

Bling Blaow

Red Café

Reef! Yeah! Shakedown in this motherfucker!
Street fididididam! Bling Blaow!
-211, it's all, jack move with em!

Why would my 2 door have a top on it
Why would bitch box have a lock on it
Show me where the Brinks at, I'll put the drop on it
Shorty this the D train you could hop on it (Yeah!)
B-More I supply that town, less than a 1000 grams how that sound (YEAHH!)
I change swing like Myoga, got the weed connect from Arizona
Ride dirty on the freeway, cop guns off of Ebay, ga go DJ!
All my hustlers that miss BI, put your Rollies in the sky, wave em side to side

I got diamonds on my neck, yeah,
Diamonds on my wrist,
Now errbody do it,
HOLD UP! BLING BLAOW! HOLD UP! BLING BLAOW!
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Chea, I'm there with everything on
The Rich Yung line, and the heavy bling on
Ya bitch on mine cause everythings long,
The 6 duece driver keep the MayB warm
The chain with the virgin marys baby charm,
Ma, the dick look like a babys arm
I fly where the PJ goes, drink PJ rose
I do this until the DJ goes, (HOLD UP!)
Keep doin what cha do, niggas is sick
I sweep through em like a flu, hacheww!
I just creep through and get a few,
But I nail ya girl she keep screwin at me too
I know how all ya'll feel
First New York nigga with a Paul Wall grill
Bling blaow, I ain't come to play
I'm a bring thous, L-O-S-O!

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They don't let the hawk in the disco,
West coast, shirt off in the 6-4
See my down ass bitch like to dip low
And my niggas get chips like Nabisco (Yeah!)
That's true, ya'll know cash rules
Show off my Brooklyn book tattoo
Hat to the back, gun in my lap,
Snitch better duck from the (hrattttt!)

I'm a show a nigga up nigga
I don't talk, I shoot a nigga up nigga!
I gotta say free Kim, before they keep Kim
Brooklyn, it's a G thing

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