

## Young Roddy "Blow"

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Jet Life (x3)

And if it don't make bread it ain't right

yeah

One time for the set that I rep  
Your best bet if you come come correct  
I show no love to the weak no respect  
They tell me life a gamble I holla bet  
But outta no where this nigga became a threat  
And I ain't even break a sweat but she soaking wet  
And just like my logo for the money I jet  
There's no day's off on my road to success

Long as that money on my mind theres no rest  
When we ain't have a deal we had to pay our self  
Roddy just a name I gave my self  
Cause either she get right or get left  
But before even I got unpacked she undressed  
Word, Real recognize real I guess  
So till I'm dead and gone its Jets at your neck  
I'm in a city with murder money and sex

D Wade flow, fuck it better yet Durant  
Skinny as I am I tote my city on my back  
I stay highed up that helps me relax  
I get behind it if she throw that ass back  
Shorty ride until the wheels go flat  
I stay strapped and my track gone clap  
In the fast lane peddle to the mat  
To the floor, shit way better then before

This a jack move I kick down the door  
I'm on my grind I hope you own yours  
I never close like my neighborhood stores  
Never once reveled my jet code

We stack dough till that shit overflow  
I fall back when these hoes pay me close  
Why smile when that shit ain't no joke  
Cause all we know is hustlin' till you croke  
Jet Life, Jets Go Jets Go

Sure nuff you pray, we gone blow  
Its hard to breath around all this gun smoke  
Man this weed get me to high to be gettin it for the low

yeah

I said this weed get me to high to be gettin it for the low  
Its hard to breath around all this gun smoke  
Man this weed get me to high to be gettin it for the low

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