

## **H.A.W.K. f/ Lil' O, D-Gotti**

### **"Million Dollar Block"**

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[Hook]

Million dollar block  
Spot is hot, but we gon mash to the top  
These FED's gon watch  
The cash don't spot, million dollar block

[H.A.W.K.]

On my block my spot, is hotter than Arizona  
Infested with marijuana, hustlers on every corner  
I sit in the sauna, like the boat in the beach  
Four hundred snails cut cudicals, as I sip pharmicutical  
Got me twelve funds, along with stocks and bonds  
And for the cash baby, even got a green thumb  
Fee-fi-fo-fum, like Jack and the bean stock  
I'm passing four raw, with sixty open some vaults  
I paid the cost, a certified Mafia boss  
And over a quarter a million dollas, is my annual gross  
Popping bottles of Andre, Castle and Ligante  
On page like picante, feed me on me entree  
It's my way like Usher, got connections in Russia  
Try to stop my shine, my troops'll bum rush ya  
F-E-D's on the watch, all eyes on me  
Ain't nothing they can do, but legalize currency

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' O]

I'm in a drop top Benz, yelling motherfuck friends  
Cause now I'm strictly pussy, family and dividends  
Finally made it off the block, streets swallowed us G's  
God's hopped out of me, had to swallow my cheese  
But the next day I was grinding, got the balling disease  
I had a dream I was a Don, U-Hauling these ki's  
Yelling Southwest, Braeswood  
And y'all know, 8900 pay good  
I went from a block bleeder, to a Interstate skater  
A fifty pack scorer, to a heavy weighter a cookie baker  
And nigga, I ain't ask I took my paper  
Cause fool I ain't a rookie in these streets, I pull capers  
Cause now we ball till we fall, drink Cristal  
Ghetto superstars, stay knocking off the mall

Hundred thousand dollar cars, on twenty inches  
We million dollar boys, man you niggaz penny pitchers

(\*talking\*)

Million dollar block, there's one in every city  
State and ghetto near you, all you have to do  
Is take care of your business, you know they watching  
you  
Stay on top of your game, and stay away from these  
Hating ass niggaz, keep it real and your do will grow,  
you feel me

[Hook - 2x]

[D-Gotti]

Marvin Gators and blocks, eat gators and steaks on  
papers  
As I climb the elevator, housing and the ten acres  
Yeah the paper it grew, caused mo' up's than blue  
36 to 52, now I'm Gucci to the shoe  
And who new, I prescribe more narcotics than mayors  
Wanted dead or alive, got one 4-5 on my head  
And these FED's, got my block hotter than fire  
But off the flo', just knocked me a Benz two-tou'  
They gon stop and say why, 23 tire fleece  
And I don't lease nothing baby, think half of what you  
see  
Fuck a ki', I'm cutting my time by the pound  
Stepping out in Devinci, with my broad in 'Sacci gowns  
Watch out now, we sipping champagne in campaigns  
Chit-chatting bout new names, and new schemes for  
cocaine  
Mo' pain, I'm staining the scene chasing the green  
Through my million dollar block, dreams done turned  
reality

(\*gates closing\*)

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