

BLOW UP - EST Gee Lyrics

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"BLOW UP"

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (FOREVEROLLING)

Yeah, I still got it, nigga, action or exotic

Ain't no label get me poppin'

Soon as he touch the bottom, drink some water

Make it hard to fish us out, retarded for a shooter or a snorter

I'll make you to a martyr, easy, step in front of this carbon (brtt)

I'm in extortion, we gon' pay to work his corner

Catch a nigga, early mornin', buyin' diapers for his daughter

Lot of rappers just be actin', they ain't correct the performance

Seen so much, it's normal, I ain't develop no disorder

I'm spinnin' over and over, nothin' come out, opps out of order

I heard I'm like Jordan, ain't nobody stoppin' me from scorin'

Beats gon' play the block and run the floor for me, my pal afford

Everybody thank the Lord, got gave these millions to Lil' George

'Cause it's many of us, and if nana's and pops were around it would be more

As in plural, as in corpse, as in war, as in more (yeah, yeah, yeah)

Like, nah, I don't fuck with him, he cap (nah)

Switch the phone, it might be tapped, turn his sizzoft into crack

Blow his double for me, blow his double for me

Blow his double for me, nigga, blow his double for me (yeah)

Like, nah (nah), I don't fuck with him, he cap

Switch the phone, it might be tapped, turn his sizzoft into crack

Blow his double for me, blow his double for me

Blow his double for me, nigga, blow his double for me (yeah, yeah)

You know I took his shit close-fist (close), it ain't givin' to me (shit)

Dog could get mixed, pit bully, I get him, ship it to me

Drive taxi's, know we took it, he gotta popped for tryin' with me

Big Shiner, bigger money, quiet 'fore I put it on him

My lil' brother richer than his big homie

Skinny, bony, pants XL, stick on him (brr)

Patience once we sittin' on him

Trip' ain't take the windshield, it's easier to see him still

I ain't leavin' 'til he get killed, how you think that it make me feel?

No, you ain't on nothin', for real, knowin' that ain't love you feel

Knowin' I play dumb, for real, I'm slammin', get my cousin killed

Wonder, do you love me still? You know I hate you

Can't wait to spank you, they ready, shootout, save two (yeah)

Like, nah, I don't fuck with him, he cap (nah)

Switch the phone, it might be tapped, turn his sizzoft into crack

Blow his double for me, blow his double for me

Blow his double for me, nigga, blow his double for me (yeah)

Like, nah (nah), I don't fuck with him, he cap

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For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
