

B4-4**"Block Party"**

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Yeah nigga, thug that shit to your mother fuckin crib
you heard

Yeah! We tryin'to get this shit poppin' over here

Huh, block party all that shit man "block party"

Come over here nigga here

Were is happening here's were is poppin' at baby,
djayin' that shit

[Noreaga]

My nigga Rich nice told me an said get god

You know the Kid Capri shit everybody is on

The N.O.R. hit the mic just like I perform, I be hyped up

New Balance kicks and hyped up

Why you niggaz still acting like y'all niggaz is tough

I got the one weed spot, that's' the Branson stuff

Other niggaz talk about it but you see me with such

And I'm thugged out catch me with the animal bunch

Get head in the wip smoke animal blunts

g's up hoes down nigga fuck them stuts, and I'll be
flippin'

You get a nice chick I like a chicken

You don't believe me ask Bill Clinton

Track master do that shit that y'all niggaz wouldn't

And Kid Capri do that shit that you niggaz couldn't

And I smoke green from Cali, I'm wild at the rally

I'm ill like shack in the paint with the alley

My nigga Big Pun will sit on y'all cats

Ayo my nigga Kid Capri will shit on y'all tracks

And we ain't got no love for y'all tracks

We love big ass keys and y'all like little ass cracks

[Kid Capri]

I could rock a rhyme as quick as I could clock a knot

Y'all niggaz clockin' mine, cus I'm getting lots of shine

The Kid Capri could be the cat, that could change the
face of rap

Let me hear you trace the map, the Bronx is were the
stations at

The fake foes hangin' out with fake hoes

Y'all 'spose to be the one that keep it jumping

Were you standing and frontin', the Black Italian

Y'all chick better keep the smiling, from here to Boys
Island
mother fuck all the stylin'
Keep the hundred pallet or either sign that shit
Y'all niggaz pay attention on ever rhyme I wet
Is time legit to every time I get
Y'all fools is straight falling off as I climb the jet
The Kid Capri causing hating misery
Number one for a while son check the history
By the way all you talker pack what you got to say
cus you lacking every day, Pun make these rappers pay

[Big Punisher]

Ayo is your man from Puerto Rico
That slaughter people like raw perico
I'm for the people, five power not a total recall
Look out your people on a blood shoot baby blues
Look at my geezmo got shot and barely made it news
How many crews I gotta run through when it comes
through
Getting raw I'm the predator, I'ma Hunt you
niggaz think is something sweet on the fuckin street
But I'll be there busting my heat, when there's nuttin' to
eat
Fuck it I cheat cus that's the ghettos anthem
I know the devils laughing every time he hears
somebody's metal clappin'
Ain't no napping in the city cus it never sleeps
Wake up like what happen when I bust a cap on your
feather geez
I led at least a thousand caps, with a thousand raps
With how many acts, actually ever really come out of
wax
Just a few I pull this track into best of view
And turn the rest of y'all corn niggaz into vege-tables

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