

Cut The Block Off

Babyfxce E

(CookinUpWitFO)

Yeah (Caden)

Pull up in my city on the M, we cut the block off (Yup)
I told y'all my niggas got stripes, them niggas hot dogs (Bitch)
This Drac' got a stutter, but that's just how the chop talk (Brr, brr)
Bitch, why you lookin' at me? Yeah (Yop, yop)
If you need that from me, say that then, put it on the floor (Come on)
Told gang 'nem to watch that whip, bro 'nem be on go
I done lost my Carti' buffs, now all my glasses Chrome (On bro)
Pull up in a longsleeve, I'm tellin' bitches tag along
If you bank with Chase, you can make some pape' 'cause bro been smackin' loans
Crazy how your ass be bangin' Fxce and I just fapped your ho
Chase him with the Drac' and made him run, they callin' Fxce the coach
Yeah, man, no rap
I need a day up in the life, I did some shit y'all wouldn't believe
Bought her ass a flight just to show her some shit she ain't never seen
Me and Fred got locked up with them pipes, he say, "I'll take the heats" (Man)
That's real, though, ayy (Uh, uh)
Whatever happen with this shit outside, you know I got us (On bro)
Every nigga with me a threat, ain't no ho around us (Threat)
I lost my Rollie and crashed the Lam', bro, I got different problems
She said her pussy wet, I'm finna get some goggles
Huh, let me smell your breath before you suck and swallow
My young niggas all ski'd up, bro, them niggas goblins
All you gon' hear is, "Frirt, frirt," if you try to rob us
Come suck it again, my shit went soft tryna get the condom
If you appreciate your bitch, then get her ass some Prada
My chop be talkin' Spanish and that bitch be enchiladas
She keep reachin' in my pants, she wanna meet anaconda
I'ma let her ass find out, I ain't got no problem
Now she call me daddy like I just had sex with her mama
Bitch, I'm different, "take a shot," no, I'm sippin'
The best way not to get your ass popped, mind your business
That don't make you real because you call yourself the realest
Just spent four hundred on some drank and I spilled it
Fuck, uh
Hold on, what you gettin' a towel for? Nigga, that's still some good
I ain't switch up on nobody, I still be in the hood
She throwin' it right in front of me, she just want me to look
I can see what all you niggas on, it's like I'm readin' a book
She keep sayin' that we not done, I thought she was singin' Dugg
I'm talkin' 42
7.62s, 9s, 5.56s, .223s, and we got 40s too
I can't bring lil' bro to all the functions, he get bored, he shoot
I tell gang 'nem, "You gotta chill, you can't be on the news"

Yeah, yeah

M Block, Striker Boys, all that shit, nigga

Already know what the fuck goin' on, I'm not finna keep sayin' that shit, on God