

Rolo f/ Lil' Flip

"On My Block"

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Chorus: Lil' Flip
On my block
We hustin' non-stop
We go
Rock for rock, until the block get hot
Yeah
It's Lil' Flip (Yeah)
And Rolo (Yeah)
And if you don't know
Now you know (Nigga)
On my block
We hustin' non-stop
We go
Rock for rock, until the block get hot
Yeah
It's Lil' Flip (Yeah)
And Rolo (Yeah)
And if you don't know
Now you know (Now you know)

[Verse 1: Rolo]
I pick work off my block
Serve fiends on the block
Keep the glock out, cocked, got them birds on my block
Straight business, straight drop, haters want me to stop
Drop the hit with Lil' Flip, where you at on my block
Gettin' drunk off the top
Let 'em what this about
Throw it back, I'm from the south, show respect and shut your mouth
Sold un house, soy de el cerro cause guerro lookin' fello
Act a fool, so Ja Rule, but I'm still look good, fella
Make a right, I'm buck, no role, hun, smashing gas, pedos
C. Nikes and sombreros when I chill for rancheros
Get you some motherfucker, listen, bust every middle
South Eastside blazin' globe, boy 13 dweller
Two toes town, I put it down, when it comes to these towns

Houston came to town, yeah, we fuckin' around
Gangstas makin' money make this world go round
So stand up and get it crunked, bitch, you heard it's
goin' down
Nigga

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 2)

[Lil' Flip]

I'm a hustler, a baller, a gangster, a dope dealer
I gots three wheels on my four-wheeler
JR hit me, said I need a verse
Niggas know I'm showin' love, but they know how much
I'm worth
I got hits everywhere
I got bricks everywhere
I ain't tryin' to get married, I got chicks everywhere
Nigga
You know my style, you know my chain
Matter fact, you motherfuckers already know my name
I had you leaning to the left, muh'fucker, I'm a winner
The nigga singing Like A Pimp still Ridin' Spinners
We go rock for rock
We go block for block
Niggas talkin' all that shit, we can go glock for glock
Ain't no game, motherfucker, I'm the same
motherfucker
Nigga, I do a show, keep the change, muh'fucker
I'm that million nigga
With a million dollar house
And I represent the dirty, dirty, dirty south

[Rolo]

I'm lookin' clean, drinking, tho'wed
In a Dallas throwback
It's that boy, Lil' Flip, with a downside wetback
Them haters hate that
Them bitches love that
Runnin' game Like A Pimp, so I'm cool with that
Wifeys, they call me Sancho
Sanchas, they call me Chato
(???) Rolo that vato, still, throwing up that barrio
Pieced up con el rosario
Puffin', fumando gallo
Carreras de caballos
Fuck it, weigh gallos frios
Home-of-your-life motivo
Choppin' cuerno de chivo
Illegal enemigo
Paisa es en el stylo

Pistiando puro pinos
Stackin', rip, flippin' kilos
Hold up with the dilly, why they actin' so freely
Like P. Diddy, at each south, nigga, we runnin' this city
They hit it liks, it's hard time, boy, the hood's getting
gritty
You ain't crunk, you ain't drunk, you ain't shit,
motherfucker
Go wiz up on your card, don't make a thug, you
cocksuckers

Repeat Chorus

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