

## Da Block Hot

Waka Flocka Flame

The block hot, the hood on fire  
The trap bunking and the J's wanna get high  
12 riding around, trying to patrol the shit  
But we control shit, tell the cartel to bring some more bricks  
The block hot, the hood on fire  
The trap bunking and the J's wanna get high  
12 on the strip, fifty in the clip  
And if they kick the door, shit, I'ma let it rip

Police kicked my door in, shawty, last night  
I'll be damned if I don't go out with a fight  
My girlfriend said she need some new shoes and a bag  
I said, "Shut the fuck up and get off your ass"  
Me and Capp busting bricks down the Michael Vicks  
One-fifty for a seven of that rock shit  
Hit Squad Taliban on that hood shit  
Cobra Squad in Clayco, y'all could suck my dick  
A thirty-pack of pills and a quarter-pound of mid  
We on that young nigga shit, trying to get rich  
And till the day I die, I'ma stay fresh and fly  
And live life everyday motherfucking high

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Tell Cartel to meet me at the Texaco  
I got love for my plug, he from Mexico  
Snitching-ass niggas singing like the opera  
Keep your mouth closed or talk to the chopper  
What up, Cartel? My The trap bumping on this strong and Mary-  
Kate and Ashley got my hands ashy  
He from out of town, so I had to test him  
I'm up all night and getting no sleep  
But I'm so geeked, [?], Grove Street  
Bomb on my nuts, pistol in the cut  
You've got to juug? (oh let's do it)  
'Cause I fucked my money up

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Sure Waka Flocka tell them that they on deck  
Drop ten on me, come back on a Tuesday  
Police watching, I don't give a shit  
I keep moving bales, I keep busting bricks

Everybody in the trap got a full clip  
Bald head Mexicans on some good shit  
Trap life, count money, and kush burning  
J's knocking on the door, so I started serving  
Cartel, Flocka, and Capp in one room  
Counting six mill in my grandma's living room  
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