

# Blowin' Up In the World

## Kool G Rap

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Back in the days was kinda crazy, kid I started out with nothin'  
Wasn't livin' like thanks giving, I was turkey without the stuffin'  
Sometimes I swore to God that I was headed for the poorhouse  
Say mama caught the drama, she would bleed tryin' to feed 4 mouths  
Wasn't rockin' girbauds, I barely had clothes and when it snowed  
And temperatures droppin' below zero, you know I froze  
No Cd's, a black and white TV, a seat is a rubber tire  
With a hanger for the antenna, turned channels with some pliers  
Had nothin' in my cabinet, but cans of raid  
I'm knockin' on my neighbor's door  
To borrow a cup of sugar for my kool-aid  
I wasn't freshly dipped, my gear was straight ripped, I'm trippin'  
'Cause my winter coat got lost buttons  
And zippers that wouldn't stay zipped  
I never remembered the brother was straight fat cat  
Not even a big mac black, I had kid castle topped with crackerjacks  
Walkin' the streets, with the weak sneaks on my feet  
And the freaks wouldn't speak, I never had lipstick on my cheek  
So much for getting humped from the stunts, I always struck out  
The one y'all likes is takin' hikes if you can't pull a buck out  
So now I gotta dedicate my next plate to all the homeboys and girls  
Straight up baby, I'm blowin' up in the world  
Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world  
Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world  
I'm blowin' up in the world, I gotta get mines, I gotta get mines  
I gotsta get mines, you know what I'm sayin'?  
I'm blowin' up in the world  
Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world  
Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world  
I'm blowin' up in the world, I gotta get mines  
I gotta get mines, I gotsta get mines, yeah  
It seems like only yesterday, my moms was on my back  
Get your butt up out the sack and find a job or hit the road jack  
Black, I don't disown her, I'm just a kid from corona  
With a G.E.D. diploma, with more ribs showin' than Tony rhoma's  
In order to get straight, I gotsta to make a muscle  
Learned to hustle and bustle and I gave the streets a tussle

Standin' down on the corner slangin' fat rocks to bottles  
With the black tops, for cops got my shorty watchin' my back hobbesMakin' mad Lucci, bought up Louis  
vuitton Gucci  
Hoochies callin' me boochi, while they smooch me, givin' up the coochie  
Now I'm a felon, started sellin' and splittin' melons  
I started gellin', to tellin' police just 'cause I was swellin' Hangin' out on the corner playin' cee-lo, rollin' for  
half a kilo  
Yo you'll never see G-low a-goin' below  
Yeah, straight gettin' fortunate, as long as fees was torchin' it  
It started gettin' hot around the block, the cops was scorchin' it But luckily I made out before the coppers could  
frisk me and diss me  
'Cause business is drugs is gettin' too risky  
So now I just lamp, collect stamps  
Snatch up tramps diamonds and pearls  
Straight up baby, I'm blowin' up in the world Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world  
Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world  
I'm blowin' up in the world, I gotta get mines, I gotta get mines  
I gotsta get mines, you know what I'm sayin'?  
I'm blowin' up in the world Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world  
Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world  
I'm blowin' up in the world, I gotta get mines  
I gotta get mines, I gotsta get mines, yeah I got put on by DJ polo, cut the record, it's a demo  
And started chillin' in limos with champagne and tinted windows  
Hoppin', no time for pages, sportin' gold chains and rings  
Clockin' money and fame, nothin' changed, I'm still the same Just spendin' 20's and 10's at women pullin' on  
my linen  
And grinnin' 'cause I was winnin' in this game from the beginning  
The lyrical skills was kinda ill, gave you a slight chill  
So I just let the hype build, known for rappers run and go write wills I turned from a hobo to a solo bozin for  
dolos  
Stole my dough, you still below, now I prefer cigars and blow mo'  
So catch a flashback, of a G. rap track, attacked, like a head crack  
That's smack, through your cap, with the lead black And here's a new cut, for pooh-butt, rappers hangin' from  
off my  
Two nuts like they was put there by members of the Ku Klux  
So peep Kool G. rap, don't sleep, money unless it's witch a girl  
Straight up kid, I'm blowin' up in the world Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world  
Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world  
I'm blowin' up in the world, I gotta get mines, I gotta get mines  
I gotsta get mines, you know what I'm sayin'?  
I'm blowin' up in the world Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world  
Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world  
I'm blowin' up in the world, I gotta get mines  
I gotta get mines, I gotsta get mines, yeah

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