

## Dubliners

### "Da Blow"

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[Hook 3x]

The blow, the pills, the yak, the herb  
The blow, the pills, the yak, the herb  
The blow, the blow, the blow, the blow

[Lil Jo]

The dro, the 'purp, the 'r'nge (orange), get gush  
The bad, no haps, no where to keep it hashed  
A joint or two will do you niggas smoke a blunt of this  
If you wanna smoke with me, don't bring no bullshit  
The blue dumpin', white spinners  
The green nickles, that red Superman  
Them peach for the five, that white for less  
Will have them hoes hotter than a box of stolen checks  
The snow, the white in Miami get crunk  
When I see 'em in the club, they sniffin' up that stuff  
Give you one G of white  
Give me two G of white  
Give me three G of white  
A eight ball for the night  
When you wanna get cha lean on it's nothing but that  
yellow  
Or theat 'purp down in Texas, them niggas got  
whatever  
One bottle of that moo, galla-gallon of that Henny  
Mix it with that crunk juice will have a nigga spinnin  
Like that . . .

[Chorus] 2x

The blow, the pills, the yak, the herb  
The blow, the pills, the yak, the herb  
The blow, the pills, the yak, the herb  
The blow, the blow, the blow, the blow

[Gangsta Boo]

I got the weed for the low  
Them pills for the low  
That blow for the low  
Young nigga yeen know  
When I ride I roll high  
Man and I ain't tellin' no lie

When that shit get in my brain  
I grip the grain and fly by  
Say dog you got that good up in the hood we call it mid  
Grade another thing we do some call it blow, some call  
it cocaine  
Fuck, hell nah nigga I been on that lean  
Bouncin' front to back watch me change the lane  
Niggas be constantly talkin' that shit  
That shit that I gezzit you bitches can't get  
The Memphis, The A, the North, the South  
Is on the grind, we will not quit  
The under-underground rap smoke out full of green  
Fuck what you heard bitch  
Yeah I'm back up on the scene  
If you wanna get high you should fuck with Gangsta  
Boo  
I be turnin niggas out watch how quick I turn you  
Into a smoked out, loced out, freaky motherfucka  
On that Ex'd out, passed out  
While I put another on the . . .

[Chorus]2x

[Lil Bo]

I been gettin in that work  
I got pounds of that work  
I'm a pimp bitch, fuck you  
Pull up ya own skirt  
We don't give a fuck 26's on the truck  
We gon' tear this bitch up  
I got Ex, I got weed  
I got any thing you need  
When you see me in the streets, just holla at me  
Bitch swollw at me  
This ya boy Lil Bo from the E-S-P

[Big Sam]

See nigga I smoke everyday, from the lightest of haze  
I got the shit I pull up with cha mind off in a daze  
I don't fuck with the blow  
See I fuck with some hoes  
That be freaky grabbin' they on Ex outta control  
I remember back in the day Regals, 8's & Vouges  
When nigga was riddin the city reappin get to that door  
Before the Feds hit the town &  
Try to shut Atlanta down  
Nigga was slangin' nickles & dimes  
Quarter keys & pounds of . .

[Chorus]2x

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