

Quo "Blowin' Up"

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Yes indeed we blowin' up with speed
Come to lift the part up with the rhymes we weave
All woven shorty styles not jokin'
Not a buffalo Bill so u know there aint no chokin'
Wicked on a stage like a bengal in a cage
Don't try ta approach as I turn the page
It's the next rhyme this is Quo time
Curious about the flav that was left in your mind
Behold 20 million records gonna be sold
Before we're even old enough to drive
So get live as we bust up da stage
clockin' a grip, kickin' a flip, bustin' a tic
While I'm stealin your honey dip
With quick reaction like Action Jackson
And this is just a profile of the rhyme tread traction
So back the hell up (What?)

Chorus:

We Blowin' Up
We come to drop da bomb
We Blowin' Up
We come to drop da bomb
We Blowin' Up
We come to drop da bomb
We Blowin' Up
We come to drop it

Not just to drop da bomb I came to let ya know
That we flow, Like ice cream drippin down your elbow
Hard but smooov and wet
Will Quo rip the set bet
but yo back to the topic at hand
Understand, a young man
With soul drippin out da pores
Openin' up doors, sellin out tours
Ready to make top core bills with thrills
Like honeys with chills
And shakes and shivers all over when I rush it
I'm smoother than dooky down the toilet when ya flush
it
So back up get a grip
ya can't come equipped enough to rush the stuff I let

go
With the ability to knock ya out wuicker than Riddick
Bowe
Want a piece of this young gun finishin' up the 2nd
verse
So don't interrupt, we blowin' up

Chorus
Break

A state of mind that ya very seldom enter
Beginnin' this time with a dope style inventor
Who's that? That's me, my bad
I'm teachin class so grab your pen and your pad
The science I'm droppin is gettin hectic
Bringin you more energy than General Electric
So drop da bomb, wake the calm
Try to follow the funky flow from night to dawn
Cuz most can't hang with my slicked up style
A rhythmatically god-gifted child
So just watch the two get funky
I'm slammin' harder than Harold Minor when he'z
dunkin'
We speak fact not fiction
And we breakin' it all down, you hear no stutter in our
diction
Because the crew won't stand for it
The deliverance of our lyric is syrup when u pour it
smoov

Chorus (repeat till fade)

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