

## **Hollow Tip "Blow Up"**

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We been a block like top notches

Gold things and topless

Hoes jockin reflections and diamonds from my  
watches

What's poppin?Smokin on veggas and kill switches

Homies twisted and fitted in EB and Hilfiger

Real niggas on my side ballin out of control

And all the hoes know we got the north financially sold

On the road, doing shows, backstage with hoes

Nobody knows what goes down once the doors is  
closed

Playa clickin on the scene, smokin Sacramento green

Leave as we sweep down your street in something  
clean

On a mission pimpin, flippin up chips to make a livin

Concentrate on millions, and sick of dealin these killins

It's another hustle everyday but I maintain

Caught up in this struggle, so I refuse to gangbang

Got my mind on bigtime, that this whole world owe us

Hollow Tip and the whole high side fittin to  
Chorus:

Blow Up (everytime)

We don't have, we don't have to rush (let's not rush this  
thing)

It's not worth it (it's guaranteed that we)

Blow Up (we'll make, we'll make money)

Blow Up

Now I'm on the rise, and more exposed to my eyes

I'm in the 95 Maxima the limits the sky

High siden Eddie Bauer, I'm the man of the hour

Top dollar, with a hairy ball on my collar

Dry my eyes from all the rainy days

And slingin yay, now when we parley

Gold things spin to the bay

And to the day we close down shop

We got tapes to sling \$50,000 knot

Sippin expensive drinks, 18k links

And more sophisticated than a top notch can think

In the industry risin, and we still high siden

Something fully equipped, Nautica and diamonds

Thought I wasn't sliden up in um cause I'm hollow

When Rimmie Marks swallows out the \$30 bottle

When the Lexus roll up, babygirl hold up

Because I'm down with high side my whole clique fittin  
to

Chorus

I'm on a mission about my mail, million dollar clientele

Nationwide I'm satisfied, but decide it was hell

I had to struggle hard to be financially stable

But now I'm in the light with hundred spokes on my  
label

Loungin in condos, sittin on leather and brass

Lookin at big screens, my Tommy Hil's full of cash  
Can you imagine it, my whole crew havin it  
Tuxedos and Benzes and automatic clips  
On a rise to the top it's a trip nonstop  
We in this game for the millions, scrilla over props  
Gold things touch the ground, like green crush it down  
Let my 15's hit till the hoes say must it pound  
I'm the man across the land, pay my bills by the grand  
Hoes rush me, tryin to touch me, got top notch fans  
Now the struggle is over, no more jobs only your love  
All these haters still talkin but they can watch a nigga  
Chorus  
Hollow Hollow, Hollow Hollow, Hollow Hollow..  
It ain't worth it  
Sac Town, Sac Town, Sac Town, Sac Town  
(fades) We can blow up..

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