Blow

Rick Ross

Ricky Ross
Carol City Cartel
Cool and Dre
Designer jeans and a hand full of dough
Bottle of that rosey, pass me some mo'
I got mo' cars, mo' clothes
Mo' money means more dough to blow
Mo' bottles, there's more dough to blow
Rick Ross got a lot of dough to blow
Way up in them Tallie Hills, burnin' like the sunset
A *** wit a attitude, take it outta context
Ridin' with that big thang, lookin' like a bomb threat
Bin Laden beard, Afghan in a bomb best
Stranded on death row
Makavali's on the Maybach, kicks retro
She wanna gaze at the stars
Through a panoramic view, pull the haze out the jars
Rick Ross, I'm the best in the flesh
Gettin' blessed, on a jet is a way to reflect
Hard work pays off, I'm a boss, you can tell
By the bottles in the pail and the models that we share
I'm in a real estate and a realer state of mind
We came for trigga play, kill a *** for a dime
I'm tryna chill today, I got a million on my mind
Dice in my hand, one roll, I blow ya mind
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Mo' trips, mo' whips
Mo' money, I'm mo' rich
Mo' haters, mo' clips
Mo' jewels, mo' s***
Half a hundred grand in some rubber bands
Gats all f*** in my other hand
On the other hand, I'm still pitchin' underhand
All soft balls off, b*** a stunna, man

Mo' trucks, mo' bucks
Mo' freaks, mo' butts

I see the vision from Club Vision, the pre face
I get brain, I bust *** in each states
Soon as I see what I'm lookin' for
I sit up in that seat and cut her off on them 24's
There it goes, baby girl, come talk wit tha boss
I pop a rose bottle, you can kick ya shoes off
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Ever seen a fat boy in a big body
Know you wanna sit by me, all you do is think 'bout it
Lease apartments to get kicked out it
Next day, buy a condo to get a kick out it
[Mill] take it for the view, this is what I do
When I'm on the beach, all my diamonds, salt water blue
Let's party like the pack jam, Pacman
Fifty grand, stacked in my lap, man
Get a lap dance and if you get my d*** hard
This ya last chance to hop up in that big car
Wit tha Fat Man, certified Hood Star
But he a millionaire, look ***, I'm goin' far
This the movement, a few *** you wanna move wit
Gucci on my feet, see I'm only in the new s***
Ha, they say life's a ***
But close ya eyes for a minute
And just bite this ***, it's Ross
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