

Oschino "Blow"

Visit "[Blow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[50 second skit]

[Verse 1: Sparks]

What mean the world to you
Shit about 4, 5, 6 bricks
I roll em', cut off, spit em' the livin' room on the glass
mirror
Wanna see if that coke steady, OK
See if folk gonna test a nigga and bring the tools
Like the flutes and the two
See if that shit turn green or blue (green or blue)
Yo look here homie, this here pure coke with me
Get off me and go take the things
Guarantee get your fuckin' face freeze (your face
freeze)
And so, then let me know, ya I know
You wanna fuck wit me, you wanna cop yo work for me
I know there's bucks involved, you don't touch the
squad OK
You can bring just some your roadies
Leave two outside, bring two inside, just don't bring
that bullshit
Cuz we all gon time and get caught for this shit
I know your number, cuz I once got caught for shit
In court for shit, like look lan, I don't feel what I done
was a crime
When I crossed your invisible line (when I crossed your
invisible line)
When I crossed your border, with a thousand quarters
Ya'll niggaz do when they broke gotta test the waters
(gotta test the waters)
You know you wanna fuck wit me

[Chorus: Sparks]

That B, that L, O, that W that BLOW
This coke here is purified, youngblood, wanna cop yo
work from me
That B, that L, O, that W that BLOW
This coke here is purified, youngblood, lemme know
you wanna cop for me

[Verse 2: Young Chris]

We talkin' bout that BLOW
That B.L.O.W. sniff it
Tryin' to tell you it's the shizzit
Guaranteed you get addicted
Lemme know, how you want it, pure white, or be pecific
(specific)
I just came from the Pacific
My connect is jet-o-ffical
That's how we roll, keep it comin'
Long as Chris up in position, Imma keep this shit
consistent
Never bitch up at the district
Let em know, Young Gunna is just a new nigga
Bout to blow straight to the tizzle
Never write straight, off the tizzle
With the flow, I get it from my big homie Sigel
But I got my own Eagles, if it's guaranteed to meet you
We can?, but back to that B.L.O
Got some shit that I can teach you
Know if I cook up niggaz treat you weird
Got some people, might be interested to speak to
If your strips slow, you get your men, I get my people
When we get dough, give them niggaz fore warnin'
Lock down all four corners, watch that shit flow

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Twista]

I'm a nigga that'll never go a broke
Two of tens always help a motherfucker get back up
I can hook you up with whatever you want
Till' the city doubles fifty bricks and brothas get
smacked up
Couple of hustle up real ass niggaz on the block, the
hoes, you need some hard
Twista be servin' with the nigga Spark, and the rocks,
blows, weed, cars
See us transform, double cocaine to a cherry 04 Range
Load the ki's in the sprees, and I'm gettin' P's
And I'm makin' G's, so I wanna go in your bank
Cuz you feelin' the feelin' of makin' a killin'
Of steady comin' up, Imma cop myself a whole BLOW
feel
BLOW so trill, you can tell it was the real deal
Even if I hit a high with a pill
Tell me how you feel
Baby you was feelin' kinda froze
When you took a squirt up in the nose
Steady servin' O's, cuz the fiends gotta get it
Even though they know it make they body decompose
Reafer in my clothes, and you know we cookin' up or

shakin' up
So somebody close the door, watchin' for the law and
gotta stay up on my toes
Makin' stacks, motherfucker, tell me what you know
about that

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Oschino]

See the dope move, see the coke move
See that nigga push ki's like a pro tool
Fuck a 9 to 5, I got 95 drones all in the back of the ride
And they pure like a virgin, I'm servin'
And I ain't talkin' bout Serena or Venus
I'm talkin' bout that shit
That have you doin' 50 years in a box beatin' your penis
See the car vette, see the house vette, see the young
boy diggin' ya style
And you say you love that shit
They think we Shallow Hal no it's just Oschino baby (yea
baby)
I'm dippin' the man, I'm dippin' the can
I'm the reason you can dip that straw in the grams
And get high, but you wouldn't understand (It's all
about that BLOW)
I'm your BLOW supplier, the hoes admire
My whole attire, my rims and tires, niggaz wearin' wires
(Actin' like they wanna do a deal with O)
Trains, planes, automobiles
Won't get that work across the state
Run till' they always getting' rid of the weight
Sweatin' under pressure while you talkin' to jakes
Sweatin' in the kitchen, while cookin' the cakes
Sweatin' in the mix, puttin' doe in a safe
You can sweat me right in front of my face
And there's nuttin' you can do about it

[Chorus]

Visit [Oschino](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.