

Youngbloodz F/ Lil Jon % The Eastside Boyz "Who Want Blanco"

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I come from the wildest blocks
We nickname cops
Instead of shops on high blocks
Stolen whips and chop-chops
Barbershops sell music, hard shit for the listener
Father's are ex-prisoners
Parole officers visit ya
Collect calls from inmates
74 to upstate
Shoot dice and calculate weight
Records inside of milk crates
Spin off on twelve hundreds
Huddle and hold bundles
Escape the rainy days and find your face in a puddle
Where some of the hungriest wolves write and lay
vocals
In the basement apartment, adjacent from where they
spark shit
On the corners where the narc's hit
New York throw the grime shit (?)
Where the Po's spit they whole clip
Til they pop and drop shit
And every other block got a Double Chinese and Wing
Lee's
All the yellow ornament reeds, D.I.'s, Groceries (?)
Cocaine distribution, movin' from here to Houston
Got bitches, still boost on
Babies are raisin' children
Hustle in front the buildin'
Crush, twist, roll
Folk loc, hold down the block 'til we old
Keep the whole ship sold
Flip, ship out O's
Enforce shit that's sold
Boss of zip codes
Streets got signs, nines speak morse code
Streets got colts, ho's and candy for that nose
Blanco, loco, smoke stog's, don't joke
Ten shots I throw, shoot out the street poles
Draw the crowds with a casino
Quattro, cinquo, six, c-lo

D-E-S-E-R-T Eagle
Flow is so evil, more birds than Project Pat
Peep stats, launder money, laundromats
So who can fuck with it, see me, Dre-D
Coalition, Catacomb, 2OG
Incarcerate shit, spit gold, bone dimes
New York state of mind
Who the fuck want mine?

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