

# BLOCK PARTY

CJ FLY

Statik Selektah

Every time I hear a dope bass line  
Smell some good weed and charcoal on the grill  
Shit just take me back to my childhood, man  
Fly!

It's somethin' 'bout the smell of charcoal burnin'  
Most people love us, the love still workin'  
Fiends come around and the plugs still serve 'em  
All regulars, under cuffs, stay lurkin'  
They wanna lock us up, just the thought, so irkin'  
Duck, hit the ground if that car start swervin'  
The Ds hop out, then we all get nervous  
All got trees so they gon' come search us  
Everybody doin' what they gotta do  
Got a warrant, straight to Ryker's Island if they spotted you  
We ain't worried 'bout our feuds  
More concerned 'bout our food, corn's on the grill, hot dogs, and the barbec  
ue  
Mindin' our own business, everybody vibin'  
Got drunk off a nutcracker when I first tried it  
All the girls in sundresses 'cause the sun shinin'  
Kids are playing in the water from the fire hydrant

I know I won't be where the cops gon' see  
I know my folks said I should stop smoking  
Was more concerned about what I'm gon' eat  
And gettin' high while at the block party  
What my moms gon' think? I know my clothes stink  
Couldn't hide those scents and my eyes so red  
I have Visine but I was not low key  
Been reminiscin' 'bout the block party

Dope music, sunshine  
This shit remind me of the block party  
Grilled foods and fun times  
This shit remind me of the block party  
The fumes came outside  
This shit remind me of the block party  
No shootings, just vibes  
This shit remind me of the block party

Yo, uh  
Summer breeze in my community  
Pretty brown wilds keep pullin' me  
Old heads show the battle scars through their jewelry  
And if you wanna run from the law  
When your block got you, then you always got immunity  
And shawty smile bright with that sundress, oh yes  
She been sense of winnin', type might pull back out my GORE-TEX  
Fuck 12, but today, we don't want no stress  
The kids outside, we don't wanna see no corpses  
Barbecue pits mixed with rastaman  
And we parking lot pimp with our neighborhood  
So we conversate over curry plates  
Oxtail stew, chicken if you tryna wait  
We settle differences, we all from a common place

DT circlin', tryin' to incarcerate  
Don't matter 'cause it's home cooked, salt and baked  
Got me feeling like it's gonna be a brighter day

All ah gyal dem a look nice  
All the drinks, dem deh pon ice  
Won't a ting mash up our vibe  
'Cause everyting blessed when I'm high  
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