

Lil Wayne, The 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?)
Chorus: B.G. and Juvenile, Lil' Wayne

Juve: Nigga you got that yayo?

B.G.: Well cook something nigga

Juve: Nigga you let them K's go?

B.G.: Well bust somethin nigga

Juve: Are you duckin that law?

B.G.: You better run from em nigga

Juve: Are you playin with that raw?

B.G.: Well won't you front somethin nigga

[Wayne] Tha Block is Hot, Tha Block is Hot ha, ha-ha

Tha Block is Hot, Tha Block is Hot ha, ha-ha

Tha Block is Hot, Tha Block is Hot ha, ha-ha

Tha Block is Hot, Tha Block is Hot ha..

[Lil' Wayne]

See where I'm from we keep our guns out
Dodgin cops and burnin blocks, so we be thugged out
It's time to floss, bring the big bodies on dubs out
And they got quarters, halves, and birds in that one house (I got it)
(I got it) It's all good in the hood but a lot illegal
Soon as you get it, hot SKIRT, there go them people
Break up the block and hit the cut by the corner sto'
End up in Miss Taylor backyard, be quiet, she on the porch
This everyday, at the spot where niggaz murder off top, boy
It's the spot where they got Fire Girls and Hot, Boys
We don't know what be goin cause we so blunted from trees
and we'll be round ya all day til we "400 Degreeez"
And you see where niggaz go, nobody be on the pulpit
They got a nigga got on a scarf, he flippin out off that raw
Betta stay in yo' car, and make sure (BEEP BEEP) your door is locked
Cause this ain't nuttin proper, cause Tha Block, is jusssst Hot

Chorus

[Lil' Wayne]

See watch your step on my set, gotta walk like, talk like
We done shot out all the street lights
So you can't see who we be like
And we like, to dress in all black up in my residence
Ain't got on no suits, cause we ain't tryin to be presidents
And ever since the coke drought, niggaz been on a trip y'all
So you better watch what y'all playin wit
Cause a nigga will try to flip y'all
They hit y'all, jam you up and put a gun to your jug
Hahhhh, catch your breath, now shhhhh, catch a slug
It's street smarts, plenty niggaz that keep spots
When the heat starts, ain't nobody got sweethearts
Callin weak shots, you could come try to cheap talk
We cut your week short, them lil' boys don't give a damn

Go all out for that cake, won't hesitate to kill a man
Run in his house and kidnap the nigga, him and his fam
Tie em up put em in the vans, then put a gat in his jaws
... tch, one move blow his cactuses off

Chorus

[Lil' Wayne]

WHOOT! Some people call me cause Tha Block is Hot
Shk-a-BLAOW! Bust ya guns cause Tha Block is Hot
Nigga chshhhhh, cook it up, cause Tha Block is Hot
Say look Daddy, just hook it up, cause Tha Block is Hot
Nigga WHOOT! Some people call me cause Tha Block is Hot
Shk-a-BLAOW! Bust ya guns cause Tha Block is Hot
Nigga chshhhhh, cook it up, cause Tha Block is Hot
Say look Daddy, just hook it up, cause Tha Block is Hot
Nigga my block hot, nigga my block burn
My block on fire, nigga what about yours?
Nigga my block hot, nigga my block burn
My block on fire, nigga what about yours?
The block is hot ha ha ha ha