

## Block Food

38 Spesh

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 barbecue  
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