

Future

"Blow"

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Chorus:

Blow that money like a candle Blow
Blow that cush like a candle Blow
Blow that money like a candle Blow
Blow that cush like a candle

Hook:

I got brick 5 on me right now, And I'll blow it
40 racks stuffed down in my denim, I'll blow it
Take a gram of cush and roll it in a blunt, I'll blow it
What I spent today, you spent it in a month

Chorus:

Blow that money like a candle Blow
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What a bird go for? I got that in my coat
Say 35 racks? I can buy a kilo
Put tha Gucci skully on, help me think a lil better
Stuff tha cash in my denim, blowing racks on bezzel
All tha drugs I made, I need a gold medal
All tha songs I played, wrote a mill or better
I blow tha strongest stuff, I drink the strongest lean
When I hit tha scene, you see tha racks in jeans,
You think I printed it up, like a typing machine
Yall niggas fugazy, tryna copy my team
Aye, I blow them bands, like ceiling fans
Stay chasing paper, like a taliban
I'm free ban, la familia,
I got benjamins, talking a bunch of them

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Ludacris:(speaking) Yea if anybody know about
blowing money, nigga it's me. Luda!

Just brogught a 4 58, cost 3 hunnit racks
Ludacris I'm a legend, so I still drive in my act
Took 2 yrs, just to raise my cush
Worth about hunnit fucking mill, niggas can't keep up
What you making in a year, I'll blow it in a week
Just built a guest house, 3 thousand square feet
Everything go to waste, too much money in the way
Gotta Bball court, nigga don't even play
What the fuck? I got enough weed to fill 100 thousand
blunts
Bought a playground at the crib, my daughter played
on that shit once
Got a safe filled up, with dirty money like?
Got a tennis court rotting, Cause it's waiting for Serena
Bitch!

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Aye watch'em blow, on tha rental boat
Nigga need a bigger boat, for all this blow
How you getting dough, you aint got nothing to blow
Fuck outta here Joe blow, fuck outta here
Tha rich who blow, got it from a new blow
Actually it's old blow, it was gone for you could say
blow
Show me 7 90 4, by all means I was gone blow
Just parked tha Maybach, hope in he Enzo, Yet that
bitch gotta blue one
Bet tha title to ya car, and tha deed to ya house, yea
nigga Imma blow ya
Blowing money, blowing strong, swear it's all I blow
All them broke days gone, blow tha horn
Had to get me sumtin to blow, so I went to clifornia
Brought a california, I just want to blow their brain

Infatuated with horses, I just need them in my paint
Make me feel the power, blow that money every hour

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