

## Blown

Curren\$y

Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh

I be blown in my city, really gone off the sticky  
I get blown in my city by the hoes you think is pretty  
You ain't known in your city  
Pimp, you slipping, you better get with it  
Bet you Spitta pop up in a Lamborgini by Christmas  
I pop that shit and when I speak, I speak it into existence  
Millions upon millions, I'm looking good with it  
Bitches know 'bout Spitta, an addict for Tenni's  
All my hoes who shop for me know I don't wear white fitteds  
Half-baked, Mr. Nice Guy with it  
Flow so serious, it's often bitten  
Blame I don't place on them but shame on them  
And my name's ringing bells  
The [?] are changing the air, these niggas are not prepared  
But the streets are very aware  
Spitta is the original, niggas got identity crisis, they trying  
to be similar  
The way he kick shit you would think Bruce Lee was killing him  
Catch my breath and then I go back in  
I put on for my city, grind strong for my city  
Get that natural exposure, bring it home to my city  
[?] great weed we buy  
Spirit of the Wright brothers, nigga we that fly  
Yeah

Come on nigga  
Put on for your mother fucking city if you got to, gangsta  
Get it while the getting is good, nigga  
Fuck the bullshit, nigga  
I been putting on for my city since fucking '91, nigga  
And I'm still there, ya heard me  
Magnolia ain't [?]  
We still putting on for the city, nigga  
Everywhere I go, nigga, Magnolia follow me  
Niggas in my heart, niggas in my bones, ya heard me  
And we putting on for my city  
And every other niggas city that I go to, nigga  
Put on for your city, gangsta