

## Blenders

### "Get Off Tha Block"

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[Intro]

Yeah it's only right the Bad Guy hook up with the Bad Girl...

Phobia... woo!

Aha! It's Tha Row World Order baby

Vegas, drop the heat, c'mon... we back!

[Chorus X3- Crooked I & Phobia]

Death Row's back (here we go again)

Death Row's back (you better get off the Block nigga)

[Verse 1 - Crooked I]

And we wearing a smile, nuff areas style, who can bury us now?

Listen, (DEATH ROW'S BACK) Ghetto America's child

I'm looking down on you, as if I was Darius Miles

I'm an abusive cat, leading cops on an elusive chase

We make music only fools embrace

We can feud dude, choose the place

I keep a tool in waist, lil dude I remove your face, uhh

Finally, you minor league and we major

Major change the way you make your music ain't a gangsta

Gave the gangsta flava they bang in their CD changer

Came to reign within, the game is in danger

Banging hits that ain't even been rivalled

I, carry a rifle, I cherish survival

I'm, the Bad Guy that's my area title

And Suge's the real Simon, so fuck +American Idol+

[Chorus X3]

[Verse 2]

And we banging the R, that's the Row, Death Row we raising the bar

Tell em (Death Row's back!) getting braids in the car

Look at Crooked damn hard work made him a star

Plus meanwhile my team scheme wild for cream

I hustle like I got nineteen mouths to feed

So leave out the scene, speed-down the cops  
Or you'll bleed out your spleen we bring out them  
thieves  
This trick is quick to hit ya with some clips to split ya  
I'd rather hit ya with some hits than be a permanent  
fixture  
The clips spit, we spit sick, get the picture?  
Cos if you spit sicker then niggaz it'd get you richer  
And for my enemies I don't care much  
They like some ugly ass bitches taking pictures getting  
airbrushed  
They not who they appear to be, we beating wimps up  
I knock a pimp straight down out of his Pimp Cuff

[Chorus X3]

\*Crooked I adlibs\*

[Verse 3]

And I demands my love, throw ya hands high join the  
Bad Guy club  
(Death Row's back!) why share my thug  
Especially when thugging is my anti-drug  
Get merked like it's nothing, that's goon talk  
Give me three feet you bustaz better moon-walk  
Oh yeah we cop the benz, drop the chevy on them  
monster rims  
While y'all can rock milk-chocolate timbs  
Glock shots chop ya limbs, I sock your chin  
I'm something different baby who can cop block the  
skills?  
Not your man, you know I got my heater with me  
Leavin' you in need of a kidney, come on and sing it  
with me...

[Chorus X3]

[Outro over chorus - Phobia]

Get off Tha Block.. haha... get off his dick  
Yeah, Crooked I nigga... that's right  
The realest, the realest Record label nigga...

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