

# 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

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