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## Scarface "On My Block"

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For the block boy, take it rough

Everyday it's been the same old thing on my block Ya either workin' or ya slangin' cocaine on my block Ya had to hustle, 'cause that's how we was raised on my block

And ya stayed on ya hop until ya made you a knot

On my block, to hangout was the thang back then And even when ya left out, ya came back in To my block, from Holloway, Belford to Scott We rolled the fox, we know the spots

Smoke weed and rocks, drink all the blue dots On yo' block you probably had a fat pad of Tupac Or big pun, or B I ya homeboys from knee high And even when it was stormin' outside, that nigga'd be by

That's me dawg, on my block, I had to play the big shot Niggaz knew me back when I was stealin' bell from Shamrock

And my nickname was creepy, if Black June could see me

He'd be, trippin' and I'd bet he still try to tease me

My block where everything is everything fa sheezy My block we probably done it all homey believe me My block we made the impossible look easy, fa sheezy My block I'll never leave my block, my niggaz need me

On my block, we duck the nigga haters and the cops Fuck a hotrod, we race Impalas, chromed out On my block it ain't no different than the next block Ya get drunk and pass out, and they back ya to the house

And when you wake up on the couch you goin' right back at it

On my block when ya that fucked up they laugh at it On my block, it's just another day in the heart Of the south side of Houston, Texas, makin' ya mark On my block, we're cuing all the time, playin' Dominoes Keep the swishers sweet down Until my mama goes back inside then we can fight Pass it around a few times to get high

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On my block, everybody business ain't ya business What's goin' on in this house is stayin' here, comprende? On my block, ya had to have that understanding 'Cause if ya told Ms. Mattie, she went and told Gladys

And once ya mama got it, it was all on the wire And when the word got back, the set yo' ass on fire On my block, we got some 'nam vets shell shocked Who never quite got right, now they inhale rocks

On my block it's like the world don't exist We stay confined to this small little section with dividends Oh my block, I wouldn't trade it for the world 'Cause I love these ghetto boys and girls, born and

raised, on my block

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