

E-40 f/ Miko, Stressmatic**"Block Boi"**

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[Intro: E-40]

Uhhhh! Ah-ah-ah

Studio Ton (E-Feezy) Studio Ton

[Verse 1: E-40]

Out here it's sick, AR-70's and albino pits (albino pits)

Patriots and bushmasters, home invasions and licks

I'm in it to make the most, you in it to flamboast

You in it to trick it off to them hoes

I'm in it to make her buy me some clothes (clothes)

I be treatin my scraper like a Rolls

Lemme stop lyin no I don't (don't)

I be sideways on two toys, all the rappers call me Unc

(Unc)

Feasible, unbeatable, the best thing that ever did it (did it)

Incredible like Ichiro, you pitch it I'ma hit it (hit it)

One of my youngsters just got popped with a thumper
(thumper)

They tryin to wash him, they talking football numbers
(football numbers)

They tryin to stop him, it's merk in the air (in the air)

Take one of mines I'ma take three of theirs (three of theirs)

Some of you suckers can't tell a lettuce from a cabbage
(cabbage)

A coon from a plum, kangaroo from a radish (from a radish)

Look at my life, look at my guys, look at my fame (look at my fame)

Look at you guys, look in my eyes, look at my cane
(look at my cane)

[Chorus 2X: Stressmatic]

Block, block, block, block boi

Block, b-block, b-block, block, block boi

Block, block, block, block boi

Ride with a thang to put yo' head on flat

[Verse 2: Miko]

M-1 in this piece, already (already)

Squat a 33-year-old Chevy (Chevy)
Replace everything, on them heat cherries
So much chrome under the hood, straight scary
Get my grown man on, Sacramento Valley
On 22's, playboy vet rallies (rallies)
Tremendo, to the extreme where I go
Pimpin I'm cleaner than a San Jose car show
Hotter than Barstow in August
ChevyLand love me, I'm year one flawless (one
flawless)
The law just, pull up beside me give me the thumbs up
I turn the beat up like "That's what up!"
Huh, Studio Ton, ya'kna'nda'mean?
Got it smobbed out, smack it like magazines (like
magazines)
When I want to roll deep, I got a van (got a van)
But right now it's Young Mik' in the water man

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: E-40]

Ooh! Sick of turfs scorchers smokin hot like a broken
stove
Me and my Filipinos, Tongans and cholos
On the soil, taking precaution
On the roof in the trees, with them latins listenin and
watchin
Ooh - good grief!
It's never been this ugly out here, we in some heavy
beef
They left his body in the streets for twelve hours
Candlelight vigils, sidewalk funerals and flowers
Ooh! These youngsters ain't listenin they disrespectin it
Aint no O.G.'s to holla at, no one to deaden it
Ooh - chemical babies, the parents smokin rock
Plus they ain't never had a chance to know God (to
know God)
In my days, I was raised in the church
Momma did what she could just to keep us off the turf
(leep us off the turf)
But it ain't no one to blame (but who?)
But Noriega and Reagan and rock cocaine

[Chorus]

Block boi... block boi
(Ride with a thang to put yo' head on flat)

