

DJ Kay Slay f/ Busta Rhymes, Jim Jones, Ray J, Yo Gotti "Blockstars"

Visit "[Blockstars](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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] (Yo Gotti) 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!!! I'm not a rockstar, I'm a blockstar!!! (Wife beater we just thuggin homey) (What it do Slay! Yeah!) [Verse One: Yo Gotti] Where I'm from they don't even play the radio Real street nigga let me give ya a scenario Cocaine dream kush thoughts are superial Baking Soda box no milk dry cereal Good life, bad days homey I'm a blockstar Money, sex and drugs I live like a rockstar Baking Soda Gotti, my life in a glass jar Favorite color white so I went and bought a white car White watch, black shades, I need a 5 star If she do the right thing I fuck around and wife her I'm Straight Stuntin from North Memphis to N.Y. I'm like the wind homey (Homey) I help the birds fly

[Chorus: Ray J] (Jim Jones) 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!!! I'm not a rockstar, I'm a blockstar!!! (We hustle for that money, check this out though) [Verse Two: Jim Jones] Where I'm from we was taught to blow the cash We was pullin out knots of money when the photos flashed (Cheese) Gamblin then re-up on our cars we blow our last Had a Panoramic Roof screen fallen on the glass (Thunder) Baby mama screamin how long will it last?! (Fuck her!) Need to slow down cause I'm goin too fast (Slow.....down) Too fast summertime doin wheelies (Uh) Blowin on that Color Purple like my name was Celie (Hey) Silly, all we did man was hustle for it (Hustle for it) Stay fly pray to God we not cuffed up for it (Thank You God!) My man facin time tryin to cop up I keep thinkin about all the cars that he had hopped out (Jones!) [Chorus: Ray J] (Busta Rhymes) 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!!! I'm not

a rockstar, I'm a blockstar!!! (You already know Busta
Bus got 'em!!!!) [Verse Three: Busta Rhymes] While
you all busy tryna be Metallica, nigga I'm in the hood
whippin the Battlestar Galactica, nigga! Smolov the {?}
wild lookin shit with insane shine A spaceship, strange
and beautiful at the same time Breakin them corners
while I do the dip up on the cop car The hood love
whenever I pull up on the block, pah No need to
question the dos' that I did Huggin the block and
spreadin the money, a park for the kids You throw a mil
up on the stones, you see how we do them rings? (You
sell drugs?) Who me? NAW, we don't do them things
Now to the block. I bring the Phantoms and the
maybachs stay wit 'em Pull up and park front of ya and
let the children play in 'em Go abroad, international,
rep the hood non-stop Though I proudly rep my city, I
thoroughly rep the block And I'm probably next to really
just come and be blast the pop off THROW IT UP!! - and
let me SEE my fellow blackstars Yeah!! [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!!! 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!!!!!!!

Visit [DJ Kay Slay f/ Busta Rhymes, Jim Jones, Ray J, Yo Gotti](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.