

## Rapper Big Pooh "Every Block"

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[Intro:]

To anybody  
That ever looked at a blank piece of paper  
And felt that feeling  
That you didn't, you don't know what to say  
You be wondering  
If your next joint is gonna be banging or not  
You be wondering if people gonna be feeling your shit  
This is for y'all  
Come On

[Verse 1:]

I've been stuck on the same page  
Seven days isolated in the same cage  
Six minutes spitting out curse words of rage  
Holding on to my pen like it's the last days  
And she my only weapon  
Still stepping with a passionate cause  
But the block reveals all of your flaws hoping you give  
in  
Shifting, more swift than the panic  
Older brain with the pen feeling so diplomatic  
Until you fight back  
Pen strokes tend to quiet that and at the same time my  
mind drift  
Between the pen and the paper there's a slight rift  
The pressure's on and I might miss  
Who can bare that stress?  
First start is the second guess  
The third try I'm still hopeless  
I'm like a penny with a hole in it  
The words come but no soul in it  
So it's back to the block trying to figure out this damn  
thing

[Chorus:]

So if you see me in the lab with a pen and a pad  
I'm trying to write a verse that's dooper than my last one  
Let's put it down for my peeps going at it hard  
On every block, every corner, every boulevard  
Some niggaz think about sex, I think about checks  
And I ain't spitting 16 until I know I'm about to cash one

Let's spit a rhyme for the streets steady pulling cards  
On every block, every corner, every boulevard

[Verse 2:]

They say the pressure's on to make more music  
And write a better song to make the hoars loose it  
Dance floor music with out no heart attached  
For all them harder cats that I was sleeping on,  
Not trying to lead you on but there's a deeper zone  
When you start dealing with the industry and keeping  
on

You do your thing, I do mine

Fuck it, 10 inches long

'Cause I ain't even on but still you want to sweat

Looking for me to fill your pockets and your deficits

Asking for loot and I ain't even sold no records yet

My family argue when they beefing over petty shit

And niggaz still think this journey was everless

Shit

Yo, that's why I'm using God as my guide

'Cause making moves in this game

It's kind of hard to decide

Once you put your Hancock on the line

My niggaz change at the drop of a dime

That put a block on your mind, for real

[Chorus:]

So if you see me in the streets and my eyes look red

It's probably because I ain't been able to sleep

We put it down for our peeps going at it hard

On every block, every corner, every boulevard

Some niggaz spit for the range

I spit for the change to make sure that all my family got  
something to eat

Spit a rhyme for the street steady pullin cards

For every block, every corner, every boulevard

[Outro:]

Yo, it's like that y'all

State to state

Country to country

It's Little Brother

9th Wonder

The Justus League, undiscovered

It's like that y'all

We keep it going

We keep it on, and on, and on

On, and on, and on

Like that

[Outro scene:]

Pooh,  
Oh Pooh  
Wake up big daddy  
Look at you  
Laying there looking all cute and cuddly  
(Different lady)  
Good morning baby  
You remember... we agreed on that minajee(sp?)  
Well, I got something better than that  
I brought Tasha  
(First lady)  
Pooh  
Oh Pooh  
(Third lady)  
Terrance!  
Yeah, come on  
(Man's voice)  
WAKE UP, WAKE UP, WAKE UP

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