

Kool G. Rap, Blowin' Up In The World

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, youknowwhat!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 prefer 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
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