

# Rick Ross, Blow

(feat. Dre)

[Chorus: Rick Ross (Dre)]

Designer jeans, and a hand full of dough (Yeah)  
Bottle of the Jos, pass me some mo'  
I got, mo' cars, mo' cars, mo' clothes, mo' clothes  
Mo' money means mo' dough to blow (Blooooowwww)  
Mo' money means mo' dough to blow (Blooooowwww)  
Mo' money means mo' dough fo' blow

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

Way up in them Cali Hills, burnin' like the sun set  
A nigga wit' a attitude, take it outta context  
Ridin wit' them big thangs, lookin' like a bomb threat  
Bin Laden beard, Afghan in a ?  
Ross, stranded on the death row  
Makavali's on the Maybach, kicks retro  
She wanna gaze at the stars  
Through a panoramic view, pullin' haze out the ?  
Rick Ross, I'm the best in the flesh  
Getting blessed on the ?, it's a way to reflect  
Hard work pays off, I'm a boss, you can tell  
By the bottles in the pail, and the models that we share  
I'm in a realist state, and a realist state of mind  
We came from trigga' play, kill a nigga for a dime  
I'm tryna' chill today, I got a million on my mind  
Dice in my hand, one roll, I blow ya' mind

[Chorus: Rick Ross (Dre)]

Designer jeans, and a hand full of dough (Yeah)  
Bottle of the Jos, pass me some mo'  
I got, mo' cars, mo' cars, mo' clothes, mo' clothes  
Mo' money means mo' dough to blow (Blooooowwww)  
Mo' money means mo' dough to blow (Blooooowwww)  
Mo' money means mo' dough fo' blow

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

Mo' trips, mo' whips, mo' money, I'm mo' rich  
Mo' hatas', mo' clips, mo' jewels, mo' chris  
Half a hundred grand and some rubberbands  
? off fast in my other hand  
On the other hand, I'm still pitchin' underhand  
All soft balls, all bases covered man  
Mo' trucks, mo' bucks, mo' freaks, mo' butts  
I see the vision, from club vision to ?  
I get brain, I bust nuts in each states  
Soon as I see what I'm lookin' for  
I sit up in that seat and cut em' off on them 24's, there it goes  
Baby girl, come talk wit' the boss  
I pop a Jos bottle, you can kick ya shoes off

[Chorus: Rick Ross (Dre)]

Designer jeans, and a hand full of dough (Yeah)  
Bottle of the Jos, pass me some mo'  
I got, mo' cars, mo' cars, mo' clothes, mo' clothes  
Mo' money means mo' dough to blow (Blooooowwww)  
Mo' money means mo' dough to blow (Blooooowwww)  
Mo' money means mo' dough fo' blow

[Verse 3: Rick Ross]

Ever seen a fat boy in a big body  
Know you wanna sit by me, all you do is think bout it  
Lease apartments to get kicked out it  
Next day, buy a condo to get a kick out it

We don't take you for the view, this is what I do  
When I'm on the beach, all my diamonds are water blue (Ross)  
Let's party like the pack jam, Pac Man  
Fifty grand, stacked in my lap man  
Get a lap dance (and if you get my dick hard)  
This ya' last chance (to hop up in that big car)  
Wit' tha' Fat Man (certified Hood Star)  
But he a millionaire (look bitch I'm goin far)  
This the movement, a few niggaz you wanna move wit'  
Gucci on my feet, see I'm only in that new shit  
Ha, they say life's a bitch  
But close ya eyes for a minute, and just bite this dick, it's Ross

[Chorus: Rick Ross (Dre)]  
Designer jeans, and a hand full of dough (Yeah)  
Bottle of the Jos, pass me some mo'  
I got, mo' cars, mo' cars, mo' clothes, mo' clothes  
Mo' money means mo' dough to blow (Bloooowwww)  
Mo' money means mo' dough to blow (Bloooowwww)  
Mo' money means mo' dough fo' blow

[Chorus: Rick Ross (Dre)]  
Designer jeans, and a hand full of dough (Yeah)  
Bottle of the Jos, pass me some mo'  
I got, mo' cars, mo' cars, mo' clothes, mo' clothes  
Mo' money means mo' dough to blow (Bloooowwww)  
Mo' money means mo' dough to blow (Bloooowwww)  
Mo' money means mo' dough fo' blow