

## DJ Kay Slay f/ Busta Rhymes, Cam'Ron, Papoose, "Blockstars"

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[Intro: DJ Kay Slay] DJ Kay Slay The Drama King!!!! In the hood where I come from, we didn't give a damn about no rockstars!!! It's about being a blockstar!!!

[Chorus: Ray J] (Plies) This is what we do, this is what we do, from the block to the radio!!! I'm not a rockstar, I'm a blockstar!!! This is what we do, this is what we do, from the block to the radio!!! (Yeah!!! Yeah!!!) I'm not a rockstar, I'm a blockstar!!! (Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yo!)

[Verse One: Busta Rhymes] Yo this the remix Slay? Let me handle my biz And give them the proper meanin of what a blockstar is (HUH!) A blockstar up in the hood see what they fame does (HA!!!) Is gettin love bigger than rap is when they name buzz (HUH!!!) And live the life that most of you talk but be afraid of (YEAH!) Most of them dudes you can't even disclose the names of You probably see one while admirin the shine on 'em End up carryin a brick across the state line for 'em LISTEN!!! And while most of you niggas sold (HA) A dream but most of you reckless 'cause niggas live by the code (NOW!!!!) I hope you lil' niggas learn sum'n 'cause the cloth of blockstar that I was cut from (GET 'EM!!!)

[Chorus: Ray J] This is what we do, this is what we do, from the block to the radio!!! I'm not a rockstar, I'm a blockstar!!!

[Verse Two: Sheek Louch] Where do I start? I know where, straight from the heart I used to freestyle with Cam, Ma\$e and 'Gruff at the Mart (Waddup?) Crack rocks and a tennis ball, go when the D's come Sheek, Jada and P, D-Block you know where we from (L-O-X) Hoodie on nickel plate taped up handles Pop till it's rosemary candles and prayer service The Aston Martin make my mama nervous (I got it ma) Do I deserve this Gucci? Too many pretty women throwin me coochie Outside in the yard with a lucie, who's he? Gwen Stefani in my top five, Grey Goose and Sour Diesel You would think River Phoenix alive Allah U Akbar, yeah I'm a blockstar WHATTUP!!!!

[Chorus: Ray J] (Rick Ross) This is what we do, this is what we do, from the block to the radio!!! (Kay Slay, waddup nigga?) I'm not a rockstar, I'm a blockstar!!!

[Verse Three: Rick Ross] Day 90 when I set it off, pushin that ready rock Whip it like I'm Freddie Foxxx, lookin at a

petty car (YEAH) I made it rain, you only watch the 'fetti  
fall I got so many flaws, as in too many cars I call 'em  
Kate and Jon's, therefore the panties small Suck it like  
spaghetti straws, only in Miami, dawg Too cool to talk,  
my shoes +New+ as +York+ Still skinnin them  
chickens, that's food for thought I'm a blockstar -  
BOSS, Frank Lucas in the flesh Fila's sweatsuits, three  
Cuban's on my neck (YEAH) Trips to Beijing, shit you  
ain't seen (NIGGA) Clips underground, my chips is  
mainstream BOSS [Chorus: Ray J] (Papoose) This is  
what we do, this is what we do, from the block to the  
radio!!! I'm not a rockstar, I'm a blockstar!!! (Papoose,  
Pa-poose) [Verse Four: Papoose] The lucky guy, who  
always win at the dice game The neighborhood wino,  
we all give him change The dude who covers up his  
sneaker with a sock Damn! He could pop a wheelie the  
whole block The girl with the big earrings they was  
hallow But she was solid, she grew up to be a model  
The basketball player who be reppin He never made it  
to the NBA, but he a hood legend The rapper in the  
cypher with a lot of skills Growin old in the cypher, he  
never got a deal The fallen soldiers, Allah Gone but not  
forgotten, blockstars [Chorus: Ray J] This is what we  
do, this is what we do, from the block to the radio!!! I'm  
not a rockstar, I'm a blockstar!!! [Verse Five: Vado] Uh,  
aiyyo the dude think he smarter Before he hopped in I  
hit my man with the revolver and clip him like a barber I  
show you how to do it from the kitchen like a Martha  
(yes) Sicker than Stuart Scott when spittin I'm a monster  
(HUH!!!!) No heroin when I squeeze off Watch the nine  
throw bullets like Drew Brees arm I ain't Joe Clark,  
+Me+, you can't +Lean On+ Mink warm, throw up the  
set, the three rings on [Verse Six: Cam'Ron] Uh,  
blockstars (stars), rockstars (stars) Drop cars (cars),  
followed by cop cars (cars) Pepper spray, handcuffs,  
never SAFE! (SAFE!) One word, word, don't remember  
yesterday (nope!) Check my rÃ©sumÃ©, quick to  
catch amnesia (I don't know) Extra K, two ki's, mad  
reefer (reef-a) Bad diva (diva), my black beaver  
(beater) Coke dealer, Streetsweeper, max skeeter  
(SLAY!!) [Chorus: Ray J] This is what we do, this is what  
we do, from the block to the radio!!! I'm not a rockstar,  
I'm a blockstar!!! [Outro: DJ Kay Slay] DJ Kay Slay The  
Drama King!!!! More Than Just A DJ!!!!!!!

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