

No Chorus Pt 5

BlocBoy JB

No Chorus, Pt. 5 nigga
BlocBoy, BlocBoy

Turned up to the max, I know my block got my back
If a nigga talkin' foul I'ma smack him with a stack
Your bitch in the club dancin' so I smacked her on her ass
If you try me with that fuck shit I'ma come back with the MAC

All that loud talkin' he doin', I swear I got somethin' to silence him
Infrared beam, no silencer, walk around like I'm a scavenger
Shotgun up on me, no passenger, in the midnight, no dub vision
Bitches called me ugly when I had Levis, got fire with True linen
Bitches be gold diggin', lookin' for gold
A bitch can't get a booger out of my nose
On the block like Boozer but ballin' like Rose
You known for this bullshit, you know how it goes
Bitches is bitches and hoes is hoes
Never wife a thot, you know they gon' go
Water whippin' pots up on the stove
Somebody tell 'em they plugged with they nose
No I'm not that guy but when you see me bitch you see money
I'm with TP Stacks, then you know we yellin' free C-Money
Thirty on my side, don't run on me, this bitch hold a hundred
MAC up to his back, give me that, I need all your money
Block full of hitters, pops was a drug dealer
Fuck the police, they locked him up and took his scrilla
I looked up in the mirror and I see a real nigga
Still the same nigga that won't hesitate to deal with you
You say that I'm broke my nigga, how is that?
Bitch I'm stickin' to this paper like a thumbtack
You think that that is your nigga but really he a rat
He gon' snitch up on you if y'all get caught with that pack
That pack y'all came in, you can buy whatever
Try to rob me, my clip hold more rounds than Mayweather
Your bitch is not faithful and she bought me a Gucci sweater
But she is worse on it, sometimes I wish I never met her
Most of these niggas they say they gon' ride
But when it's war time they sit back and hide
Them be the niggas that we're not surprised
What happened to confidence, where is our pride
I ride for my niggas, I ride for my guys
If they have a problem, I feel like it's right
Lost Simi and C-Rock 'cause C-Rock done died
And Grape Street the cemetery won't be divine
My new bitch she a mess, seen my text that I sent my ex
So lately I been stressed but I ain't never smoke no cigarette
My mama said I'm blessed, I finish you and still ain't got some yet
If you play I leave you wet, I pop a nigga like a percocet
RIP to Bo, I just pulled up in a Maserati
JJ on the phone, tell him that it's time to catch a body
I'm the same nigga, still ridin' 'round with C-Gotti
Pockets workin' out, sometimes I let them hoes do pilates
Kick it with your bitch, no karate (class)
Nigga sneak dissin', I'ma have to (spazz)
Nigga throw it back, send them hitters at his ass
Now he dead, he don't really need an ambu- (lance)
Young nigga tryna be the bigger (man)

And stack up my dividends
Walk around the block with all of this green on me
I'm feelin' like Peter Pan
Can't tell these niggas stop sleepin' on me
I got your bitch in the bedroom sleepin' on me
She wanna fuck but I don't really even want her
She wake me up like a sunny [?] callin'
You not a rack then you fuck niggas phony
Say y'all is ready but y'all do not want it
Tell your bitch, take it off, real strippers only
Grape on my shirt like Tony, [?]
If there is a problem you will get your face fractured
Couple headshots than your ass fall backwards
Nigga you a bitch and your niggas they some cowards
Bet when y'all was young y'all wanted to be actors
And that's what y'all is, some motherfuckin' actors
Standin' on the block like the neighborhood pastor
Thinkin' you the shit 'til your ass get clapped up
[?] 'cause it really don't matter

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