

Z-RO, Block Bleeder

(*talking*)

Z-Ro the Crooked, 2K motherfucking 1
This for all my motherfucking block bleeders
Fuck 9 to 5, know I'm saying
I'm talking to the niggas that gon survive
The motherfucking nine, nickels and dimes
Stracks, fifty pack, feel that, nigga get your paper

[Den Den]

Got me pissed off frustrated, you know you outta line
Plus I'm trying to count you getting high, off this Alabama tie
Falling short of my plans, so my anger is rising
Let me take out I-10, while my pressure is climbing
I can't mind on drank, so I'm in another mode
Moving way too fast, down this one way road
Let me catch my snap, before I roll another crap
And regret what I done, I been really shaft
Its a fact that my block, be hotter than the sun
You can sco' anything there, from drank to marijuana
And the corner, is for the stronger heart
Separate the men from the boys, and the weak from the smart
And apart, from all these hoe ass laws
Its a 24 no tolerance, for those that crawl
Through my block, you might get your busted
Dick in the dust, for fucking with us on my block

[Chorus]

Block bleeder, surviving in the game
I wanna live righteous, but I need to stack change
I know I'm going through it, but I gotta maintain
Block bleeder, surviving in the game
My block is on fire, and I'm addicted to the flame
Stain after stain, know what I'm talking mayn

[Z-Ro]

Judge me not, on what you see, nigga
Don't you realize, this life of mine is killing me
Straight from a Christian, to a heartless killa
Innocent child raised by the guerillas
Military minded, plus I'm starving for scrilla
Affiliated with killas, that shermed out and tooted
But we don't know no better, paper's got our mind polluted
I repent for my sins, cause I know my number's coming up
I'm paranoid my nigga, don't be running up
Whether friends or foe, I really don't know
That's why I'm warning you Ro, you need to just
Back up a ski taste, or I'll be tagging your toe
Since these punk ass individuals, drag my name through the mud
I ain't got nothing to say to niggas, unless they after the bud
Pumping pack after pack, barley missing a platinum plack
HPD be on a nigga with no slack, I want executive money
The CEA, Chief Executive Artist, instead of 36 ounces
Pistol grip and a cartridge, a block bleeder

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

The block is hot as a clinic, but its profession to me
And like Juve I'm posted up, so I can watch for the sweet
I've been less fortunate, and had to hustle all my life
Listening to people say, its gon be alright all my life
I even got a lady that's been faithful, all my life
She's still my gavel, cause I can't afford to call her my wife
I should be thankful that Dennison Dre, done gave me some help

But I'm depending on grown men, and I'm a grown man myself
Feeling lesser than nothing, and barely fucking with zones
Its like an obstacle course of dynamite, under every corner
I bob and weave through the hard time, my life is pain
From struggle where niggas fired, the reason that I record mine
Infrared, nigga you better protect your head
On my block when we kill eachother, no tears get shed
You take a front from a nigga, you better be quick to pay up
Bring his feddy back on time, or he'll be quick to spray ya
Twenty Fo' seven packing a Mac 11, on my turf
Running away from the police, chunking evidence like a Nurf
I'd rather sell my own records, Chief Executive Artist
Instead of 36 ounces pistol grip and a cartridge, a block bleeder

[Chorus]