

Blowin' Up In The World

Kool G Rap

Back in the days was kinda crazy, kid. I started out with nothin'.
Wasn't livin' like Thanksgiving; I was turkey without the stuffin'.
Sometimes I swore to God that I was headed for the poorhouse.
Say mama caught the drama; she would bleed tryin' to feed four mouths.
Wasn't rockin' Girbauds; I barely had clothes, and when it snowed,
And temperatures droppin' below zero, you know I froze.
No CD's, a black and white TV, a seat is a rubber tire.
With a hanger for the antenna, turned channels with some pliers.
Had nothin' in my cabinet, but cans of Raid.
I'm knockin' on my neighbor's door,
To borrow a cup of sugar for my Kool-Aid.
I wasn't freshly dipped, my gear was straight ripped; I'm trippin',
'Cause my winter coat got lost buttons,
And zippers that wouldn't stay zipped.
I never remembered Jack, the brother was straight fat cat.
Not even a Big Mac black, I had Kid Castle topped with crackerjacks.
Walkin' the streets, with the weak sneaks on my feet,
And the freaks wouldn't speak, I never had lipstick on my cheek.
So much for gettin' humped from the stunts, I always struck out.
The one y'all likes is takin' hikes, if you can't pull a buck out.
So now I gots to dedicate my next plate to all the homeboys and girls,
Straight up baby, I'm blowin' up in the world.
Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world!
Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world!
I'm blowin' up the world, I gotta get mines, I gotta get mines.
I gotsta get mines, you know what I'm sayin'? I'm blowin' up in the world.
Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world!
Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world!
I'm blowin' up the world, I gotta get mines, I gotta get mines.
I gotsta get mines, yeah
It seems like only yesterday, my moms was on my back:
"Get your butt up out the sack, and find a job, or hit the road, Jack."
Black, I don't disown her, I'm just a kid from Corona.
With a G.E.D. diploma, with more ribs showin' than Tony Rhoma's.
In order to get straight, I gotsta to make a muscle;
Learned to hustle and bustle, and I gave the streets a tussle.
Standin' down on the corner, slangin' fat rocks to bottles.
With the black tops, for cops got my shorty watchin' my back, Hobbes.
Makin' mad lucci, bought up Louis Vuitton, Gucci.
Hoochies callin' me boochi, while they smooch me, givin' up the coochie.
Now I'm a felon, started sellin', and splittin' melons.
I started gellin', to tellin' police, just 'cause I was swellin'
Hangin' out on the corner, playin' cee-lo, rollin' for half a kilo.
Yo, you'll never see G-low a-goin' below.
Yeah, straight gettin' fortunate, as long as fees was torchin' it.
It started gettin' hot around the block, the cops was scorchin' it.
But luckily I made out before the coppers could frisk me, and diss me,
'Cause business in drugs is gettin' too risky.
So now I just lamp, collect stamps, snatch up tramps' diamonds and pearls.
Straight up, baby, I'm blowin' up in the world.
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I gotsta get mines, yeah
I got put on by DJ Polo, cut the record, "It's a Demo,"
And started chillin' in limos with champagne and tinted windows.
Hoppin', no time for pages, sportin' gold chains and rings.
Clockin' money and fame, nothin' changed, I'm still the same.
Just spendin' twenties and tens at women pullin' on my linen,
And grinnin' 'cause I was winnin' in this game, from the beginning.
The lyrical skills was kinda ill, gave you a slight chill.
So I just let the hype build, known for rappers run and go write wills.
I turned from a hobo to a solo, bozin' for dolos.
Stole my dough, you still below, now I prefer cigars and blow Mo'.
So catch a flashback, of a G. Rap track, attacked, like a headcrack.
That's smack, through your cap, with the lead black,
And here's a new cut, for pooh-butt, rappers hangin' from off my
Two nuts, like they was put there by members of the Ku Klux.
So peep Kool G. Rap, don't sleep, money unless it's witcha girl.
Straight up kid, I'm blowin' up in the world.
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