Lil Wayne, Tha Block Is Hot

(Lil Wayne)
Wha wha, wha wha, wha wha, wha wha, what

Straight off the black gold, nuts in my hand, trustin no man
Got my glock cocked, runnin this thing, ya understand
We be steamin.. blazin.. nines, pumps, and K's, and
Holly Grove 17th, (what) tha hood where I (what) was raised in (what)
Niggaz bustin heads and, runnin duckin Feds and
rocks under they tongues and, ki's under they beds and
Hood fulla real niggaz, twenty-four seven hustlers
EHHH, until we shove a barrel down ya pipe suckers
Ain't no love for no busta, no fear for no coward
No respect from no stunt, and no money without power
We keepin niggaz hotter, EWWWW nasty and sour
Pile up in the Eddie Bauer and BLAKA at every hour
Some niggaz like that powder, foldin up what they drain
Some like that weed or that dope and some shoot it up in they veins (oh)
From the home of that 'caine, jackin and crackin brains
Broadcastin live from Tha Block it's Lil Wayne (who it is?)

See where I'm from we keep our guns out

Chorus: B.G. and Juvenile, Lil Wayne

Juve: