

Block

King Von

I do the dash on the cops
I do not fuck with the opps
Nah, nah, nah, Von (Ear Drummers)

I spent the night on his block (On his block)
He want to come outside one day (Uh-huh)
I do the dash on the cops (Vroom, vroom, vroom)
Goin' two-twenty down the runway (Skrirt, skrirt)
She in the bed with the opps (With the opps)
You can see the snake all in her face (Damn, damn, damn, damn)
Bitch I don't play, Glock and SK make him empty the safe (Boom, boom)
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I fell in love with the block
Bitch, I'ma buy that hoe one day
I fell in love with the Glock
With a Smith & Wesson, Berettas in they case
I think that we need to stop
Them boys better stomp around my way
Bullet to the face
'Cause ain't no face, then ain't no case
Bitch I done been in all the trenches
I'm talkin' East side to the low end
Man, I done fucked all the bitches
I want Mimi and all her friends
BJ gon ball em with me
See I like the smaller bitches
He like the taller bitches
Man, I'm tryna fuck all the bitches

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I gave a bitch a penny, ho gon' eat me outta house
Think I'ma jump in the Bentley, Dior shoes when I hop out
Who else you know rock like this? Tote a .45 Glock like this?
Black Gucci socks like this? Your boyfriend not like this
But this what you do, link at the stu'
You and your crew, y'all can come through

We got the talk, and a lotta tools
And nigga try to rob, I pity the fool
I got some Crips that be dressin' in blue
I got some homies that's Mexican too
They understand when I tell 'em to shoot
They be like, "Who?" (Who? Boom)

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