

Radney Foster

"Pa-Blow Escablow"

Visit "[Pa-Blow Escablow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

f/ Polite

[Chorus 2X: Raekwon]

Hug your right hand, jumped off the plane, kissed the
white man
A steady act, curly hair, chubby, fly mustache nigga
Money was long, and plush hat, shit cost nine thousand
Picture me in the housing, serving much crack
Cat look at me, I'm real, lobbin' on the field
For real, I shot niggas shakin' their hands, I'm ill
Damn, one of them business man's
I just seen 'em murk a nigga, but he jerked him at the
same time
(That's fam.. (Polite: oh shit))

[Raekwon]

That's fam, one of those Columbians who got money
One of those niggas might try to get up on me
Yo, damn, I need to eat, and I'm a man
I'm a stand up, nigga, I'mma handle when I'm makin'
my plan
Pop, I'll take two hundred bricks, hit me
One helicopter had the super bungalow with the van
All ill technology to watch if I ran, he only gave me
Woody gave sixty eight other black mans

[Interlude: Polite]

Now.. if Pa-Blow would've kept it gangsta
None of this shit would've never happened

[Raekwon]

Now the DEA was on his ass
Slick Saucony's on, big homey takin' a blast or
somethin'
Handsome big niggas around him
Surroundin' him with big glasses on, drinkin' on lances,
fam
Most them niggas fastin'
Cuz when he fed niggas after that, pussy and grass
Had made backs, eight labs, his date was Miss Mass-
achusetts, Cap eatin' fruit, tongue in his ass

You can't fuck with the cartel, you barked at it
Jabbed her and shot her in the back, I can't stand the
bird
Word to furs, I need big wizes
He looked at me, "Huh, exactly, Chef go after big
bitches"
Frozen burner henchman, flash the great
Lookin' nine on me, rhinestones, no, them shits is dime
stones
Hold a million dollar pound, bust something, don't trust
nothin'
I'm in shock, starin' it down

[Interlude: Polite]
Now.. here's where this shit gets crazy!

[Raekwon]
The killas increase, he fell, but
Maybe a little bit, the Mediene Cartel will fail
Diego his horse, with George Young
Yo, will argue over large sales, hittin' Cuba with lumps,
yeah
Call them niggas drug barons, eighty billion workers
sniff
Gettin' lift ownin' Miami yo
Flips got bigger, makin' more trails
Set it out of nowhere when coppin' a jail, I'm eatin'
fresh veal
Pa-Blow, the largest nigga involved
The arsenal will have sixty three hundred murders
Livin' in apartments, wild he violated flight a Bianca
Took two hundred niggas down but two men houndin'
him
The fuckin' cockroches posin' the on six million dollars
sold
We're eatin' enchilada, goat cheese pasta
Yeah we're drippin' it with more salsa
And then they rushed in, found him on the roof dead in
his boxers
But it wasn't him.

[Outro: Polite]
The story.. oh shit.. mothafucka!
Hahahahaha

Visit [Radney Foster](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.