

Ghostface Killah "Block Rock"

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[Intro: scratched up samples]

"You out there, on now"

"Sorry... that's word, I'm not the herb"

"Understand what I'm saying, saying, saying"

"It's the hardcore"

"Set it off, rusty, low down"

"Following me, it be the God"

"Whatever, whatever"

"God all"

"All New York, ight"

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, aiyo, the Wally man's coming, you can hear his
chain dangle

Brolic arm, check out the ankle

Best cuts, diamond sittin' sideways, like they sit in the
cup

You can pour Goose on it, juice on it, two Jamaican sluts

On the streets, cousin, word life, them big boy

Toys'R'Us

Got them S5 fifties Maybach's, push suede back

Four hundred g's, on the concrete, save that

Like James Brown, it's the Big Payback

Same place you front's where you get laid at

Strong arm a nigga for real, we eat ya food

Like dog, muthafucka, in replace of a meal

Give you a two hour car chase, flying through lakes
and bushes

Holding the wheel, still burning the swishes

Exotic killas who bribe to kill us, and we pay for a tab

Don't matter what size the bill is

We don't need your support, wack speech your thought

Just to rhyme my shit when the tape cut off

The price of fame, a dope chain, the same chain

Yo, he tapped to the roof, watch the block, watch 'em
hang

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

From Broad Street down to Milledge

You fucking with experienced killas

Mean wolves, silver back gorillas

Them Theodore kids' gorillas

You fucking with experienced killas

Silver back gorillas

[Ghostface Killah]

The grenade gonna hit like a bomb from Flex
The street is never at peace when I palm a tech
My enemies is sub, dude, I'm a black belt
The moves I do, is how Bruce stick Kareem Abdul
Same dudes give a bitch booze, stupid rich dudes
Crystal, chandellier ice, keep a wrist full
Cuz, if Lil' Jon, can ice his cup
I top that shit, and ice my nuts
See I'm a threat when it comes to rocks
At 3 A.M., you like damn, who put the sun on the block
Is he crazy? Illuminate like the Son of God
And still pull up in the hoopted out rented car
With dust and weed on him, knock the neighborhood
bully out
Take his gun and pee on him
The magazines cant develop my flicks
The negatives came, and printed out them c-note chips
Keep the heat flaming, beats banging, bottle of weed
stanking
Competition, yo, I'm giving out strict spankings
Burn 'em like bacon, some want Satan
In the hell fire, screaming, yo I'm sorry for faking,
baking

[Chorus]

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