

## Gp Wu "Blow Up"

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All my brothers (what)  
Let the world know it's hot 9-7 (what)  
Shaolin take it to the top  
All the ladies (oowww)  
Show some love sugar, it's on tonight  
Keepin the party tight aiiight

[pop the brown hornet]  
I be the one to break through your barrier  
Bomb carrier  
Ready to explode in hype mode  
You'll catch a bad decision at any given  
I was marked for death so now this is how the fuck I'm  
livin  
Let me lay the law, let me connect four  
G.p. the brand new reign, fuck what you sayin and  
thought  
Standin tall but you comin up short  
Might play a lot of games but this ain't your sport  
Ran into the wrong one, I'm the son of a gun  
You target practice, i'ma hit you off for fun  
Answer one question, what crossed your mind  
To make you think that you could fuck with my hip hop  
design  
You out of fashion, on top of that you got me laughin  
Like a gun toter up against an assassin  
I'm the real mccooy, old school b-boy  
Anything I seek I could create or destroy  
It's like that, born with the strength to strike back  
Full contact better wear your hardhat in combat  
It's either you or my contract  
All you gotta say is where we get it on at  
And it's on

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[rubberbands]

Movin in a city of crooks where they don't play by the books  
It's off the hook, got me on crop  
Ready to pop somethin in my circumference if we don't rock  
But a lot of niggas snitch makin the streets too hot  
Bitches too wanna be up in people's personal affairs  
Let it die down, get it out the air  
Gossipin to get rich, callin 1-800-tips  
Hundred dollar ho went international on the richard bey show  
Everybody wanna blow overnight  
The secret to my success is I don't get too hype  
Laid back killer instances, killer track  
Make a snap remack  
Bomb bandzee verses worse than crack  
Highly addictive  
The microphone's the glass dick and I'm smokin smash hits  
I need to be rehabilitated  
And if I write to the beat that only makes the murder of the track  
Premeditated

[june luva]

How dare you even look my way  
Better yet cross my path and have somethin to say  
You wack rapper don't you know who you fuckin with  
Niggas suck my dick, june'll be the first to bust your shit  
Word up, get yourself hurt up, meanin fast  
The first one that steps be the first one I click-click-blast  
Hit em one time up in his brain  
But didn't kill em, I left him mentally insane  
It be bloodstains on the sidewalk from thugs postin  
Animosity towards me will get you toasted  
6 million ways, 365 days  
I be on the street, crime pays  
Nicks, dimes and treys used to be my hustle  
Until I learned how to grab heat and take it with the muscle  
And rush you, and pin you to the wall quickly  
I'm shifty, low down dirty and gritty

All my brothers (what)  
Let the world know it's hot  
All the ladies (oowww)

[dark skinned assassin]

Can you feel us all up in your swat  
Can't touch the God lyrical, far from typical style

Thirsty niggas couldn't drink if they walk a hundred  
miles  
Broke thousands of clones in half, bones left in paths  
Casualty, s.i. be I soulful by the craft  
Devine self allah, the golden mic holder  
Got this whole shit locked like the ayatollah  
Rebel sink to levels as low as the devils  
But the God made dirt to dig they grave with the shovel  
Try to slay the master, his heartrate beats faster  
Assault and battery make it hard to remember  
Behold I the black avenger  
Black as charcoal with a soul as cold as december  
Timber, lumberjack raps that can injure  
And disappear in a cloud of smoke like a ninja  
Great pretender, now it's time to deal with what's real  
War, four score with a hundred raw niggas

[down low recka]

You wanna play the game of life and throw his life on  
the line  
With these tank slang niggas, hundred percent  
genuine  
Mental court got niggas doin time and  
Frustration got me ready to do crime  
Watch me shine like a comet  
Orally smack niggas on the ground like they vomit  
Frontin all them years you need to stop it  
You see who comin, the rightful owners of this era  
Who show the love but if necessary bring the terror  
Self defense and retaliation, hold this fort  
Throw them niggas off the court in this rap sport  
Your center's too short, your forwards' is backpedallin  
Your gods ain't hard, how you think you better than  
Niggas with a plan who stand behind thoughts  
Made known, reality show the grain blow  
All over, universally consume your town like fire  
Blaze the shit til we retire

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Come on and gimme whatcha got 9-7 (what)  
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All the ladies, can you feel it in your

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