

E-40, Baller Blockin'

(Turk)

Everyday, all day all we do is get our grind on
From sun up to sun down get our grind on
Tryna bust it wide open and build up my clank
Send a hit at these niggas so we could be the jank
You now how it is want everything for myself
Want every nigga scorin for me nobody else
Imma dog it ain't not secret i want it all
Tha coke, dope, hoes and tha fancy cars
Tha game is cold but it's fair nigga
Can't trust no man 'cause a nigga don't care nigga
Nigga will do anything just to be tha man wit all tha work
Kidnap yo wife and yo daughter erase you off tha earth
Them niggas cut throats this shit is real 'causeen
Better know tha game 'cause if you don't you get killed 'causeen
Be ready to take a nigga to war behinds yours
Spark when it get dark and leave brains on the curve

(Turk)(Hook)

Why you blockin us
Baller Blockin us
You niggas can keep tryin
Ain't no stoppin us

(Baby)

Niggas baller blockin so they lettin off shots
Tha feds came thru can't stop tha clock
Then why a nigga up tryna close my shop
Lovely came thru in a Bentley drop
Tha cadilac truck we painted then got hot
Still runnin thru them hallways tote'n a glock
Word got around Curly tryna close my shop
Tha mail man down bad he can grab tha glock
Tell tha stupid hoe shut up she bouts to get popped
Tha cameras out and them lights is on
Them feds com'n thru and they gettin it on
So we duck and hide, supply and ride
Big party goin down wit Big Wood tonite
So we cocked tha glocks
'cause tha beef is rock
Niggas shootin out windows instead of head shots
Believe that playboy

(Hook)

(E-40)

Niggas be gold killin
(?) slippery like grease create y'all bin on a (?) scrilla
Call tha police on a young busta just tryna money mack on a million
You best respect tha game or get yo cap pilled in
Whoopin ass and takin names about my pay
Straight up out tha year 2000 Y2K
We ain't fit tha bearin f**k bamas, (?), (?)
How bout Atlanta you know
We ain't gotta smash pennies to make (?) no mo (Beyotch Beyotch)
See I just look like this
Project English left and plain
We use words like 'It's All Gravy Tre'
I spit tha (?) from tha job
My nigga Baby and them law
Tha block controller just seen it all
From white to brown and yellow (Beyotch)

Pineapple y'all
Leaky brown color to baller blockin y'all
Wit baking soda (wit baking soda) ya smell
Ball to we have it all (ball to we have it all) ya dig
Ball to we have it all (ball to we have it all) hoe

Hook

(Juvenile)

I know I need to stop but I'm solja so f**k it
Besides I'm responsible fo supplin tha public
My daddy got shot so I'm holdin it down
Outline, out of bounds puttin four in a clown
Bitch answer when I call make me know you got my change
Is it explodin in yo brain, do you think I'm playin games
See that's why lil niggas like u get murder over 'caine
Put yo self in a spot where u won't be working again
I ain't gone let yo partners from yo block confuse ya
You broke 'em off a package and they tryna misuse ya
Now tell 'em who got assed out you and me too huh
And Bubba want his money so I gotta kill you now
And all these muthaf**kin laws tryna take mines
I ain't wit that bullshit two at tha same time
F**k I might at well give tha dope game up
But Beatrice said he got a fresh package that came up

Hook