

## 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 pattered 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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