

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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