

# Block Life

K-Trap

Louis Aura

The buj got chips in it  
Glock got a chip in it  
Full clip, give him every grain, not a little bit  
I'm with the dawgs eatin' dinner  
Govin' up the sig, tell my dawg take the spinner - fair  
Catch one, put it in the air, can't say a word  
Lying and he ain't had them fly and he can't lay a verse  
Gave my young boy the mash, tell him hush  
Didn't reach there, and still every ting got fucked  
That's a boss move  
Turn the fire up, see the pop move  
Stir it, turn it  
Top shotta, buy him flu and them birds flip  
Two trays, me and bro had to merge them  
Double C, hold the double four, that's a bad girl  
19, don't need a switch still a mess  
Block life, drive the 47 out the steps

Can't get the glizzy, got to grab the four long  
Shotgun tall, got to chop the nose off  
When it's all down, we just call it sawn off  
For them, what they talk of?  
Cuh they know our  
Guns be dirty, Gyal be flirty, Clap it perfect, [?] I ain't perfect  
Make sure it's working before I'm lurking  
Show no mercy, you're [?] close the curtains

Get the dinner pot, draw the blind quick  
Show you how to double up the coke  
Click it twice now the 9 bands trouble in his coat  
Raffle with a scope while my killy come and get you up close, with a hunt kn  
ife  
Got a man at home but the hoe and wanna give it to me one time  
Lookin' suttin' nice but there's no chance  
Big dance, straps see my stance and I don't dance  
Finger in the air  
Slap you in your melon made the thingy disappear  
Forty cal rare  
I can't shot it like the rum and you're mad  
And if it ain't on person, there's one up in the bag  
Or two actually, it's only facts from me  
My shooters clap for me, my shoes match my tee  
My gun match my stance, my ways match my heart  
My chain bright, then bright, and when it's dark, its dark

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Hello, Mr Chin

There are some men at the front here  
He'll be with you, he's coming, okay?