

Simply Red

"D Block"

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[Sheek]

Yeah (yeah) D-Block (D-Block)

{New LOX!} Envy, whattup my nigga? {Featurin J-Hood}

Larsiny! Haha, aiiyo yo {C'mon!}

If the hammer don't work then the pump gon' get you
{Yeah!}

Body in the tub, let the chainsaw rip you

I don't give a FUCK about none of your clique (at all)

Or this music, y'all can SoundScan my dick (who!)

I give it to y'all niggaz simple and plain (uh-huh)

Have your chest lookin like the Connect Four game

Y'all muh'fuckers know Sheek is it (Sheek Luch')

I got a toiletbowl flow, I keep some shit

I'm the best out right now (all day) none of y'all want it
(uh-uh)

Like your album ain't shit unless Sheek up on it (got the
exclusive)

FUCK what you drive, I'll see you in hell (uh-huh)

Cause I ain't never seen 20s stop a shell {Envy!}

D-Block the label that'll pop it all

Walk with me and I ain't puttin out nothin soft (c'mon)

Even talkin to a bitch I'm thuggin her out (yeah)

Sheek Luch', y'all already know what the kid is about,
WHATTUP?

[Chorus: Styles]

I'ma give you - all of the bullets, all of the blade

D-Block 'til we all in a cage or all in a grave

My gangstas (gangstas) my niggaz (niggaz)

Our weed smoke, our liquor

Can't find a crew or clique that could rhyme sicker

(D-Block!) It go down I'm bustin my nine witcha

(D-Block!) I get knocked I'm doin my time witcha

(D-Block!) For life my nigga I'd grind witcha

[Jadakiss]

I got my own problems (uh-huh) fuck all the shit you
been facin (fuck it)

Can't count your blessings, see you in a situation (that's

right)
Hit you in your melon and your ribs, MMWWAA!
We can get it on, I got a felony to give (bring it)
Mad when I run out of my weed or my cereal
Only sleep late when I run out of material (uhh)
Funny thing is you don't even know how I'll murder you
(you don't even know)
The 40-cal'll make a nigga convertible {Yeah!}
And if the judge and the jury don't believe me
Fuck it, just give me a cell next to the TV (C.O.!)
They might hate but they ain't tryin to guard (uh-uh)
And shit come naturally, y'all niggaz tryin too hard
Prayin for nothin, all you doin is lyin to God
'For a sign in PC, I'd rather die in the yard
And we pretty much controllin the East, workin on the
South and the West
(D-Block!) Shoot you in your mouth and your chest,
what

[Chorus]

[J. Hood]

Yo, I was told life is what you make and I'ma make the
best of mine
The slugs out the fo'-fifth'll make your chest decline
I don't associate with niggaz that talk to cops (uh-uh)
I'm on top of my game like I'm standin on X-Box
I'm tryin to get cheddar, fuck fuckin with hoes (fuck it)
I'm tryin to cop the Coupe that come out in 2004
We got dimes and dubs of haze
And I can hit you with a gat the size of a sub from
Subway
I'm a child of the slums, decendant of the gutter (D-
Block!)
Got two chrome glocks that resemble each other
Nigga they brothers, one all chrome and one black
(yeah)
One out of either one'll lay you on your back
So watch how you stare at niggaz (watch out)
Cause my niggaz might spaz out and start throwin
chairs at niggaz (whattup)
And I know y'all ain't better than Hood, y'all niggaz liars
Leave a hole in you the size of a Moped tire

[Chorus]

[DJ Envy]

Yeah, the People's Choice, DJ Envy
Fat shout, Dave McPherson, Epic.. (OHH!)

