

Youngbloodz F/ Cutty

"Blowin' Circles in the Wind"

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(Talking in background)

Yo

Turn up my headphones

Sometimes, I don't even know if I'm coming or going
(We about to take you there)

[Chorus]

Please lord let me make it through a day without no
pain

How can I make it through the fire when there is no
rain?

Send me free stuff dwelling on my sins
Cause you got me blowing circles in the wind

repeat Chorus

[Verse 1: Mr Gzus]

I'm high as hell loungin' on my Ralph Lauren sofa
Caught up in this game trying to maintain the quota
Before it's over, gun talk before the gun spark
Survive this long cause of the way I keep my gun
cocked
It's so dark, when I delve into my memoirs,
And it's so graphic; I strap myself with my Kevlar
Hand on my gun metal, for all the beef that's unsettled
Sold everything a thug pedalled, I'm just one rebel
Thoughts are through in mind a la Kurt Cobain
Yo, it's slow pain, like cocaine, flowing through a cold
vein

I meet the odds, now I pray to the gods
My niggaz in the yard get dealt some better cards
Made Men's at large, get the fuck up ou to f Dodge
Your whole entourage will get hit up with a barrage
My choice weapon, the legacy of my legend
Will still live on, until the day of Armageddon
When I hit the dead end, yo, it's fire on the crucifix
I'm losing it, trying to figure out who's the snitch
I shed blood for my honour, on the street corner
Hotter than a sauna, blazin' marijuana

Duckin' shots and regroup I buck back, yo
Cause fuck that, that's where niggaz be getting
snuffed at
Whatever's coming tell me, I'll take it to n the chin
So for every sin, I'm blowing circles in the wind

Chorus 2X

[Verse 2: Antonio Twice Thou]

I inhale and blow it out
Stress calls, in the Source no doubt
I got steam to blow the top off a pressure cooker
I had a dream; it seems frustration took us
Do I have to grab a gat to touch my fantasy?
Or will I live long enough to have a chance to see
If I can blow the spot, show the world what I got
You know there's a million niggaz thinking just like me
Smokin' on the same weed, livin' on the same named
street
With the same fat beats,
and all criminals for fucking with cracks and heats
We magnets to the dragnet, young, black and got
assets
to make a smash like the crash test
Now what's next, lifestyles of the trifle fraudulent
I work hard, my life; it's still hard to get
Interruption from a deep thought, to twist up
Architect, I roll blunts perfect, apex when it's lit up
I can't relax; I'm never calm
No matter what happens, somebody drops the bomb;
trying to do me harm
And these street politics got me strapped up
with a .45 stick and a habit on bricks
I pat myself on the chest, to feel a vest
Cause jealousy and envy among my peoples is a mess
Don't play a hate, hate the game
It's all the same; I'm blowing circles 'til I'm blowing
flames
Ain't nothing changed

Chorus 2X

(Chorus continues in background)

Where my thugs at? (Made Men) 5X

Chorus 2X

