Birdman & Lil Wayne, Tha Block Is Hot

(Lil Wayne) Wha wha, wha wha, wha wha, wha wha, what

Straight off the black gold, nuts in my hand, trustin no man Got my glock cocked, runnin this thing, ya understand We be steamin.. blazin.. nines, pumps, and K's, and Holly Grove 17th, (what) tha hood where I (what) was raised in (what) Niggaz bustin heads and, runnin duckin Feds and rocks under they tongues and, ki's under they beds and Hood fulla real niggaz, twenty-four seven hustlers EHHH, until we shove a barrel down ya pipe suckers Ain't no love for no busta, no fear for no coward No respect from no stunt, and no money without power We keepin niggaz hotter, EWWWW nasty and sour Pile up in the Eddie Bauer and BLAKA at every hour Some niggaz like that powder, foldin up what they drain Some like that weed or that dope and some shoot it up in they veins (oh) From the home of that 'caine, jackin and crackin brains Broadcastin live from Tha Block it's Lil Wayne (who it is?)

See where I'm from we keep our guns out

Chorus: B.G. and Juvenile, Lil Wayne

Juve: