

Blow Muzik - Rublow Lyrics

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“Blow Muzik”

Tapping all night,
nine coming inside to my money,
Get,
Right?
Catch a case long time.
I've been on the paper trail,
if you lick your family,
happy in the trenches with his girl,
catch yourself.
Maybe I've been hustling all day with my two last side
and I can marry no,
Bitch,
I made that money.
My bride,
fuck you good but can't love you because I'm committed to
this babe.
I'm a hustler.
Never a standing on these niggas,
Like,
I'm cutting out the as a black got.
So many Hunters got to feed these getting jealous,
Snapchat,
Phone,
jumping slow-running,
gotta Pat like,
every at niggas talking smoke.

So we are,
oh my pull up like delivery,
and take them out like area,
and they might just have to hit forever,
I might never die.
Got big bloke opting out of x.
+ 2 me,
Smoke,
there's a ruler lost it all night.
Winning again.
God forgive me because I'm sinning against water.
God,
and I was done with that bitch,
but out in hitting it.
Again,
a lot of sauce in his water but I'm swimming with slim and Birdman
and Cash Money.
It's an army.
Niggas hate Harmony singing annoying.
If they turn away attitude,
then I might employ your friend.
That was some working.
If he ran off,
he's a gonna blow baby.
I've been traveling all night night,
coming inside to my money,
to get right,
catch a place.
And I'm tired,
I've been on a paper trail.
If you like it fat man,
happy in the trenches,
with his gear,
catch yourself.
Maybe,
I've been hustling all day with my two last night,

and I Mary no bitch I made that money.
My bride fuck you will.
But Kane love you because I'm committed to this babe.
I'm a hustler.
It Go will blow Escobar big blue bloated.
I gotta work your side of Louisville sun.
Will I do it?
The grows.
I came up off of moving.
Are all a Madman mean,
I do what I want.
We got everything from pound.
The eight ball shop.
Always open.
No days off.
You call me anytime I'm like,
Jake from State Farm,
niggas they be pussy.
They play hard until I send them killers,
and they are life.
Drained.
All she said you ain't never got no time for me babe.
I'm a hustler list of ground for me nigga supplies.
So I gotta keep that high with me.
Say you fucking other bitches and you lying to me.
But she like that,
you come up all this money.
Bitch,
please nigga playing with networking we go leaving swiss cheese
up and let's see,
squeeze who fucking with me big,
No,
got the Streets on Lock cash money nigga,
Man.
But I've been traveling all night night coming inside
to my money,

get right?
Catch a place,
and I'm tired eyes.
On the paper tray and if you link your family,
happy in the trenches,
with a scared,
catch yourself.
Maybe.

I've been hustling all day with my two last night and I can
marry no bitch I made that money.

My bride fuck you good but can't love you because
I'm committed to this babe.

I'm a hustler.

I keep bad bitches on me rap Simmons I'm a lot
of bosses in my heart to ride at rap niggas only I be ride
through the city key that thing gonna be make it bitch.

Ride big to like tank only niggas hate on
me but I ain't worried about About nothing if knee and hold 20

Photoshop,
a hold of honey.

My hand,

I'm a fat my mind on the - I did it to the hustle.

God damn it.

I love it.

Maybe I've been hustling all day with my two last night
and I came here with no bitch.

I made that money.

My bride fuck you good with can't love because
I'm committed to this paper.

I'm a hustler.
