

## Mavis Staples

### "Blow Me A Dub"

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Chorus:

I got a 50 of some piffy and the sour linger in my soul  
(Sour linger in my clothes)  
I was riding in the bucket and was riding in the droptop  
Rove  
I'm still up to whippin' now and then  
We got the power, Sylar poppin' on the stove  
(It's poppin' on the stove)  
And I'm blowin' a dub, duu-uub, dub

Verse 1:

Contemplatin' 'bout my trip to the Bahamas  
As I spin through my condo in my Calvin Klein pajamas  
Like, I peep the spliff, but if baby-moms  
Blowin' on some shit probably bigger than my baby arm  
Pissed the lady off so she comes to me for comfort  
Picture baby-moms, now she comes to me for cum  
squirts  
Gun work, got it if the nigga buzzed, pop it at a nigga  
mug  
Watch the Bigga ride, I'm tryna see this nigga die, right  
I ain't givin' no mercy  
Baby need shoes and my niggaz is thirsty  
Ladies want a nigga back in, fuckin' fat bitch  
I keep the extra Mac 10  
You can find me in the trap, on the AM  
Pump is in the store right next to the Jamaican  
I'ma shake him, break him, take him to the basket  
Ya momma picked the suit while they lay you in ya  
casket  
Owww

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Verse 2:

Now just when you thought it might have seemed  
enough  
Momma in the room screaming beat me up  
My brothers used to beat me up  
Meet me up top where they hella pop  
Nigga you climb, I'ma meet you in my helicop'  
I will never stop till the day I die  
Even then they'll praise me as the great one  
They rate me at an even 10  
Seen the man in suttin' real wavy in the drive-thru  
You can hide nigga I'ma find you, must I remind you  
Don't a nigga style come close to the Wave Man  
Nigga I'm a made-man, caveman  
Had to do my 8 in the state pen  
That's an old chapter in my life like The Great Danz  
Pacin' back and forth thinkin' 'bout will he ever do the  
time  
Can he go to jail, if he didn't will he do the crime  
Poppa in the staircase doin' lines  
Got his energy all up, nigga we ball up  
Like that, Owww

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Verse 3:

They tryna push a nigga outta the way, hey  
They tryna black-ball a nigga, tryna take a nigga outta  
the game, hey  
And since I left, they ain't rappin' the same, hey  
Fuck around wit' Biggavel you might not be rappin'  
again, hey  
Baby, baby, baby  
I'll make my money, set my cake up  
Only got 23 days and then wake up  
Pull the .40 out and get to smearin' ya make-up  
Tear ya face up, bullets shoot from the waist up  
Fuck, killed my brother, he was 17  
Put it in his head, the voices, they will never leave  
He watchin' over, he be tellin' me  
"Max, take ya time, don't rush" if bitches hit me with  
the pussy, I'ma fuck it

Owww

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