

# The Block

Ces Cru

Ay yo the block stays hot sweating on it whether or not You've got Supportiv  
e local neighbourhood watch  
Where the kids shank cops  
Figuring it's part of the plot  
It's gotta be because the shit don't stop

Where they blast on SWAT kicking in them doors, locked  
It's not funny  
Snatching everything from clothes to rent money  
And it's sunny as hell  
People are broken, no, it doesn't take a dummy to tell  
It was a motherfucking cluck who needed something to sell  
And made his getaway before the cops could jump him in jail  
Oh well, you dummy up like you hadn't heard it before-  
At 3 O'clock in the morning you shouldn't open your door  
What the fuck did you think a peep-hole was for?  
'Round this motherfucker it's jeepers-creepers galore  
'Cause it could be who you didn't peep at the store  
Who follows you to your building  
Memorising your floors  
And knowing your hours: 4 to 10  
But on Saturday you get off at 8  
And you normally drink the night away  
Hoping for a brighter day but Sunday's fucked  
Plus you couldn't have seen it coming judging Monday's luck  
No bucks to pay coppers to bust  
So intuition's a must  
Concealed carries all logic to us  
But killer Carrie's not logic enough, she caught a stray  
And was just about to graduate from the police academy

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Where they blast on SWAT come criminals splash on cops  
Come and get it now, the last one in a rotten egg  
Glass smashed til' I'm jostled awake  
I'm acting like I'm not awake still laughing the thought away  
When I hear this dude say:  
"I got cracked in my noggin  
Hey, could you please open the door?  
My head's open and sore  
I live on the third floor  
I've been robbed and attacked  
I'm bleeding my skull's probably cracked  
My keys, wallet and cash"  
I let him in then told him I'd call the cops  
He told me he had a problem with cash and then called it off  
With his shirt stained, blood on his face I searched over his wounds  
At the same time searching for something to say  
He read the bad news in my eyes, felt the uncomfortable vibe  
The paramedics arrived  
The stairs, covered in crimes  
Oh what a time! No joking the other day

Some dude hit a different neighbour with gats and he cut her face  
Some people heard the screams came down to investigate  
He bust a couple rounds off burnt out and escaped  
And it happens from day to day  
It ain't scary to me, shit 8 out of 10 people I see are carrying weed  
These nefarious thieves are put around me and prepare me to see society  
So save your charity please  
Red and blue lights, sirens - a hilarious scene  
I've been sleeping through night violence coming and sharing a dream

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Can we get a moment of silence for gunshots and violence  
For all the soldiers whose fallen for all the families whose crying?  
Peace to Mac Dre, Peace to Fat tone  
And while we're saying peace we need some back home  
KC Streets? Crazy like it's the 80's  
And the block is feeling something like hades, I mean it's hot  
In this spot Hell is boiling over, smell the aroma  
Crack pot filled up with bad cops and lots of dough  
That's where the war is on 400 years and strong  
A trail of tears from here to the crib they brought us from  
And it's still all the same and haul us off in chains  
Slaves made to be pawns in what they call the game  
Watch it close 'cause these folks are getting greedier  
They blaming rap and attacking us in the media, like we to blame  
But you and I know this ain't the case, up in this booth  
Yo, I never feel a safer place

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Again when they blast on SWAT  
Cesphiles. 168 murders. 1 year  
Rest in peace Rawgizzle. What the deal yo?  
The block hot