

# Block Wars

## The Game

Know what the fuck be pissing me off? The other motherfuckers think they running my block. Jump off that fucking stoop, hit the fucking gate, nigga grab your burners it's time to go to war. I give the niggas a whole fucking clip every motherfucking round in this motherfucker you can get

Niggas run up on this red '64  
You get a white tag on your big toe  
These ain't punch lines, niggas kick doors  
Leave your baby mama with her lip swole  
All handguns, niggas pack light  
Nigga's mouth loose but my strap tight  
Niggas slide through and they bust first  
We killin' everybody that night  
Block wars, we bout that life  
Scuffed J's and them fist fights  
Dead bodies on dead bodies  
Savage, that's what I live like  
Go and chop a nigga head off  
Fuck around, let the rounds hit you  
Blood splattered on a nigga's [?]  
All I had to do was give a signal  
Magazines if you got an issue  
Hit one nigga with the source  
Hit two niggas with the vibe  
Bitch I kill your vibe  
It's a reason niggas can't fuck with ya  
I'm a Compton nigga and I don't give a fuck  
Nigga walk around with that pistol tucked  
I do drive-bys out a Plenty truck

(Murder-murder)  
Have you ever seen a murder?  
(Murder-murder)  
Boom-boom-boom, let 'em  
Have you ever seen a murder?  
Have you ever seen a dead body?  
Got a chopper with some rounds on it  
Boop-boop, hittin' everybody  
Turn the corner for your mama house  
Put a nigga in the trunk  
Cock your shit and walk around the corner  
Promise nigga this ain't what you want  
Nigga ain't what you want  
Nigga ain't what you want  
Nigga ain't what you want  
No, nigga ain't what you want  
(Murder-murder)  
Boop-boop-boop  
(Murder-murder)

Pull up on your block, take that shit over  
Stolen choppers out of stolen Rovers  
Supernova bullets rippin' through Corollas  
Pure shooter like DeMare DeRozan  
Hot slugs but the jewelry frozen  
12 gauges on the trap sofas  
Naked bitches in the kitchen whippin' yola

Pockets fat like a young Oprah  
Told the nigga he ain't want the clip  
I'm filthy rich and still with the shit  
His mama cryin' but his son a bitch  
I had her view the body like she from the 6  
Bullets ricochetin' all through the block  
Nigga run his mouth like he knew the cops  
I do the shootin' while the shooters watch  
Then cook crack in a newer pot  
Move me? Gotta move the block  
That means take shots like it's Lou Dot  
Niggas talkin' bout the game like it's ESPN  
I'll put your ass with Stuart Scott  
No conscious mind, the chronic got  
My mind blown  
I can't stop with the murder shit  
Burn rubber, burn a clip  
A lot of niggas died on [?] shit

Murder, murder, murder  
Have you ever seen a dead body?  
Have you ever seen a murder?  
Have you ever seen a dead body?  
Have you ever seen a murder?  
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Everybody lay the fuck down, you know who it is nigga. Ay, what the fuck you doing? Nigga come here nigga. Gun in your motherfucking mouth. Nigga put th at motherfucking gun down before I smoke your motherfucking homie. Ay yo and get all this shit nigga. I'm about to kill this nigga, fuck you nigga. You dying too bitch ass nigga, nigga. Get the fuck out of here