

# My Block on Fire

Rowdy Rebel

Early in the morning, bitch, the birds chirpin'  
Narc's on my block, yeah, them boys lurkin'  
Just keep your head up lil' nigga  
Don't be lookin' nervous  
And don't panic if they run up  
And they try to search ya'  
You feel a flame fucking with the gang, chick-a-bang  
I put ya' brains on ya picture frame  
And everybody on my block  
Know i up them thangs  
But nobody on my block  
Gonna up and sing, pussy  
There's rules on my block  
A few done tried and a few done got shot  
So don't get it confused on my block  
Gettin' rude or try to be cute on my block  
Like, early in the morning  
Go and check my block  
Oh my nigga Boss man  
Got that work strapped up  
I tell my nigga all the fuckin' time like bro  
You the next best chef up  
My youngins in the kitchen  
They be water whippin'  
Short a gram  
You can find ya' daughter missin'  
The picture orderin'  
Just don't get ya order different  
He wasn't swimming with the sharks  
Because I caught him fishin'  
My hot boys tote Glock's, boys  
And they don't just tote, yeah, they shot boys  
Body twirl, watch him drop boy  
Oh, I ain't tell you them niggas is hot boys?

Nigga, my block on fire, nigga, what about yours?  
My hot boys rollin' and them boys don't care  
Catch a fuck nigga slippin'  
Run up on then wait  
They don't want me, Allen or D-Wade nigga  
Said my block on fire  
Nigga, what about yours?  
My hot boys rollin' and them boys don't care  
Catch a fuck nigga slippin'  
Run up on then wait  
They don't want me, Allen or D-Wade

Nigga, welcome to my Zoe life  
Should I live a cold life?  
iPhone box wrapped up, nigga, with all rice  
I done seen shit that  
Make a nigga live the wrong life  
Good die young but  
Ain't nothing bout' them boys nice  
I done seen sons sell a gun for the right price  
In the long run  
The same gun take that boy life

We had a hard life, fought for hard white  
But niggas charge it to the game  
Credit card swipes  
Fresh mikes, probably do the all whites  
Giuseppe down when I get the cash right  
And I ain't fucking all these bitches  
From my past life  
Unless the register is lit or I'm cash right  
And I be waiting for the cash, waiting all night  
Once the shit clear, I be there, on sight  
Heard these lame niggas moving funny  
Just don't jack squad, nigga, all Shmoneys Nigga, my block on fire  
Nigga, what about yours?  
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