

Big Pooh, Every Block

(Intro)

To anybody

That ever looked at a blank piece of paper

And felt that feeling

That you didnt, you don't know what to say

You be wondering

If your next joint is gonna be banging or not

You be wondering if people gonna be feeling your shit

This is for y'all

Come On

(Verse 1)

I've been stuck on the same page

Seven days isolated in the same cage

Six minutes spitting out curse words of rage

Holding on to my pen like it's the last days

And she my only weapon

Still stepping with a passionate cause

But the block reveals all of your flaws hoping you give in

Shifting, more swift than the panic

Older brain with the pen feeling so diplomatic

Until you fight back

Pen strokes tend to quiet that and at the same time my mind drift

Between the pen and the paper there's a slight rift

The pressure's on and I might miss

Who can bare that stress?

First start is the second guess

The third try I'm still hopeless

I'm like a penny with a hole in it

The words come but no soul in it

So it's back to the block trying to figure out this damn thing

(Chorus)

So if you see me in the lab with a pen and a pad

I'm trying to write a verse that's doper than my last one

Let's put it down for my peeps going at it hard

On every block, every corner, every boulevard

Some niggaz think about sex, I think about checks

and I ain't spitting 16 until I know I'm about to cash one

Let's spit a rhyme for the streets steady pulling cards

On every block, every corner, every boulevard

(Verse 2)

They say the pressure's on to make more music

And write a better song to make the hoars loose it

Dance floor music with out no heart attatched

For all them harder cats that I was sleeping on,

Not trying to lead you on but there's a deeper zone

when you start dealing with the industry and keeping on

You do your thing, I do mine

Fuck it, 10 inches long

'Cause I ain't even on but still you want to sweat

Looking for me to fill your pockets and your deficits

asking for loot and I ain't even sold no records yet

My family argue when they beefing over petty shit

And niggaz still think this journey was everless

Shit

Yo, that's why I'm using God as my guide

'Cause making moves in this game

It's kind of hard to decide

Once you put your Hancock on the line

My niggaz change at the drop of a dime

That put a block on your mind, for real

(Chorus)

So if you see me in the streets and my eyes look red
it's probably because I ain't been able to sleep
We put it down for our peeps going at it hard
On every block, every corner, every boulevard
Some niggaz spit for the range
I spit for the change to make sure that all my family got something to eat
Spit a rhyme for the street steady pullin cards
For every block, every corner, every boulevard

(Outro)

Yo, it's like that y'all
State to state
Country to country
It's Little Brother
9th Wonder
The Justus League, undiscovered
It's like that y'all
We keep it going
We keep it on, and on, and on
On, and on, and on
Like that

(Outro scene)

Pooh,
Oh Pooh
Wake up big daddy
Look at you
Laying there looking all cute and cuddly
(Different lady)
Good morning baby
You remember.. we agreed on that minajee(sp?)
Well, I got something better than that
I brought Tasha
(First lady)
Pooh
Oh Pooh
(Third lady)
Terrance!
Yeah, come on
(Man's voice)
WAKE UP, WAKE UP, WAKE UP