I was in trouble for serving block food
Mom ain't want us to hustle, it's hard not to
Now why would we struggle when we ain't got to?
I'ma make a mil with this motherfucking pot too
Now I was stressing 'bout my motherfucking pop too
He wasn't around, but somehow I got through
We ain't had no father figures to drop jewels
Paid the bills is how I filled up my pop shoes
Now I ain't trying to sound hostile
But I was cooking cocaine when my mom was playing gospel
You can believe what your mind choose
But I refuse to worship a man the color of Tom Cruise
It's cocaine in my council
And my apostles is fiends with million dollar nostrils
You niggas is primetime news
And if you ever put somebody in jail, I hope you die soon

You been a rat since high school
You and the cops cool, niggas is clowns without the costumes
I always got block food
And my education came from the block, it was not school
Why dudes want to see me murdered?
See I put a drive thru in the trap, that's for convenient service
A warranty for every ki you purchase
Couple times, niggas came back tripping and got reimbursements
My ex-bitch, she was perfect
She used to drive five hours with bricks without being nervous
Had to ask if my freedom worth it
All the cars, ice and gold digging bitches with European purses