Tha Block Is Hot Essay, Research Paper

Straight off tha block hoe

Vest in my hand trusting no man

Got my glock cocked

Running in sand you understaand

It be steaming blazing

i swear boy its crazy

hollygrove 17 tha hood where i was raised in

dey be bustin heads hoe runnin duckin feds hoe

rocks under they tongues hoe ki’s under dey beds hoe

good for tha real soldiers 24-7 hustlers (ehh)

untill we shove a barrel down yo pipe sucker

ain’t no love for no buster no fear for no coward

no respect for no slut aint no money without power

we deep and make it hotter (bluuh) dats sick and sour

pile up in the eddie bauer and (plucuh) every hour

some of em like that powder pile it up on trains?,

dey drain some like that trees or that D

and some toot it up it up in dey veins

i’m from tha army that came

jackin and crackin brains

broadcastin live from tha block it’s lil wayne

Chorus

\*Juvenile\*

Wody u got that yayo

\*B.G.\*

then cook sumthin for nigga

\*Juvenile\*

Wody u let them k’s go

\*B.G.\*

Then bust sumthin nigga

\*juvenile\*

Oh u duckin tha law

\*B.G.\*

U betta run from em nigga

\*Juvenile\*

Oh u playin with that raw

\*B.G.\*

Then won’t you front sumthin nigga?

\*Lil Wayne\*

Tha block is hot tha block is hot, hot , hot (repeat 3x)

\*Lil Wayne\*

See where i’m from my dogs be buzzed out

dodging cops and burning blocks and we be thugged out

it’s time to shine ooh this block is on dubs out

and they got quarters halfs and birds and runnin out

(i got it) its all good in tha hood

posin like I live, soon as you get it hot

(sceer) there go dem people break up tha block

and hit the cut by tha corner store

end up in Ms. Taylor back yard (Be Quiet on the porch)

Shhh it’s tha spot where soldiers murder off top boy

it’s tha spot where they ain’t got nuthin but some hot boys

we dont know what be goin on we so blunted from trees

we gon be round here all day cause we 400 degreez

usually when it get dark nobody be on tha porch

but little wody with the scarf she flippin out on that porch

just stay in your car and make sure your doors locked

cause this ain’t nuttin but war cause the block is zzzhot!

\*Chorus\*

\*Lil Wayne\*

watch yo step on my section

gotta walk light talk light

dey don shot out all dem street light

so u can’t see no big-b lights

and we like to dress in all black up in my residence

ain’t got on no suits cause we ain’t tryna be presidents

and ever since the coke drought dem boys been on the trip dog

so u betta watch what ya’ll playin wit cause dem boys will try ta flip ya’ll

and hit ya’ll jam ya up and put a gun to ya jug

ahh catch a breath now just uhh catch a slug

it’s street smarts plently riders dey keep sparks

when the heat starts ain’t nobody got sweethearts

callin weak shots u can come try ta cheap talk

we cut ya week short dem Lil’ boys don’t give a dam

go all out fo tha cake wont hesitate to kill a man

run in his house duck tape a buster him and his fam

tie em up put em in tha van stick a gat in dey jaws

ummuhhh one move blew his cap distance off!

\*Chorus\*

\*Lil Wayne\*

Whoop dem people comin cause the block is hot

chiggablaaoh bust yo guns because tha block is hot

sssssss cook it up cause tha block is hot

Say Lil’ daddy hook it up cause tha block is hot (repeat 1x)

\*Lil Wayne\*

My block hot nigga my block burnin my block on fire wody what about yours?(repeat 1x)

\*Lil Wayne\*

Tha block is hot, tha block is hot, hot, hot (repeat 3x)

What!!!

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