

E-40, Block Boi

(feat. Miko, Stressmatic of The Federation)

(Verse 1: E-40)

Out here is sick, AR-70's and albino pits (Albino pits)
Patriots and bushmasters, home invasions and licks
I'm in it to make the most, you in it to flamboast (Boast)
You in it to tricking off to them hoes, I'm in to make her buy me some clothes (Clothes)
I be treating my scraper like a Rolls, lemme stop lying, no I don't (Don't)
I be sideways on two toys, all the rappers call me Unc (Unc)
Feasible, unheathable, the best thing that ever did it (Did it)
Incredible like E. Jerome, you pitch it, I'm a hit it (Hit it)
One of my youngsters just got popped with a thumper (Thumper)
They tryna wash him, they talking football numbers (Football numbers)
They tryna stop him, it's murk in the Ave (In the Ave)
Take one of mine, I'm take three of theirs (Three of theirs)
Some of you suckers can't take a lettuce from a cabbage (Cabbage)
A coon from a plum, kangaroo from a radish (From a raddish)
Look at my life, look at my guys, look at my fame (Look at my fame)
Look at you guys, look at my eyes, look at my cane (Look at my cane)

(Hook: Stressmatic x2)

Block, block, block, block boi
Block, b-block, b-block, block, block boi
... Block, block, block, block boi
Ride with a thing to put your head on a slab

(Verse 2: Miko)

M wanted this piece, already (Already)
Squat a 33-year-old Chevy (Old Chevy)
Replace everything, all in Heat Cherry (Yeah)
So much chrome under the hood, straight scary
Get my grown man on, Sacramento Valley
On 22's, playboy vet rallies (Rallies)
Tremendo, to the extreme, where I go
Pimping I'm cleaner than a San Jose car show
... Hotter than Barstow in August
Chevy Land love me, I'm year one flawless (One flawless)
The law just, pull up beside me, give me the thumbs up
I turn the beat up like "That's what up"
Hah, studio tone, yadadamean
Got us mobbed out, smacking like magazine (Like magazine)
When I wanna roll deep, I gotta van (Gotta van)
But right now, it's young Meek in the waterbed

(Hook: Stressmatic x2)

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... Block, block, block, block boi
Ride with a thing to put your head on a slab

(Verse 3: E-40)

Sick of turfs scorchers, smoking hot like a broken stove
Me and my Filipinos, Tongans and Cholos
... On the soil, taking precaution
On the roof, in the trees with the Latins, listening and watching, oooh
... Good grief, it's never been this ugly out here, we in some heavy beef
They left his body in the streets for twelve hours
Candlelight vigils, sidewalk funerals and flowers, oooh
These youngsters aint listening, they disrespecting me
Aint no OG's to holler at, no one to detonate, oooh
... Chemical babies, the parents smoking rocks
Plus they aint never had a chance to know God (To know God)
In my days, I was raised in the church
Momma did what she could just to keep us off the turf (Keep us off the turf)

... But it aint no one to blame (But)
But Noriega and Regan and rock cocaine

(Hook: Stressmatic x2)
Block, block, block, block boi
Block, b-block, b-block, block, block boi
... Block, block, block, block boi
Ride with a thing to put your head on a slab