

Joe F/ Mariah Carey, Nas "Trying to Blow"

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[Intro: Itchy-Fingas]

Uh, M.M.O. official
Young Gotti, let's go
Uh, let's go, let's go

[Chorus: TriggnoMM]

Aiyo, we trying to blow, fuck it if they find the blow
We gon' take the shit to trial, we ain't tryin' to blow
We M.M.O., and Money Moves Obstacles
Me and Itchy, spittin' fifty, fuck a hospital
Yo, we trying to blow, fuck it if they find the blow
We gon' take the shit to trial, we ain't tryin' to blow
We M.M.O., and Money Moves Obstacles
Me and Gotti, catchin' bodies, fuck a hospital

[Itchy-Fingas]

Aiyo, I blow speed limits, blow 'dro with the windows
tinted
I blow fifty grand, racin' my man
Blow fifty on my neck and my hand, we splurged out
Nigga blow you in the face and give you another mouth
Nigga blowin' at twice, nigga blowin' at dice
That nigga blowin' his life, that nigga blowin' his ice
I get blow, 'bout twenty a gram in some towns
We ain't no average dudes, twenties rabbit foods
I mash you fools, crash like, that's the Coup
And if I catch you on my block, we gon' wet the stool
Yeah, you got guns, but you scared to shoot
I leave you hooked up to tubes like vegetables

[Chorus]

[Kurupt]

Been in the war, spinnin' white balls in a car
Droppin' like drawers and jaws, bounce like balls
Where's the bread? Four lens, searchin' their head
And spurs are spread, separatin' limbs and legs
Arms are harm, hung from the palm of the arm'
Toss in the palm, Vietnam, harmin' them all
Send the word, it's superb Benz with birds
A vengeance, abidin' by, soaked in 'sherm

I still fuck local whores, cuz it's yours
All in your jaws and your vocal chords
You want some blow? Or you want something to blow?
You want something now? Or later on tomo'?
Well, here's the blow, and here's somethin' to blow
Now let it go, pink in rain, sleet or snow
Yea, your nigga got guns, but he's scared to shoot
Everything's computerized, but you can't computer

[Chorus]

[Triggnomm]

Heat blows out, in the street, we speed blow outs
When we blow out, see M.M.O., we 'dro'd out
Braids, waves, bald heads or blow outs
So show out, I take a deep breath, blow out
Empty fours out, Triggnomm, Kurupt and Itchy
With a O of yae yo, and a folded fifty
Blowin' quickly, spittin' fifty at 50
Ya'll still with me? Flow blow so swiftly
Can't hit me, go past fast, can't get me
Petey Pablo flow, ya'll still with me?
Stick with me, cause when I blow, ya'll gonna miss me
Blowin' fifty every year, not to fit me

[Chorus to fade]

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