

Casey Lee
"B.L.A.Z.E"

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[Casey Lee]
The B to the L
The A to the Z to the E

Early twenties, girls by the twenties
Rims by 'em twenty
Never gin slide me Henney
Blunts roll in twenties
Got my stunts holdin' semis
Blaze in the Bentley
Be like Jay, come and get me
Straight from Q-U-E percisely 40P

[Rah Digga]
Yo you that brother that I always see on Mtv
I ain't cop your album, got it off the mp3
But it's hot though take it from another emcee
That's what I'm tryna be

[Casey Lee]
Shorty it's the M-O-N-E-Y
My wrists will leave your eyes B-L-I-N-D
My passion for poetry
And parting from poverty
Leaves me in position to mold my own like pottery

[Rah Digga (Joy Bryant)]
 Heh, ain't really sweatin' you brother
 We tryna parly see
 (I heard A&R was short for arm robbery)
 I heard selling records is like hitting the lottery

[Casey Lee]
All you need is talent shorty
Blaze got plenty, shorty holla, come on

[illegible]

[Casey Lee (Joy Bryant)]
If you start from my toes, to my dome like Gators
Iceburg, Gucci, my head cap is Raiders
CD so hot you gotta play hot potato
And Premo won't even take me out with the fader
Cause my voice is laid with paper
My crib, Jamaica
You know the action, get planes built to go there
(What about your Grammy?)
Got it chillin' at my mother's crib
Right next to the Golden Globe, for actin' like I give a shit

[Rah Digga]
What you talkin' bout?
Diamond life, you livin' it
Benji's, Bentley's
Your cash flow is infinite

[Casey Lee]
But you know there's more to life than videos, they're different
Cali is where it's at
And that's a wrap, my lip I'm zippin it

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