

Rob Base F/ DJ Ez Rock**"Blow Up"**

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We been a block like top notches
Gold things and topless
Hoes jockin reflections and diamonds from my
watches
What's poppin? Smokin on veggas and kill switches
Homies twisted and fitted in EB and Hilfiger
Real niggas on my side ballin out of control
And all the hoes know we got the north financially sold
On the road, doing shows, backstage with hoes
Nobody knows what goes down once the doors is
closed
Playa clickin on the scene, smokin Sacramento green
Leave as we sweep down your street in something
clean
On a mission pimpin, flippin up chips to make a livin
Concentrate on millions, and sick of dealin these killins
It's another hustle everyday but I maintain
Caught up in this struggle, so I refuse to gangbang
Got my mind on bigtime, that this whole world owe us
Hollow Tip and the whole high side fittin to

Chorus:

Blow Up (everytime)

We don't have, we don't have to rush (let's not rush this
thing)

It's not worth it (it's guarenteed that we)

Blow Up (we'll make, we'll make money)

Blow Up

Now I'm on the rise, and more exposed to my eyes
I'm in the 95 Maxima the limits the sky
High siden Eddie Bauer, I'm the man of the hour
Top dollar, with a hairy ball on my collar
Dry my eyes from all the rainy days
And slingin yay, now when we parley
Gold things spin to the bay
And to the day we close down shop
We got tapes to sling \$50,000 knot
Sippin expensive drinks, 18k links
And more sophisticated than a top notch can think
In the industry risin, and we still high siden

Something fully equipped, Nautica and diamonds
Thought I wasn't slidin up in um cause I'm hollow
When Rimmie Marks swallows out the \$30 bottle
When the Lexus roll up, babygirl hold up
Because I'm down with high side my whole clique fittin
to

Chorus

I'm on a mission about my mail, million dollar clientele
Nationwide I'm satisfied, but decide it was hell
I had to struggle hard to be financially stable
But now I'm in the light with hundred spokes on my
label
Loungin in condos, sittin on leather and brass
Lookin at big screens, my Tommy Hil's full of cash
Can you imagine it, my whole crew havin it
Tuxedos and Benzes and automatic clips
On a rise to the top it's a trip nonstop
We in this game for the millions, scrilla over props
Gold things touch the ground, like green crush it down
Let my 15's hit till the hoes say must it pound
I'm the man across the land, pay my bills by the grand
Hoes rush me, tryin to touch me, got top notch fans
Now the struggle is over, no more jobs only your love
All these haters still talkin but they can watch a nigga

Chorus

Hollow Hollow, Hollow Hollow, Hollow Hollow..
It ain't worth it
Sac Town, Sac Town, Sac Town, Sac Town
(fades) We can blow up..

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