

Dream Street

"Blockstyle Murderah"

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[Taydatay]

Stack chips like Don Trump
Comin' wit the slump
So original head bustas
Makin' moves from the junk
Mashin' niggas [??]
We stay loaded, fully loaded
Let the game be noted
We only comin' wit the coldest, hold up
In '99 we breakin' 'em off wit major heat
Sweepin' the industry off they feet
Hypnotize 'em wit the beats
It's the most hated, America's most blunted
See niggas come from the bottom
Then we turn around and run it
Comfront it, we got cha
Hollow points in the chamber
Releasin' the anger
Fuckin' around get caught up in the caper
People stoppin' my paper
Ain't no time for no games
I'm watchin' niggas catch the vapors
While I'm doin' my thang
I hit the block and I swang
Niggas and bitches they be jockin'
They wanna floss wit us
Cuz they know we 'bout the lock and load
We warmed up for the score
'Bout to hit 'em wit a little bit of hardcore

[Chorus] x 2

Cuz in my lifetime I'd a done gang of shit
Invloed wit 211's, 187's for the chills
Another blockstyle murderah
Another blockstyle murderah
We 'bout to have it bitch

[Hennessy]

And since I was a itty bitty niggy on the corner
I was a performer
Now my music gets women through California

Love to get up on it
We disinigrate all opponents
And represent it, wit windows tinted
Till you can't control it
It's the O to the fuckin' A-K
D to the A-L-D
Fuck what the haters say, we paper chase
So you can't tell me a muthafuckin' thang
But the [?]
We [?] too much blood gushers
Cuz you ain't the one that run the hood
We [?] from the goods
Like they say, "Talk is cheap"
Oh yeah, they workin' the tech
So you get swepped up off your feet
Now break up off of me, heard me
In the game
I'm a fill the lane like I'm James Worthy
Hella slurvy
Yes indeedy that's your boy
That would keep the backpack
And the clack-clack, you be destroyed
You shouldn't have never got me pumped
And now your soul is full of holes
They've come to mop him up
Cuz I was sloppy drunk
And had to pop him up

[Chorus] x 2

[Hennessy]
It's just the flossamatic, caught the cabbage
Nigga what, in the cuts, get no bumps
Till my pockets got the mumps
And when they jump
We let them cats off
That'll take yo head off
Wit no explanation, no hesitation
Nigga just smash on
Before the chance was smooth
And all the work, yo ass was through
Hoppin' fences, coherant distance while we passin'
through
I'm here to let you know boy
We get to buckin'
When you fuckin' wit them snow boys
And makin' more noise

[Taydatay]
You know
Cuz we be flippin' the script

On top wit big faces
Known in hella places
Illutin' all the drug cases
Fuck the basics, we goin' all out
We got to show these muthafuckas what the Sco be
about
You got to follow your route,
Follow your route, follow your route
Cuz without the paper
Niggas gon' be assed out
I'm talkin' word of mouth
I said, "You in it for the whores"
You know my Hunter's point niggas be straight hard

[Chorus] x 4

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