

Duo Treibsand

"Da Blow"

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[Hook 3x]

The blow, the pills, the yak, the herb
The blow, the pills, the yak, the herb
The blow, the blow, the blow, the blow

[Lil Jo]

The dro, the 'purp, the 'r'nge (orange), get gush
The bad, no haps, no where to keep it hashed
A joint or two will do you niggas smoke a blunt of this
If you wanna smoke with me, don't bring no bullshit
The blue dumpin', white spinners
The green nickles, that red Superman
Them peach for the five, that white for less
Will have them hoes hotter than a box of stolen checks
The snow, the white in Miami get crunk
When I see 'em in the club, they sniffin' up that stuff
Give you one G of white
Give me two G of white
Give me three G of white
A eight ball for the night
When you wanna get cha lean on it's nothing but that
yellow
Or that 'purp down in Texas, them niggas got
whatever
One bottle of that moo, galla-gallon of that Henny
Mix it with that crunk juice will have a nigga spinnin
Like that . . .

[Chorus] 2x

The blow, the pills, the yak, the herb
The blow, the pills, the yak, the herb
The blow, the pills, the yak, the herb
The blow, the blow, the blow, the blow

[Gangsta Boo]

I got the weed for the low
Them pills for the low
That blow for the low
Young nigga yeen know
When I ride I roll high
Man and I ain't tellin' no lie

When that shit get in my brain
I grip the grain and fly by
Say dog you got that good up in the hood we call it mid
Grade another thing we do some call it blow, some call
it cocaine
Fuck, hell nah nigga I been on that lean
Bouncin' front to back watch me change the lane
Niggas be constantly talkin' that shit
That shit that I gezzit you bitches can't get
The Memphis, The A, the North, the South
Is on the grind, we will not quit
The under-underground rap smoke out full of green
Fuck what you heard bitch
Yeah I'm back up on the scene
If you wanna get high you should fuck with Gangsta
Boo
I be turnin niggas out watch how quick I turn you
Into a smoked out, loced out, freaky motherfucka
On that Ex'd out, passed out
While I put another on the . . .

[Chorus]2x

[Lil Bo]

I been gettin in that work
I got pounds of that work
I'm a pimp bitch, fuck you
Pull up ya own skirt
We don't give a fuck 26's on the truck
We gon' tear this bitch up
I got Ex, I got weed
I got any thing you need
When you see me in the streets, just holla at me
Bitch swollw at me
This ya boy Lil Bo from the E-S-P

[Big Sam]

See nigga I smoke everyday, from the lightest of haze
I got the shit I pull up with cha mind off in a daze
I don't fuck with the blow
See I fuck with some hoes
That be freaky grabbin' they on Ex outta control
I remember back in the day Regals, 8's & Vouges
When nigga was riddin the city reappin get to that door
Before the Feds hit the town &
Try to shut Atlanta down
Nigga was slangin' nickles & dimes
Quarter keys & pounds of . .

[Chorus]2x

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