

Rick Ross

"Blow"

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RICK ROSS LYRICS

"Blow"

(feat. Dre)

[Chorus: Rick Ross (Dre)]

Designer jeans, and a hand full of dough (Yeah)
Bottle of that Jose, pass me some mo'
I got, mo' cars, (mo' cars,) mo' clothes, (mo' clothes)
Mo' money means mo' dough to blow (Bloooowwww)
Mo' bottles is mo' dough to blow (Bloooowwww)
Rick Ross got a lotta dough to blow

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

Way up in them Cali Hills, burnin' like the sun set
A nigga wit' a attitude, take it outta context
Riding wit' them big things, lookin' like a bomb threat
Bin Laden beard, afghan in a bomb vest
Ross, stranded on the death row
Makavali's on the Maybach, kicks retro
She wanna gaze at the stars
Through a panoramic view, pullin' haze out the jars
Rick Ross, I'm the best in the flesh
Getting blessed on the chess, it's a way to reflect
Hard work pays off, I'm a boss, you can tell
By the bottles in the pail, and the models that we share
I'm in a realist state, and a realist state of mind
We came from trigg'a' play, kill a nigga for a dime
I'm tryna' chill today, I got a million on my mind
Dice in my hand, one roll, I blow ya' mind

[Chorus: Rick Ross (Dre)]

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[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

Mo' trips, mo' whips, mo' money, I'm mo' rich
Mo' hatas', mo' clips, mo' jewels, mo' fish
Half a hundred grand and some rubber bands
Gats off fast in my other hand
On the other hand, I'm still pitchin' underhand
All soft balls, all bases covered man
Mo' trucks, mo' bucks, mo' freaks, mo' butts
I see the vision, from club vision to Prive
I get brain, I bust nuts in each states
Soon as I see what I'm lookin' for
I sit up in that seat and cut em' off on them 24's, there
it goes
Baby girl, come talk wit' the boss
I pop a Jos bottle, you can kick ya shoes off

[Chorus: Rick Ross (Dre)]

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[Verse 3: Rick Ross]

Ever seen a fat boy in a big body
Know you wanna sit by me, all you do is think bout it
Lease apartments to get kicked out it
Next day, buy a condo to get a kick out it
We don't take you for the view, this is what I do
When I'm on the beach, all my diamonds are water blue
(Ross)
Let's party like the pack jam, Pac Man
Fifty grand, stacked in my lap man
Get a lap dance (and if you get my dick hard)
This ya' last chance (to hop up in that big car)
Wit' tha' Fat Man (certified Hood Star)
But he a millionaire (look bitch I'm going far)
This the movement, a few niggas you wanna move wit'
Gucci on my feet, see I'm only in that new shit
Ha, they say life's a bitch
But close ya eyes for a minute, and just bite this dick,
it's Ross

[Chorus: Rick Ross (Dre)]

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