

Two Tricky

"Blowin' Up in the World"

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Back in the days was kinda crazy, kid I started out with
nothin
Wasn't livin like Thanksgiving, I was turkey without the
stuffin
Sometimes I swore to God that I was headed for the
poorhouse
Say mama caught the drama, she would bleed tryin to
feed 4 mouths
Wasn't rockin Girbauds, I barely had clothes, and when
it snowed
and temperatures droppin below zero, you know I froze
No CD's, a black and white TV, a seat is a rubber tire
with a hanger for the antenna, turned channels with
some pliers
Had nothin in my cabinet, but cans of Raid
I'm knockin on my neighbor's door
to borrow a cup of sugar for my Kool-Aid
I wasn't freshly dipped, my gear was straight ripped,
I'm trippin
cause my winter coat got lost buttons
and zippers that wouldn't stay zipped
I never remembered ?, the brother was straight fat cat
Not even a Big Mac black, I had Kid Castle topped with
crackerjacks
Walkin the streets, with the weak sneaks on my feet
And the freaks wouldn't speak, I never had lipstick on
my cheek
So much for gettin humped from the stunts, I always
struck out
The one y'all likes is takin hikes if you can't pull a buck
out
So now I gots to dedicate my next plate to all the
homeboys and girls
Straight up baby, I'm blowin up in the world

Blowin up, blowin up in the world
Blowin up, blowin up in the world!
I'm blowin up the world, I gotta get mines, I gotta get
mines
I gotsta get mines, youknowhat!msayin? I'm blowin up
in the world

Blowin up, blowin up in the world
Blowin up, blowin up in the world!
I'm blowin up the world, I gotta get mines, I gotta get
mines
I gotsta get mines, yeah...

It seems like only yesterday, my moms was on my back
"Get your butt up out the sack and find a job or hit the
road Jack"

Black, I don't disown her, I'm just a kid from Corona
with a G.E.D. diploma, with more ribs showin than Tony
Rhoma's

In order to get straight, I gotsta to make a muscle
Learned to hustle and bustle and I gave the streets a
tussle

Standin down on the corner slangin fat rocks to bottles
with the black tops, for cops got my shorty watchin my
back Hobbes

Makin mad lucci, bought up Louis Vuitton gucci
Hoochies callin me boochi, while they smooch me,
givin up the coochie

Now I'm a felon, started sellin and splittin melons
I started gellin, to tellin police just cause I was swellin
Hangin out on the corner playin cee-lo, rollin for half a
kilo

Yo you'll never see G-low a-goin below
Yeah, straight gettin fortunate, as long as fees was
torchin it

It started gettin hot around the block, the cops was
scorchin it

But luckily I made out before the coppers could frisk
me and diss me

cause business is drugs is gettin too risky
So now I just lamp, collect stamps, snatch up tramps
diamonds and pearls

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I got put on by DJ Polo, cut the record, "It's a Demo"
and started chillin in limos with champagne and tinted
windows
Hoppin, no time for pages, sportin gold chains and
rings
Clockin money and fame, nothin changed, I'm still the
same
Just spendin 20's and 10's at women pullin on my linen
and grinnin cause I was winnin in this game from the
beginning
The lyrical skills was kinda ill, gave you a slight chill
So I just let the hype build, known for rappers run and
go write wills
I turned from a hobo to a solo bozin for dolos
Stole my dough, you still below, now I perfer cigars and
blow Mo'
So catch a flashback, of a G. Rap track, attacked, like a
headcrack
that's smack, through your cap, with the lead black
And here's a new cut, for pooh-butt, rappers hangin
from off my
two nuts like they was put there by members of the Ku
Klux
So peep Kool G. Rap, don't sleep, money unless it's
witcha girl
Straight up kid, I'm blowin up in the world

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