

B.L.O.W.

Rick Ross

[Chorus: Rick Ross (Dre)]
Designer jeans, and a hand full of dough (Yeah)
Bottle of the Jose, pass me some more
I got, more cars, more cars, more clothes, more clothes
More money means more dough to blow (blow)
More money means more dough to blow (blow)
More money means more dough for blow[Rick Ross]
Way up in them Cali Hills, burnin' like the sun set
A nigga with a attitude, take it outta context
Riding with them big things, lookin' like a bomb threat
Bin Laden beard, afghan in a bomb vest
Ross, stranded on the death row
Makavali's on the Maybach, kicks retro
She wanna gaze at the stars
Through a panoramic view, pullin' haze out the jar
Rick Ross, I'm the best in the flesh
Getting blessed on the ?, it's 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 realist state, and a realist state of mind
We came from trigger play, kill a nigga for a dime
I'm tryna chill today, I got a million on my mind
Dice in my hand, one roll, I blow your mind[Chorus][Rick Ross]
More trips, more whips, more money, I'm more rich
More haters, more clips, more jewels, more Chris
Half a hundred grand and some rubber bands
? off fast in my other hand
On the other hand, I'm still pitchin' underhand
All soft balls, all bases covered man
More trucks, more bucks, more freaks, more butts
I see the vision, from club vision to ?
I get brain, I bust nuts in each states
Soon as I see what I'm lookin' for
I sit up in that seat and cut em' off on them 24's, there it goes
Baby girl, come talk with the boss
I pop a Jose bottle, you can kick your shoes off[Chorus][Rick Ross]
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
We don't take you for the view, this is what I do
When I'm on the beach, all my diamonds are water blue (Ross)
Let's party like the pack jam, Pac Man
Fifty grand, stacked in my lap man
Get a lap dance (and if you get my dick hard)
This your last chance (to hop up in that big car)
With the Fat Man (certified Hood Star)
But he a millionaire (look bitch I'm going far)
This the movement, a few niggas you wanna move with
Gucci on my feet, see I'm only in that new shit
Ha, they say life's a bitch
But close your eyes for a minute, and just bite this dick, it's Ross[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

ROBERTS, WILLIAM / VALENZANO, MARCELLO / LYON, ANDREPublished by

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