

TQ F/ Lil' Wayne

"Same Block"

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[Verse 1]

If you buck then say so, push a nigga off
With the quickness of my glock fo sheezy, blast a
nigga off!
Smoke you like you dro', fuck a sissy hoe, since you
wanted to know
Gangsta Boo ain't scared of you, I'll walk up to yo'
fucking do'
Na- Na- Na- Na- Na, you can't touch me silly trick
What's the business bitch? I'm the lady of this Memphis
shit
Yes I got the hollow words, secret follow words, where
the dollar words
Crazy lady yeah, millionaires, sporting Cartiers
Why don't you come around here, let me put you on
some fuckin game
You bitches be lame, dope game, my game hoe!
Yes you, yes you bought, fuck what you haters be
thinking or saying
Yes you, yes you bought my CD anyway
I'm a come on out, gold and diamonds in my fucking
mouth
What you talking 'bout? So so scandalous stay
representin the South
Riding on them thangs, tryna dodge you player haters
man
I'm a stay the same, fuck whoever talking 'bout I done
changed

[Chorus: 4X]

I be at the same block, same hood
Same house, same sto', same folks
Looking good bitch, I ain't changed hoe!

[Verse 2]

Can I ask you something, what you bitches tryna prove?
Acting like you buck, when really you look like a damn
fool
See me in the streets, you try to chief, and smoke all
your weed
I don't want that babby-jazzy shit, I don't speak seeds

Nigga, nigga please I'm Miss Pimpin-Villain Gangsta
Boo
Fuckin with my niggas, paper chasing tryna get this
loot
I ain't tryna take no shit, or be labled as a duck
Never will I go out like that, you got me fucked up!
You bitches be talking that shit, do you think that you
can handle me?
Raised in B.H.Z., slash North Memphis Tennessee
I don't think so, go and call yo' mother fucking crew
I know where yo' mama stay, I'll send a bullet straight
through
Staying high, oh so, oh so high, I'm quick to lose my
temper
Bitch, smack you, stomp you down bitch, it be that
simple
You know that I be riding in fast cars, quick to hit the
strip bar
Sippin on some syrup (sippin on some si-zzurp)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Nigga come and take a ride, what you bitches know
about?
Fuck you bitches, stick a mother fucking gun in yo'
mouth
Hoes be hating cuz I made it rich, "oohhh...lucky bitch!"
Been down and for years, I still remain untouchable
bitch!
Always be the one mean-mugging me, you groupie hoe
Then after the show, you be the one on the flo'
Why you mad at me cuz i chose to, chose to keep it
real?
Bitch get bout yo' cheese, stay about yo' hustle only for
real
Niggas wanna fuck when they see me on the B.E.T.
Riding in my truck, I pop a flick up in the DVD
Balling through Black Haven, deep as hell in that
Suburban man
You silly ass bitches, you wish you could see the shit
that I be seeing man
Still I stay the same, ghetto diva known as Gangsta Boo
Undergroundin' clownin', upside downin', bitch I
thought you knew
Catch me on my corner burner undershirt, some heat
If you got some questions, catch me in the mother-
fucking streets (Bee-yotch!)

[Repeat Chorus to end]

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