

# E-40, Baller Blockin'

(Turk)

Everyday, all day all we do is get our grind on  
From sun up to sun down get our grind on  
Tryna bust it wide open and build up my clank  
Send a hit at these niggas so we could be the jank  
You now how it is want everything for myself  
Want every nigga scorin for me nobody else  
Imma dog it ain't not secret i want it all  
Tha coke, dope, hoes and tha fancy cars  
Tha game is cold but it's fair nigga  
Can't trust no man 'cause a nigga don't care nigga  
Nigga will do anything just to be tha man wit all tha work  
Kidnap yo wife and yo daughter erase you off tha earth  
Them niggas cut throats this shit is real 'causeen  
Better know tha game 'cause if you don't you get killed 'causeen  
Be ready to take a nigga to war behinds yours  
Spark when it get dark and leave brains on the curve

(Turk)(Hook)

Why you blockin us  
Baller Blockin us  
You niggas can keep tryin  
Ain't no stoppin us

(Baby)

Niggas baller blockin so they lettin off shots  
Tha feds came thru can't stop tha clock  
Then why a nigga up tryna close my shop  
Lovely came thru in a Bentley drop  
Tha cadilac truck we painted then got hot  
Still runnin thru them hallways tote'n a glock  
Word got around Curly tryna close my shop  
Tha mail man down bad he can grab tha glock  
Tell tha stupid hoe shut up she bouts to get popped  
Tha cameras out and them lights is on  
Them feds com'n thru and they gettin it on  
So we duck and hide, supply and ride  
Big party goin down wit Big Wood tonite  
So we cocked tha glocks  
'cause tha beef is rock  
Niggas shootin out windows instead of head shots  
Believe that playboy

(Hook)

(E-40)

Niggas be gold killin  
(?) slippery like grease create y'all bin on a (?) scrilla  
Call tha police on a young busta just tryna money mack on a million  
You best respect tha game or get yo cap pilled in  
Whoopin ass and takin names about my pay  
Straight up out tha year 2000 Y2K  
We ain't fit tha bearin f\*\*k bamas, (?), (?)  
How bout Atlanta you know  
We ain't gotta smash pennies to make (?) no mo (Beyotch Beyotch)  
See I just look like this  
Project English left and plain  
We use words like 'It's All Gravy Tre'  
I spit tha (?) from tha job  
My nigga Baby and them law  
Tha block controller just seen it all  
From white to brown and yellow (Beyotch)

Pineapple y'all  
Leaky brown color to baller blockin y'all  
Wit baking soda (wit baking soda) ya smell  
Ball to we have it all (ball to we have it all) ya dig  
Ball to we have it all (ball to we have it all) hoe

Hook

(Juvenile)

I know I need to stop but I'm solja so f\*\*k it  
Besides I'm responsible fo supplin tha public  
My daddy got shot so I'm holdin it down  
Outline, out of bounds puttin four in a clown  
Bitch answer when I call make me know you got my change  
Is it explodin in yo brain, do you think I'm playin games  
See that's why lil niggas like u get murder over 'caine  
Put yo self in a spot where u won't be working again  
I ain't gone let yo partners from yo block confuse ya  
You broke 'em off a package and they tryna misuse ya  
Now tell 'em who got assed out you and me too huh  
And Bubba want his money so I gotta kill you now  
And all these muthaf\*\*kin laws tryna take mines  
I ain't wit that bullshit two at tha same time  
F\*\*k I might at well give tha dope game up  
But Beatrice said he got a fresh package that came up

Hook