

On the Block

Royce da 5'9"

Come to the block and make the papers
Come to the block- (Block-)
Come to the block and make the papers
Kids hustle on the block (The block)
Come to the block and make the papers
My theme is all about making the green (Green)
This style of mine is well-defined
Kids hustle on the block (Okay), The block

We got Preemo on them cuts, we got Pinot in them cups
Contraband in quarter panels, four, five kilos by the struts
Put your faith in mortal man and he shall terrorize your trust
Shots of Everclear, if nothing just to sterilize the Dutch
Sink an entire empire with my placebo methods
Rebuild an entire empire with my tuxedo measurements
I'm the lyrical audio version of Mona Lisa, recorded to tape, though
Mama didn't give birth to me, she just aborted the golden ratio (Woo)
Look here, y'all should come procreate with a winner
If I should catch a fade with an earthquake I'll make it a tremor
I'm cold enough to go on a date with the eighth of December
When I'm finished, make the rest of the winter pay for the dinner, nigga
We collect bones where blood is drawn and slugs is blown
Nigga, we catch bodies where drugs is thrown, here for the throne
Look, wifey realer than Lauren London on the corner hustling
Like a Detroit party when "Step in the Name of Love" is on

Come to the block and make the papers
Come to the block- (Block-)
Come to the block and make the papers
Kids hustle on the block (The block)
Come to the block and make the papers
My theme is all about making the green (Green)
This style of mine is well-defined
Kids hustle on the block, uh, okay

Kool-Aid known by colors, boy, we ain't no flavors (Ain't no flavors)
We relate to Jesus, most my people born in mangers, too
They ain't know their fathers (Fathers), they were born to strangers (Strangers)
We were raised by VR Troopers (Troopers), Wishbone and Power Rangers (Ayy)
Yeah, we confronted the danger (Ayy), we never did fear the outcome (Naw)
Cap guns turned into revolvers, never leave home without one (Never leave home)
Invested in quarters and Marvel vers' CAPCOM, see my nigga turn Mega Man (Mega Man)
Since eleven never seen 'em caught without a firearm in his palm, you would think they connected, woah
We was broke on a mission for the chose
Sold integrity for neck when chickenheads would come approach
Bitches swallow dick and sang on Sunday, oh, but this ain't vocal
We were suckers though, we tried to make a wife out of them hoes
Stuck in the middle of 30 a time, shepherd been a black sheep
Lowest totem on the pecking order, all the pretty hoes wanted athletes
Bamboozled by the bamboo-wearing bad bitches with the fat cheeks
That made us wait on the same pussy that got ran through like a track meet, treadmill

Come to the block and make the papers
Come to the block- (Block-)
Come to the block and make the papers
Kids hustle on the block (The block)
Come to the block and make the papers
My theme is all about making the green (Green)
This style of mine is well-defined
Kids hustle on the block (The block)

Young niggas get on they 'Gram and gotta start talkin' all silly and shit
Talkin' 'bout runnin' my city and shit
All this ol' gun hostility shit, artillery shit
All this ol' menacin', killin' me shit
Reminisclin' about prison, ain't really this shit
But got caught stealin' and shit
Sittin' in a van with killers and shit
Pistol in hand, dumb-dumbs in my lap, ventriloquist shit
I Proof, I Blade and Dilla this shit
I prove I'm great at flippin' this shit
And building this shit, Dan Gilbert-in' shit
Damn [?] shit