

DJ KaySlay & Greg Street f/ Mike Jones, Papoose & Paul Wall

"Live From The Block"

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[Intro: Paul Wall]

Straight up out the gutter baby live from the block
Drippin candy ridin four in trunk, poppin on them tops

[Chorus: Paul Wall]

And I'm straight up out the gutter baby live from the block
Straight up, straight up out the gutter baby live from the block
And I'm straight up out the gutter baby live from the block
Drippin candy ridin four in trunk, poppin on them tops

[Verse 1: Mike Jones]

Mike Jones!!! From day one I was a hustler (Yeah!) on that grind for that paper mane
Movin rock from block to block stayin away from haters mane
I can't complain I'm hearin some thangs I represent that Texas mane
I'm sittin sideways with that candies on them swingers mane
281-330-8004, Mike Jones and Kayslay in O Five 'gon run the show
I'm on the scene lookin clean sippin lean stackin green
I'll pull up to ya hoe pop my trunk and let her watch my screen
From New York to H Town we make haters lay down
I only fuck with hoes that know to keep they face down
From New York to H Town we make haters lay down
I only fuck with hoes that know to keep they face down
I stay around the hood cause the hood is in me
And when I ain't on the block I grip wood in my Hum V
You wanna see how we roll then shine and come see
You wanna see how we roll then shine and come see

[Chorus: Paul Wall]

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[Verse 2: Papoose]

When I say mic check, they cut a check on site
Then I just walk across the stage with my check on
knifes
And hear the country girls mumblin that boy nice
Cause they know I represent all night
You only say mic check to make sure ya mic right
I say mic check, cause I got a check when I'm on the
mic
The gangbangs throwin up signs like they on strike
The stage show I disrespect on site
Cause it's a all day gimmick, but Papoose take a long
way in it
That's why it takes me so long to get my own day in it
Your favorite rappers I out shine all they lyrics
They don't wanna put me on, I might mess up they
image
It's my fault they don't like me at all I admit it
I made my bed so I'm a lay in it
But yo when I wake up, if they don't put a contract on
my bed
They 'gon have to put a fuckin contract on my head

[Chorus: Paul Wall]

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[Verse 3: Paul Wall]

We comin live from the dirty south
I'm in the Lone Star state with Texas plates baby
straight up out the Swisha House
Diamonds all up in my mouth, I got expensive taste
And some codeine served to cure me of my cost
Pop a seal, po' a fo', mix it up and sip it slow
Goin on drank it's hard to thank but best believe I'm on
my know
Houston Texas we do it big I'm ballin with Slim Thug the
boss
On the grind with Mike Jones and Michael Watts then
Swisha House
Paul Wall the people's champ postin on the south
league
I got a pint of the purple law showin off my mouth piece
I'm just a young socialite goin hard and bringin hat
Swingin the block like a baseball bat
I'm big ballin and all that
I'm straight up out the gutter baby live from the block
Drippin candy ridin four in trunk, poppin on them tops
I put it down with The Drama King, Paul Wall, that's my
name
On the mic I'm bringin pain and in the mix I'm grindin
mane

[Chorus: Paul Wall]

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[Outro: Greg Street]

It's Kayslay! It's Greg Street! It's The Champions!

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