

Günther Willumeit

"Blocstyle"

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[Mr. Doctor] Chorus x2:

This shit is on

I got love for the blocc

Let 'em know for the blocc nigga yeah

This shit is on

I got love for the blocc

Nine times for the blocc nigga yeah

[Mr. Doctor]

Crossed the Crypts out of Burbank high

Late night, nigga felt nice

Came in through the hole in the fence

Threw up the mighty 9

Blocstyle

Homies had to spot some dumb mutha fuckas

Rollin' wit the G-B-C down ass fuck

All the O-G's showed us what's up

Every real nigga from 29th street

Kicked up a gang of dust

True, this is why we dedicate the rhyme

To the niggas from the G-B-C, rollin' wit deuce nine

What's the wild straight deucin'?

And why the sets in the city of Sac

Ain't got no truces

How it hurt when the homie Chocalote moved on

How it hurt the homie Q-Ball was gone

Nigga this is how we livin'

And ain't nobody gave a fuck

Why you niggas bullshittin'

Rival killa, murder his ass

In his faggot ass set

Wit his bitch made niggas

At the hamburger stand

Niggas don't understand

How the fuck a bitch gonna see out on the spot

Wit no love for the blocc

This is how it's done nigga

I got love for the blocc

Nine times for the blocc nigga yeah

[Chorus] x 2

[Brotha Lynch]

24 in the mornin' and I'm high as fuck
Had the jack-off motion
12 gauge in my trunk
Plus that bomb ass chronic from the Garden Blocc
And that mutha fucka Doc had a glock
So I was coo
Coo like the brew I see sippin' on
Get yo gut rippin' on
Wit yo what
Wit yo millimeter chrome
See the only thing I see doin' is
Gettin' high in the sky
And I like to ruin kids
Wit my 9 millimeter
Strap up, seat up
Fuck wit the Garden Blocc
And get yo busta ass beat up
See what you do is like fill me on some shit
And I'm a stay high, way high
Just in case my dome split, home sicc
For the mutha fuckin' season, of the sicc
Cuz you know how others get
When I get to spittin' shit
Isn't it a mutha fuckin' shame
Niggas wanna kill me
But still we became, indo'd out
And ain't no mutha fuckin' doubt
Me setripin' niggas apart
Like a ear blow fatality
Yeah, this is how it's done nigga
I got love for the blocc
Four times for the blocc nigga yeah

[Chorus] x 2

[Mr. Doctor]

St. Ides brew, a joint to the face
Seven niggas deep
Miller Park was the place
Mackin' to a ho, spittin' my shit
Kept my fingers round a gat
To protect my click from punk shit
Nigga check
Eleven o'clock, the park's hot
I'm watchin' out for niggas wit a gat for the Doc
You know, a mutha fuckin' gangsta scene
Wit real niggas that bang
They real niggas on they own team
Straight killas, down for they shit

I seen the Creek, the East,
The Heights, the Park, the View shit!
The rivals is mutha fuckin' deep
Stay wit the set locs
Damn, we only seven G's [?]
Niggas we got the straps and ugh
Plus we ain't sleepin' so what
Mutha fuckas watch yo backs
Chill though, spit to the hoes, killed the folks
And watch out for the ricochet gross yeah
Cuz that's life in the city, cross the South Sac
Garden Blocc, deuce nine, much love, no pity
This is how it's done nigga
I got love for the blocc
Nine times for the blocc nigga yeah

[Chorus] x 2

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