

## D-Block

### "J-Hood Freestyle"

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[J-Hood]

Damn

The 'gnac got me fucked up Poobs

You sure you can drive my nigga?

Drunk out my mind, Courvosier got me twisted  
In the passenger side of the Range gettin lifted  
Hand on my biscuit, watchin for them boys in the  
rearview

They be on some bullshit, searchin niggaz vehicles  
Knockin the Ojays, faded off the previous blunt  
Eyes red, skully low like what the fuck niggaz want?  
I'm on some other shit, my brain paintin pictures like  
Van Gogh

27 flat is what I get you them grams fo'  
D tryin to build a case, tryin to get me or somethin  
But like a broke thumbtack they can't stick me to nothin  
What's this I hear, Hood fell off, not true  
Don't make me take yo' ass back to \_Stadium 2\_  
When I dropped 60 on Clue, kids had to stop me  
Shortly after that a lot of rappers tried to copy  
Damn right I'm cocky, and I can't forget witty  
I won't just spit on a track, I'll spit on this city  
I listen to Biggie but get, hyped off that 'Pac shit  
Wired off a quart, wonderin why I ain't got shit  
But on the real I got this, the last shall eat first  
And them fat niggaz that stuff they face gon' eat dirt  
Soon as the heat spurt y'all niggaz gon' immediately  
drop  
It's already in the stars, I'll be damned if I flop  
Be damned if I stop, I'm 'bout to take ownership of the  
crown  
Now Big told you like an elevator it's goin down  
(D-Block!) What?

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