

Harpo

"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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