

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 (Bloooowwww)
Mo' money means mo' dough to blow (Bloooowwww)
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

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[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

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[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

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