

Kiprich

"Alot of Thingz"

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Intro:

Rob Blow... gonna let you niggaz know...
about alot of thingz, and it's on

Chorus

I'm about to tell you bout alot of thingz
Rob Blow's gonna tell you bout alot of thingz
I'm about to tell you bout alot of thingz
Rob Blow's gonna tell you bout alotz of thingz

Verse One:

I want everyone to recognize
the suprise, sunrise, bout ta die
They had to take a break, and escape
those who like to take a little peek at me
I mean the way I speak, I don't cheat but I teach
Every kind of lesson, you could imagine
True young brotha I don't be braggin about the jackin
man I'm not lyin
You gotta catch me on the night, when I be fryin
you can ask the Ave. for the Fulton Street mob
There's no time for fun, I just do my job
Jackin people equal to the pattened people sequels
Rob Blow's gonna tell you bout alot of thingz
I remember one day, nigga tried to take my ring
With no strings attached, it was a grudge match
battle of the tough guys took place
Five-O came, and it turned into a race
Runnin block for block, droppin rocks
I looked at the other nigga, he got shot
and I got away, straight headin for the park
Stayed and kept quiet, till it got dark
40 oz. -- that was on my mind
Bad luck though, I forgot to grind
Now they got a place to trace for the base that I
dropped
A dope fiend got mopped by a cop
they thought it was his mane

Cause he was sittin there with my dope in his hand
can't you understand? My partner's little fucked off
but I'm still the boss
Callin shots, makin plots on any MC
Who even take a chance to try me
Yeah. I was just walikin through mindin my own
In some park, some niggaz was sparked in the dark
They caught me slippin, I can't lie
one hit me in the eye. I stood there, I'm not about to run
but there was three of them, and one had a gun
Now I can't fight back without my Mac
I couldn't attack, because the punk was packed
I'm jacked... for the first time
I wasn't the one who invented the crime
So in this rhyme, I'm bout to let you know
them niggaz tried to jump Rob Blow
Now I gotta go back to the Moe, where I belong
J-stone is on. Get two tone
and do the routine, J killa, B house from the Avenue
crew
Eightball wassup? Can't you hear me man?
Go get the gat, and take the 40 out your hand
I love all my niggaz, I could never be a traitor
Illyad, as a fact, like my nigga Dark Raider
In a different place, but I still catch a case
I caught a case before, I'll catch one more
That's when little niggaz gonna hit the floor
they started the war, with a Fillmoe nigga
and I'm mean, I'll throw they ass in the guillotine
mercy mercy mercy, that is what they gonna be sayin
Like red so be dead instead for the feds
To look upon the paperwork at home
So now I'm gonna flirt with the mini skirt
nice size legs, pop her head while they asses in the dirt
Rob Blow's gonna tell you bout alot of thingz
(Rob Blow)

Verse Two:

As you look into my eyes, destruction
Youse a fool, thinkin I'm the one that you can do
Knowin I'm the one wrapped up straight through the
trunk
poppin motherfuckers real quick, you bitch
and if you not on my side youse a trick
R-A-Tree, go sell yo meat.
And I'll start usin that fuckin jimmy
bitches and the niggaz hangin out at the party
I was rollin real ill, sippin off the grand marty
till a little sucka put his salt in my game
Don't know the real deal wassup with the nigga with the

fame?
Back in the days at the age of 11
I was coppin houses, had rocks straight sellin
Rollin in the cutty pain black peanut butter top
Rollin through, smokin dank, sellin that high... what?
A little somethin to remember...
plain and simple unless you want one to the temple
I'm doin down & dirty, dirty dozen was his name
I got game and fame and glory
Some of these niggaz got some weak ass stories
no poetry, it's all make believe
and they always be talkin about they got a gat up they
sleeve
but they need some common sense
And if they wasn't aware, get ready to be lynched
because I'm serious about this drama shit
I'm way past being a menace....(so what is
this?)(Chorus)

Outro:

We're talkin about alotz of thingz
lotz n lotz n lotz of thingz
And it's on till the break of dawn
Rob Blow
About alot of thingz
about to tell you bout alot of thingz
Rob Blow bout ot tell you bout alot of thingz
Much love to you Bigga Figga!
Hostin, roastin, off some top notch dank
What's goin on playaz? (up outta here)
That was Rob Blow, for the 94, down with the Get Low
Stright out of the motherfuckin Moe Town
We got to be on pound, you know what I'm sayin
up here in the get low studios
Tip toe through the Moe, you know what I'm sayin
and get low with my hoe
Rob Blow's bout to tell you about alot of thingz, cause
it's on
Till the break of dawn don't ya see me?
Rob Blow, Rob Blow
You suckas can't fuck with the Get Low!
And it's on, and we outta here once again
(we up outta here main, peace)

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