

## 2Pac F/ Above The Law

### "Mighty D-Block"

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[Intro - Jadakiss]

Yeah, D-Block (Green Lantern blast that)  
Everywhere we go-oh, people wanna know-oh  
Whooo we arrrre, sooo we tell them  
This is D-Block, mighty mighty D-Block  
Everywhere we go-oh, people wanna know-oh  
Whooo we arrrre, sooo we tell them  
This is D-Block, mighty mighty D-Block  
Everywhere we go-oh (yeah D-Block you bitch ass  
niggas!!)

[Verse - Jadakiss]

Yo, the revolve' or the matty's cool  
Knife game like Daddy Kool's, since Valley Shoes  
This is real life street shit, truest and the deepest  
Known niggas that go to jail just to get they teeth fixed  
Think I give a fuck what you herbs say?  
When I got the nigga that you trying to be watching my  
wordplay  
Now everybody wanna be 'Pac  
Till they ass really get popped and they die on the third  
day  
The Des'y got a beautiful ring  
I can hit any one of y'all, options a beautiful thing  
Body is finished, maybe then can save the tooth  
Call me Kiss or call me the Black Babe Ruth  
That many hits, fuck that, that many bricks  
D-Block that many niggas' gats to your lips  
My dope is two toned, but I had to change my spot  
Cause it turned into a drug free school zone (let's go)

[Chorus]

[Jadakiss] J.A.D.A.

I'm top five, dead or alive  
And that's just off one LP

[DJ Green Lantern]

Word up Sheek Louch up in your motherfucking chest!  
{\*scratched\*} Walk Witt Me.. Green Lantern!

[Jae Hood] Jae Hood

[Styles P] Two guns up  
[Jae Hood] All I know is bitches and money, grams and  
guns  
[Styles P] Here's why they call me the Ghost

[Verse - Sheek Louch]  
Yo, I don't give a fuck about pull out cockbacks  
Spin a muhfucker out, empty his chest  
Leave your muhfucking whip a mess  
All over the dashboard, in backseat pieces of flesh  
Send niggas to the grave wit they face half gone  
Stomach ripped open, the beef back on  
That nigga Sheek rude, I'll spit in your food  
Tell the women in ya family to suck my dick  
No respect, fuck that I'll murder you quick  
Mad weapons in the trunk bitch take your pick  
Stick a gernade up under your fender  
Stick a pineapple bomb in ya blender, I don't care about  
you  
You say fuck Sheek Louch? well fuck you too  
Your father, your mother, the hole you came through  
Niggas don't learn till they're carasined out  
Lighter to their face they'll spit gasonline out  
You want me dead, I'm right here do it bitch  
Make me bleed till I'm motherfucking fluidless  
I ain't new at this and don't give a fuck about you  
Sheek'll run up and smack the shit out you  
I live this shit, it's never gon stop  
Open niggas face wit a octopus top  
Face all ripped up, catch me on the block  
Shells all loaded up, catch me wit the glock  
Pussy muhfuckers don't want no beef  
Trip niggas down to their platinum teeth  
Chase you in the house with the all black heat  
Leave you just boxers and slippers on your feet  
I talk reckless, I really want the coke and the money  
But I'll settle for your necklace  
D-Block (Styles P: two guns up)

[Bridge: Jadakiss]  
Everywhere we go-oh, people wanna know-oh  
Whooo we arrrre, sooo we tell them  
This is D-Block, mighty mighty D-Block  
{\*scratched\*} D-Block, two guns up  
Call up hood, hit up ya hood  
Yo dude skip up street

[Verse - Jae Hood]  
I grew up as a young dude, chillin wit them old cats  
Couldn't cop crack so I had to slang Prozac  
Fuck being broke, I'm trying to cop a tan four

Trap you up like niggas get pussy in The Sopranos  
You really want beef? I'm busting the tech  
I'll hit you up in the park while you're doing your sets  
It's (Jadakiss: D-Block) (yeah yeah y'all!)

You can't get no streeter nigga  
I'm nice wit the hands but I'm better wit the heater  
Old school style stash haze in my sock  
I'll bust at you and turn your Ac' Jeep to a drop  
You niggas talking like y'all can't get stuck up  
I ain't an +Icon+ but y'all will still +Get Fucked Up+

[Verse - Styles P]

As we continue on, your hood you finish  
Write a suicide note and get a window on  
Nigga that's the type of shit we on  
Redrum Redrum spin it back like a Missy song  
Take a cold heart to twist your mom  
But it's wintertime, shotty under the snorkle  
Will flip when it's dinner time  
+Strange Days+ without +Angela Bassett+  
Middle of the hood niggas handling plastic  
Gotta watch ya head and not get popped with lead  
And watch ya bread, not get popped by Feds  
Anywhere we gon be in the hood  
Wit the burners and the hawks nigga being the hood  
(watup!)

[Outro - Jadakiss]

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