

# Lil' Flip, My Block

(feat. Crime, Dante, Godfather)

(You don't like the ghetto, everyone knows the ghetto, it in every hood)

[Lil' Flip]

From my block to your block, ha ha, this for tha streets, ha ha, Look

[Chorus]

From my block to yo' block, we stackin' chips  
From yo' block to my block, we packin' clips  
And if you don't work, then you don't eat  
I'm tell you like this, it get rough on these streets

[repeat Chorus]

[Lil' Flip]

Late night, if you don't work you don't eat  
That shit is fo' real  
You hustlin' for tennis shoes, put that shit on yo' bills  
Dope fiends everywhere, like H2O  
We don't believe in police, cause they too slow  
I had to do what I did so I could get what I got  
You wanna feel like I feel then go sit on my block  
You might see teenagers, flippin' and workin'  
You might see canines, sniffin' and searchin'  
You might see plastic bags with drugs and stuff  
You might see a whole block full of thugs and stuff  
Be quiet cell phones got bugs and stuff  
Real niggas in the kitchen cuttin' stuff  
Wrap it up, zip it up after it bubble up  
I got dreams of seeing all my money double up  
I gotta get it, cause I got a family to feed  
If you feel what I'm sayin' put yo' hand on yo' heat

[Chorus]

[Crime]

Do any niggas wanna step to this?  
I back 'em down with tha nickel-plated fifth, watch the hip  
Look at your men, they all jumpin' ship  
And I ain't even bring an extra clip  
Just imagine if I brought my nigga Flip  
We comin' for yo' grip, that rubber band shit  
And tha KG9, it spit sick, and you'll notice  
Your final notice, ready to die  
Like my nigga Biggie from best high, keep yo' hands high  
My whole clicks alibi, fuck the piece I want the whole damn pie  
Eight sounds tha best high  
I get it with my lips or with the rubber grip  
Smoke kicks than Matrix, you cats ain't seen shit  
You really know who you fuckin', you betta tell 'em Flip  
My glock cocked, yo' block drops  
I bust shots, ya'll call cops, fuck 911 nigga we blaze spots

[Dante]

Hey Flip, from my block to yo block, I'm thugged out  
I'm realizin' its some soljas Down South  
Scream it loud, if you the meanest nigga  
Affiliated with guns, gang bangers that pull triggas  
Me and my niggas, feelin' trapped like we in a maze  
Misbehave, refuse, to be a slave  
And you can't break me, if the Lord want me, let him take me  
Respect mine, I'm livin' life by the tech 9  
I'm livin' now while I'm still hea

Fuck it when I'm gone  
Long as tha homies pour the beer I know its still on  
We high, gettin' drunk, doin' what we want  
Jail can't change us it only makes us dangerous

[Chorus]

[Godfather]

We roll V12 motors, Pittsburgh to tha Clovers  
Down South they lean, the East be never sober  
Elected by the voters, ride just like a lotus  
I'll buy the house, never get an eviction notice  
You niggas bogus, gotta keep my mind focused  
Lost in the jungle, this animal's ferious  
My hyponosis, count my nets and my brouses  
Sell a bunch of records, like Hootie and tha Blowfish  
After I recite this, you niggas shouldn't quote this  
Godfather, fragilistic xpalidosius  
Street bums, rap for pennies and nickels  
Like nigga la vocal, give 'em the Russian sickle

[Lil' Flip]

Look, I stay on my block  
I get paid on my block  
It aint no such thing as being afraid on my block  
I'm true to my block, I shoot wit my glock  
If I don't know you, I don't wanna see you on my block  
I stack on my block, I park my 'Lac on my block  
Even though I'ma star, I go back to my block  
I hang on my block, they know my name on my block  
And every since I blew up, it aint tha same on my block  
I live on my block, I eat ribs on my block  
You might see me wit William Gibbs on my block  
I'm real wit my block, I chill on my block  
7 years and 5 days nigga, and I'm still on my block

What nigga, feel that, Lil' Flip, Cloverland, Godfather, Pittsburgh  
Crime, New York, nigga Dante, California, feel that, from my block to yo  
block, nigga, we do tha same..thang