

## **Fusebox**

### **"Blow"**

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Chorus:

Blow that money like a candle Blow  
Blow that cush like a candle Blow  
Blow that money like a candle Blow  
Blow that cush like a candle

Hook:

I got brick 5 on me right now, And I'll blow it  
40 racks stuffed down in my denim, I'll blow it  
Take a gram of cush and roll it in a blunt, I'll blow it  
What I spent today, you spent it in a month

Chorus:

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What a bird go for? I got that in my coat  
Say 35 racks? I can buy a kilo  
Put tha Gucci skully on, help me think a lil better  
Stuff tha cash in my denim, blowing racks on bezzel  
All tha drugs I made, I need a gold medal  
All tha songs I played, wrote a mill or better  
I blow tha strongest stuff, I drink the strongest lean  
When I hit tha scene, you see tha racks in jeans,  
You think I printed it up, like a typing machine  
Yall niggas fugazy, tryna copy my team  
Aye, I blow them bands, like ceiling fans  
Stay chasing paper, like a taliban  
I'm free ban, la familia,  
I got benjamins, talking a bunch of them

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Ludacris:(speaking) Yea if anybody know about  
blowing money, nigga it's me. Luda!

Just brogught a 4 58, cost 3 hunnit racks  
Ludacris I'm a legend, so I still drive in my act  
Took 2 yrs, just to raise my cush  
Worth about hunnit fucking mill, niggas can't keep up  
What you making in a year, I'll blow it in a week  
Just built a guest house, 3 thousand square feet  
Everything go to waste, too much money in the way  
Gotta Bball court, nigga don't even play  
What the fuck? I got enough weed to fill 100 thousand  
blunts  
Bought a playground at the crib, my daughter played  
on that shit once  
Got a safe filled up, with dirty money like?  
Got a tennis court rotting, Cause it's waiting for Serena  
Bitch!

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Aye watch'em blow, on tha rental boat  
Nigga need a bigger boat, for all this blow  
How you getting dough, you aint got nothing to blow  
Fuck outta here Joe blow, fuck outta here  
Tha rich who blow, got it from a new blow  
Actually it's old blow, it was gone for you could say  
blow  
Show me 7 90 4, by all means I was gone blow  
Just parked tha Maybach, hope in he Enzo, Yet that  
bitch gotta blue one  
Bet tha title to ya car, and tha deed to ya house, yea  
nigga Imma blow ya  
Blowing money, blowing strong, swear it's all I blow  
All them broke days gone, blow tha horn  
Had to get me sumtin to blow, so I went to clifornia  
Brought a california, I just want to blow their brain

Infatuated with horses, I just need them in my paint  
Make me feel the power, blow that money every hour

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