

Dr. Vet. Müller Reh

"Let My Hair Blow"

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(*talking*)

Yeah fa sho (whoa), it's Lil' Rizzie Rizzie Ron
(you ain't know) I'ma let my hair blizzie blizzie blow
(blizzie blizzie blow) nigga, uh yeah uh, what

[Hook]

I let my drop top down, to let my hair blow
No time for playing around, I gotta have dough
I love green, boss paper and leaves
Addicted to making g's, my nigga that's just me

[Lil' Ron]

It's sunny outside, pull a drop out on Sunday
My car model chrome, while it's going down the one way
You push them Hundai's, but I'm in a old school classic
And when I cruise the city, dog I hold up the traffic
Now there you have it, I build my status
When you start choking that blunt, please pass it
Hundreds I'm flashing, so you can know that I'm not broke
You maybe got a little change, but I got a lot mo'
And I'm dressed in Gucci, plus I'm rocking ice
And what I paid for my chain, I could of bought your life
I keep my shit tight, best believe I'm on no
And that drank, got a nigga moving in slow mo'
I might approach your gal, and make her drop her panties
When I get through, I'm on the first flight to Miami
I know you can't stand me, but I don't give a damn
And I always remember, Lil' Ron is who the fuck I am

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Ron]

It's all gravy baby, in a gray Mercedes
Hollin' at your lady, trust me I do that daily
See I'm keeping it gangsta, and I'm quick to shank you
Plus the Franklin's in my pockets, got my shorts to my ankles
No thank you, cause Lil' Ron don't deal with marks

I'd rather chill up in my mansion, and get endo sparked
I press a button and start, the 6-4 Cheve
My tires mad at my rims, they say they too heavy
I'm bout my feddy, please recognize and realize
I'm 5'2, but my main bitch, 6'5
With green eyes, and some thick yellow thighs
And everywhere she go, you know she gotta stay fly
But me dog, I'm a fool with it
You get a check for two hundred, and you cool with it
See I need five digits, I'm addicted to g's
Love that green paper, and them sticky green leaves
Know what I mean

[Hook - 2x]

[Verse 3]

Now I might hit the park, rolling in a Benzo
Can't see me cause I'm in a solo
Lil' Ron blowing hydro endo smoke
Pockets sitting fatter than fat Albert, cause we gotta
have it
Hey Hey Hey, Hey Hey nigga we bout it
Bout making money, bout flipping honeys
Bout making sure, or life grow something
See the girls in the club, make 'em twerk something
Still a thug with em, I'ma have to hurt something

(*talking*)

Ha ha (huh), that's how we do it
We laying all you fake bustas down
Feel me, feel me

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