

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