

Big Pokey, Where I'm From (Huggin' Da Block)

Ha, say, coast to coast
They got to feel this, where I'm from

[Chorus]

Where I'm from, niggas hugging the block (hugging the block)
24's flooding the block, there's blood on the block (blood on the block)
It's all good in the hood, loving the block (loving the block)
Monday to Monday need money, hugging it out (hugging it out)
We wreck niggas, take em to the back of the block (back of the block)
Where the teachers at on my side, packing em out (packing em out)
Every other day, 5-0 back in the block (back in the block)
Some get caught up, some still attacking the block (attacking the block)

[Big Pokey]

You know me, I'm attacking the block
Sack in my sock, I'm in back of Jack In The Box
I'm the same nigga, that the laws rapping about
I ain't tripping, I know my phone tapped at the spot
When we ride, I'm the nigga packing the dot
At the wonder at the club, bout to vacuum the lot
Calling the Scott, to the west to O.S.T.
Y.S.P., all it's me, M.O.B.
Across the street from the park, pumping under the tree
My niggas is bout it, if you want it, we got it
Blood in, blood out, ain't nobody adopted
That elbow on the 6-4, I probably done rocked it
Roll deep, hitting switches, while the boppers is watching
All on the curb, leaning, we all on serve
Got a pocket full of money, we all on the bird
I love my block, that's my word, for real

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

It's guaranteed set up shop on Ridgevan, nigga you gon bleed
The whole block is a crock pot boiling with undercovers
Better stash your cheese
When a out of bounds nigga come around, he'll end up on his knees
We don't tolerate short stopping around here, we got kids to feed
And the jackers of the seven deedious, got tricks up they sleeve
But we don't believe in magic, just plastic that make em cease to breathe
From 11:30 to 11:30, we whip up P-I-E's
In the kitchen on a mission, I'm Chef Boy-R-D O-B-E
When the law come around it's ghost town, the traffic be on freeze
But everybody reman they position, soon as them hoes leave
Off a million faces be cases, freedom is what they cease
But we make bond and go right back, to the block and serve fiends
P-C-P has us off any type of amphetamine
Shit that'd do you like Viagra, shit that'll really make you lean
R-I-D-G-E-M-O-N-T my block, my set, my team
Nigga you outta bounds, and the penalty
Is a glock, a tech or beam

[Chorus - 2x]