

Block

Brooke Candy

We gon' be stackin', stackin' every second
Tell me things, tell me things, I'ma take you to heaven
We gon' be stackin', stackin' every second
Tell me things, tell me things, I'ma take you to heaven
We gon' be stackin', stackin' every second
Tell me things, tell me things, I'ma take you to heaven
We gon' be stackin', stackin' every second
Tell me things, tell me things, I'ma take you to heaven

'Bout to pull up on the block
Block, block, block, block
Block, block, block, block
Block, block, block, block
'Bout to pull up on the block
Block, block, block, block
Block, block, block, block
Block, block, block, block
'Bout to pull up on the

Champagne, stupid face
Pink wheels, speed race
Green money in a briefcase
'Bout to pull up on a party, blue waves
New York, just a few days
Eyes closed, big fade
'Bout to pull up on the whole team
Insane, run rings, no chase
Jupiter, outer space
When we pull on the
A. G., Dylan Brady
Hollywood, Brooke, baby
Go dumb, so crazy
When we pull on the

We gon' be stackin', stackin' every second
Tell me things, tell me things, I'ma take you to heaven
We gon' be stackin', stackin' every second
Tell me things, tell me things, I'ma take you to heaven
We gon' be stackin', stackin' every second
Tell me things, tell me things, I'ma take you to heaven
We gon' be stackin', stackin' every second
Tell me things, tell me things, I'ma take you to heaven

'Bout to pull up on the block
Block, block, block, block
Block, block, block, block
Block, block, block, block
'Bout to pull up on the block
Block, block, block, block
Block, block, block, block
Block, block, block, block
'Bout to pull up on the block
Block, block, block, block
Block, block, block, block
Block, block, block, block
'Bout to pull up on the block
Block, block, block, block

Block, block, block, block
Block, block, block, block
Yeah