

## Harloff Kevin P

### "Blowin' Smoke"

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"Meanwhile, in another part of the town"

I got a suicide squeeze on the trigger  
Hit you like a swig of 100 proof hard liquor  
The Minister gotta fade ya like a record, I'ma play ya  
Like suede Pumas, clides, fat laces on a mayor  
Deliver like a mailman, slide into your crib-o  
Rather have a limo than your bullshit demo  
Things are risin up like a 40 inch vertical  
Heard you pull wreck, but I run you in a circle  
Flowin out my voice like a dummy and ventriloquist  
Hookin up lingo, study like a linguist  
Stickin rhymes, yeah, I'm movin like a drifter  
Your rhymes are worn like an old man's slippers  
Used to have a seizure still edgin up my gold teeth  
Headin down you to go with Rich and get some protein  
I'm ??? giving bones so you're chokin  
I get biz every time I blow smoke and

(Can you feel it) --> Biz Markie  
Blowin smoke, bee  
(Woof, now you're cut loose) --> L.L. Cool J

Rip off the hand, open up your ears, listen  
Got a fat joint, just peep it while you're sippin  
Bringin on beats, keep you movin till your neck snaps  
Got the greenbacks like skins with the big racks  
On a hit streak like Joe, Joe Di Maggio  
Take you to the limit every time that I gas a hoe  
Say what you wanna, say the minister's oblivious  
Dropped dead weight, yo, now it's time to get with this  
Rip the micro, torch ya like a pyro  
Toss ya in the trash like a horse meat gyro  
I won't front, let you know that I'm packin  
Check up on the wall the gold records that we stackin  
You're kinda young like a tight suede jacket  
Ain't a crooked thief but I mess with the racket  
Breakin down on a break Daddy Rich broke  
The wax spins round, I blow smoke

Chorus

Blow smoke up your ass like a manager  
Hotel bar butter smooth while I'm havin ya  
Soundin kinda crisp like a portable DAT, y'all  
Heads swell settin up for the big fall  
Hittin up heads like a barber with the clipper  
Hip-house hip, yo, but I got somethin hipper  
Swingin like McGillah, fill a pocket full of currency  
To be or not to be, that is Shakespeare tragedy  
Handle like ??? shootin like a pistol  
Pack it like a heavey by the name of Travis Bickle  
Blowin like the Bad Wolf, send you to the cheap seats  
DJ Daddy Rich, he got the mad beats  
Keep it in the gutter, so you can't be mad at me  
Listenin to 45s of Cannonball Adderley  
Ain't the dancin fool, I don't jest, I don't joke  
I just grip on a steel and blow smoke

Chorus

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