

## Shaquille O'Neal F/ K-Raw, Sonja Blade "On Tha Block"

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[M-Child] [Chorus x2]

Pushing rocks on the block, I'm never broke, man.  
Try to saw me, you get served.. With no regard.  
Boy, don't test me 'cause I'm tired of teaching lessons.  
Boy, don't test me 'cause I'm tired of teaching lessons.

[M-Child]

We be deep, like roaches on the counter in the  
projects,  
We all be slummed out, yeah, Generation-X.  
To you junkies who finger fuck with your boy, I got that  
shit,  
Heat it up and cook that shit, stir it up like Nestle Quick.  
My pager be on, making deals on the cell phone,  
If you call me at home, I think you're trying to do me  
wrong.  
You know the game, I be a fucking disease,  
Junking be rucking, looking at this guy saying they  
ABCs.  
I got a straw, they sticking needles in they tongue,  
Smoking out of weed bongs, some old, some young,  
But who gives a fuck, my nigga all talking dollars,  
Throw at school, my nigga Teddy and I stole an Impala.  
Close shop, 5-0, got a young nigga; Noid,  
All the dopies in the stash by Kamikaze boys.  
Be on top of that shit, being broke, I can't afford,  
Niggas who slip-steal bungie jump with no cord, hah.

[Chorus x2]

[???

Standing on the corner and I'm gonna serve these kids  
it on,  
Junkies gonna stop and and kindly stop, asking me for  
more.  
Come and pull some credit; I can't let it go out just like  
that,  
I'm gonna fucking finger nigga' pimp' hoe until my

finger get fat.  
That ain't the motherfucking wait, fucking junkies like  
to pay,  
Get my money, thing be the frontin',  
plus they down with the A to the K.  
Everyday, coming up to me talking about, "I got five."  
Seeing devils in they room and assume they can fly.  
Found your ass on top of the roof, nigga, I want you  
down here first.  
As you on the ground, dancing around screaming,  
"Yeah, that hurts."  
Roll on over boy, you want another one of these  
monkey nuts?  
I'm sorry, but a.. Hole in a soda what you junky got.  
Dragging me around, giving head, see, I don't want it.  
Now a nigga on the crazy, with that late night, I'm on it.  
Trying to scratch some give and gets,  
MC Mack ain't becoming your friend,  
Go to the Southside; Scan Man meanwhile M-Child  
getting his ass hit.

[Chorus x2]

[M-Child]

I say they call me M-Child, fresh out the O.M.P.  
I never let a junky slide, sell 'em P.A.C.  
And cliqued up with all my niggas that from the O.M.P.  
If you think I'm lying, ask another my nigga,  
That's if you don't believe me.  
We young niggas, we keep it crazy; the last days,  
Rapping and trying to get paid, fuck being a slave.  
Duck and dodging my grave 'cause I'm not ready to  
leave,  
I stay for perm, got a lot of naughty tricks on my  
sleeve.  
My nigga, let me procede.. They'll discipline what you  
need.  
Take 'em down, do with me and break 'em down like  
weed.  
I don't give a fuck; M-Child, I'm worthy,  
On the track, booming llell, go to sleep, wake up early.  
Niggas thought I won't going to make it in this R.A.P.  
G.A.M.E., I mastered this shit perfectly.  
By any means, I'm making green-child with it, yo.  
Like a bitch I won't go, so tell that shit to your hoe,  
yeah.

[Chorus x5]

