

## **Mido Meezy**

### **"Blunt Blowin"**

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[Verse 1:]

Yeah

I'm a put my shades on

Uh

I live it up like these are my last days

If time is money, I'm an hour past paid

Ughh, gunpowder in my hourglass

Niggas faker than some flour in a powder bag

Yeah, I put it down like my hands hurtin'

I'm on a natural high, but I land perfect

Some of us are lovers, most of y'all haters

But I put up a wall, and they just wallpaper

So love or hate me, I stay hate-free

They say we learn from mistakes so that's why they  
mistaking me

I got some weight on my shoulders, to me it's like  
feathers

All hail Weezy, call it bad weather

I stick to the script, I memorize the lines

Cause Life is a movie that I've seen too many times

You're on the outside looking in, close the blinds

And they say never say never, but fuck it never mind

I've been gone too long

True or false, right or wrong (ha ha)

Hello Weezy, welcome home

[Hook:]

Yeah

And I'm a

Blunt blowin'

Polo draws showin'

I don't give a lovely motherfuck ass nigga

With my money growing, no matter where you're goin'

You don't need a bus pass, for me to bust yo ass nigga

I'm a blunt blowin'

Polo draws showin'

I-I don't give a lovely motherfuck ass nigga

With my money blowing, don't matter I got more and

You don't need a bus pass, for me to bust yo ass nigga

[Verse 2:]

Stunna, I got em, I'm back on them bitches  
All about my riches, my name should be Richard  
Cut the bullshit out, I'm Edward with the scissors  
Life is a choice, and death is a decision  
Times have changed, but fuck it get a new watch  
I still got the vision like a line between two dots  
Young money's eating, the label getting fatter  
And yea, the tables turned, but I'm still sitting at em  
I'm a bad motherfucker, cause the good die young  
Everybody selling dreams, I'm too cheap to buy one  
Man when that cookie crumble, everybody want a  
crumb  
Shoot that hummingbird down, hummingbird don't  
hum yeah  
Big money, big money, deep pockets  
Money talks, and motherfuckers eavesdropping  
Bunch of bloods, you could call it blood clotting  
East side, My Piru Damu, I'm a

[Hook:]

Blunt blowin'  
Polo draws showin'  
I don't give a lovely motherfuck ass nigga  
With my teeth glowing, I'm on my Deebowin'  
You don't need a bus pass, for me to bust yo ass nigga

I'm a blunt blowin'  
Polo draws showin'  
I-I don't give a lovely motherfuck ass nigga  
With my money blowing, no matter where you going  
You don't need a bus pass, for me to bust yo ass nigga

[Verse 3:]

Light that Ashton Kutsher, I'm a limit pusher  
See y'all dead meat, and me I'm just a butcher  
I do it for the money, man I am such a hooker  
And freedom was my girl, until they fucking took her  
You could look into the future, it's right behind your  
eyelids  
But I don't wanna know, cause shit I like surprises (ha  
ha)  
Why that, why this, why you on that why shit?  
Motherfucker ask me why, I say YM  
Beach bum (yeah), call me ocean drive slim (bitch)  
Drop the top, look up and make the sky grin  
Young moola, (yeah) skinnies and some supras  
Belly of the beast till it pukes  
Motherfucker

[Hook:]

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Polo draws showin'  
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