

50/50 Twin

"Luv My Block"

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[talking]

Love my block, Gulfbank and Antoine
That's the block, where I slept in them Vegas nigga
That the block that fed me food when my stomach
Was touching my back mayn
And I ain't gon lie, that's the block where I done
Plucked a few dope fiends, young nigga horny
Hot nuts, you know how it go

[50/50 Twin]

On my block, you can find my cap turned backwards
Chilling with some killas, guerillas and bad actors
In the back dice game, behind the sto'
Hearts broke cause Lil' Fo', done came in the do'
I'm dealing with big niggaz, that once was balling
Powder habit done went to crack, now they on the block
hogging
After dark, is when the living dead start walking
Niggaz tripping on water bottles, they got for a quarter
Niggaz and hoes, getting they nose broke on the low
Steady losing weight, because they steady on the go
It's real, I feel every hood is the same
Everybody doing the same thang, trying to maintain
I'm trying to get on my feet, for crab and crawfish
But this water won't let me, got me falling off quick
It ain't all peaches and cream, like fake niggaz make it
Me and my niggaz smoking weed, and chilling in the
Vacant

[Hook]

Ain't nobody gon love my block, like me
North-South-West-East, cutty rep your street
Ain't nobody gon love my block, like me
Bust shots kill cops, if you hate the police
Ain't nobody gon love my block, like me
Crank the barbecue pit up, let's burn some meat
Ain't nobody gon love my block, like me
From Hollywood to Garden City, it's Gulf Bank bitch

[50/50 Twin]

I'm at a hoe house, while her nigga in jail
She putting her baby to sleep, so me and her can freak

I don't who who came befo' me, or who got next
I'm just trying to get the subject, of some head address
Everybody fucking everybody, that's understood
We just strap up, because them hood hoe's pussy good
And a nigga will be lying, and that includes me
If he say he ain't never fucked, one of them young
freaks
They hustle all week, and hit the club on Saturday
Hit the park on Sunday, pool hall on Monday
They getting pill'd out, until they pass out
After the club, we sleeping at them hoes house
And all our money right, where the fuck we left it
In the morning, we smoking on some weed for
breakfast
Hit McDonalds, happy meal it is
Call it tricking if you want, but I love the kids what

[Hook]

[50/50 Twin]

Homies in the Penn, thinking that they niggaz forgot
em
But that's just the way it is, they know we thinking about
em
Laws come we all run, in different directions
Throw your dope on me, we gon box when they leave
Putting it down on mix tapes, with Slim Thug and Watts
That's what build anticipation, for my album to drop
Youngsters quitting school, and they fail potential
Selling for selling dope, and buying dope fiend rentals
Some niggaz hustle to shine, and some for a living
The ones trying to shine, is the ones the laws getting
My real thugs, strive just to keep it alive
Selling water crack and weed, trying to make the block
bleed
Ain't nothing fabricated, it's all the real truth
As I write I'm in the Penn, is some'ing being produced
I'm a victim of the game, it's a god damn shame
Everybody know the block, addicting like cocaine what

[Hook]

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