

Block Rock

Ghostface Killah

"You out there, on now"
"Sorry... that's word, I'm not the herb"
"Understand what I'm saying, saying, saying"
"It's the hardcore"
"Set it off, rusty, low down"
"Following me, it be the God"
"Whatever, whatever"
"God all"
"All New York, ight"

Yo, aiyo, the Wally man's coming, you can hear his chain dangle
Brolic arm, check out the ankle
Best cuts, diamond sittin' sideways, like they sit in the cup
You can pour Goose on it, juice on it, two Jamaican sluts
On the streets, cousin, word life, them big boy Toys'are'Us
Got them S5 fifties Maybach's, push suede back
Four hundred g's, on the concrete, save that
Like James Brown, it's the Big Payback
Same place you front's where you get laid at
Strong arm a nigga for real, we eat ya food
Like dog, muthafucka, in replace of a meal
Give you a two hour car chase, flying through lakes and bushes
Holding the wheel, still burning the swishes
Exotic killas who bribe to kill us, and we pay for a tab
Don't matter what size the bill is
We don't need your support, wack speech your thought
Just to rhyme my shit when the tape cut off
The price of fame, a dope chain, the same chain
Yo, he tapped to the roof, watch the block, watch 'em hang

From Broad Street down to Milledge
You fucking with experienced killas
Mean wolves, silver back gorillas
Them Theodore kids' gorillas
You fucking with experienced killas
Silver back gorillas

The grenade gonna hit like a bomb from Flex
The street is never at peace when I palm a tech
My enemies is sub, dude, I'm a black belt
The moves I do, is how Bruce stick Kareem Abdul
Same dudes give a bitch booze, stupid rich dudes
Crystal, chandellier ice, keep a wrist full
'cause, if Lil' Jon, can ice his cup
I top that shit, and ice my nuts
See I'm a threat when it comes to rocks
At 3 A.M., you like damn, who put the sun on the block
Is he crazy? Illuminate like the Son of God
And still pull up in the hoopted out rented car
With dust and weed on him, knock the neighborhood bully out
Take his gun and pee on him
The magazines can't develop my flicks
The negatives came, and printed out them see-note chips
Keep the heat flaming, beats banging, bottle of weed stanking
Competition, yo, I'm giving out strict spankings
Burn 'em like bacon, some want Satan
In the hell life, screaming, yo I'm sorry for faking, baking