

## **Bobby V**

### **"Blu Kolla Anthem"**

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(Feat. T Petey, Joni Cruz & Brolic Da King)

If you need a fix I got it  
Vitamin V in their body  
Do you got your dosage?

It was all a dream  
Now it's Blu Kolla till infinity  
They say we couldn't do it but look at me  
Look at me  
Now we're ripping they're Blu Kolla  
Now we on the grind  
Mind on my money and my money on my mind  
And when the stars align you can't stop our shine  
And we ripping their Blu Kolla  
And we ripping their Blu Kolla  
And we ripping their Blu Kolla

Ripping it beyond infinity  
Imines women infinite  
I lost the money  
A whole old line couldn't block my grind  
And the loony or the cliffs couldn't stop my shine  
Yea y'all clock in  
We ain't clocking out  
My life your entertainment out the south  
Damn we're pimping all over the world  
But I still got a fetish for them country girls  
Coat love? That's my nigger  
Y'all sweet it in some sissy ass venous mild booty  
switchers  
Loud swishers conjure licker  
Make a chopper go but hike if a nigger got to ish her  
Tell him Bob

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So woman comes to the city with me  
And I'm a Mr. Valentine so the music's with me  
Pretty young thing moving that exclusive Bentley  
And niggers know they can't shrew so they use that to  
tempt me yea  
And I'm Blu Kolla's first lady  
You see the face you see the shoes you see the purse  
baby  
I'm in that whole white thing  
Call me the nurse lady  
It's me and all my team  
You need the verse players  
Who make it look so easy  
I mean that the niggers can't see us, believe us  
If you going to be Jesus on the feature  
You going need to easy on the beats  
They were sleeping on a diva

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They watch my dreams to reality  
The met to the mount and the gold that I had to see  
I'm planting my feet in the sole like a flower seed  
And promise my mom I'll rose before cavity  
So now I got to be  
I mean I guess I got to see  
Cause Bobby got me burning up this money like it's  
calories  
Nobody after me I catch you in my rear view  
No tent fish bowl six  
See clear and through  
I guess I'm off this too  
I put the pan to the paper  
Got to hit Babe Ruth  
I put the win to a hay to make them sick they lose

Blu Kolla Dreams is the label  
And shit they can't do

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