

# On The Block

Meek Mill

On the block with that Yao Ming like the rockets  
I be, on the block, on the on the block  
You know I'm, on the block, on the on the block  
And we be, on the block with Yao Ming like the rockets  
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I said that Yao Ming, talking about that China white  
We be on that block all night with rocky white going flight for flight  
Know we do numbers know we got it right  
That ye had a fiend looking like JJ we got that dynamite  
That rock n' roll, you get that rock you cop you roll  
You roll n' rock, you stop you roll  
You take one shot, you stop you froze  
We got that work out while the cops patrol  
You need that ye ok that weight you know we got them O's  
Cause I'm bout mine, get that whole for eight  
Told her bring that back switch that four stacks you know its drought time  
If he fucking around with that cake, he getting outlined  
And it ain't doubt about it, my bloodhounds found him  
Them shots [?] down him, go right at him pound for pound him  
Round for round and now they found him on the block with shells around him  
That blood'll drown, them slugs'll out him  
I keep that banger on me, nigga you know that I be

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[?] I'm the boss, Vito he the captain  
Quilly the assassin, Inferno he the ratchet  
Niggas act hard but they softer than my mattress  
How he stretch call me Mr. Fantastic  
In the best car, 26s I be stabbin'  
Get paid just to talk about the game John Madden  
Laughing cause these niggas talkin' about they trappin'  
They ain't got more money than Ms. Mallery and Asthon  
I spit hot shit, get a game rocked shit  
Party like a rock star, toss me in that mosh pit  
Mink coat shaggy, Mr. Boombosstic  
You ain't got to key call me, I'm the locksmith  
T-shirt [?], no I mean our shit, no I mean my shit  
My get a gang poppin'

Spitting flame toxic you niggas can't stop it  
Slaughter y'all, Audemar niggas better watch

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Tiara, A-P-S-T-A-ara  
Yes I could show you how to hustle that and make that money double back  
First you got to get it then you drop it in the pot  
And then you whip it until it block  
And then you chop and bag and flip it  
Ya that guap I got the get it  
I got guap that's how I did it  
So quickly, I got addicted to fast cash that block brick  
Hot wheel, 5% tint my block hot red  
Rubber band stacks on my brain call me knot-head  
Or get the change brain, or dollar sign mind  
Dead presidential thoughts got me on my grind  
I'm getting that Paris Hilton, bagging that Britney Spears  
We got that white girl, that bitch be flipping here  
I something like her pimp, cause I throw her on the strip  
Like you want some of that one hit will have you running back  
Ya my connect love me, I bring that money back  
I make that money stack so if you trying to find me I'll be

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Its time to slide up in this bitch and [?] from this motherfucker live from  
the [?]  
Proved I'm the shit, my throat was stupid when I spit  
I fucking retarded I might just fucking drool up in this bitch  
You do I but I does it, I'm trapping fuck [?]  
Its money over everything nigga or get nothing  
So fuck bitches, fuck niggas, fuck cousins  
Need money in my palm, going, gone  
Let's get it, I get it, high fucking living  
So if I ain't got no change, what the fuck I'm saying  
Twenty-four seven, three sixty five  
I'm on that corner clocking, ya I'm on my grind  
I'm a fucking star, therefore I got to shine  
That money, money calling ya its on my mind  
You can sit and wait, me I'm chasing mine  
The new man in Philly, ya the city's mine