

Blow Me A Dub

Max B

See we all medicate our pains some ways
This is what we do

I'm 'bout to blow me a dub I need a swig of Grand Cru to take the pain away
The sour sarinates my soul (You better show me some love)
We sell seven bricks of caine today What's the matter, what ya hold
(It's like my homies are buzzed) I'm a pour a lil' liquor on the curb for my homies,
see ya at the crossroads (You niggaz better show me some love) Show me some love

Niggaz tried they best to hurt me, come and test the birdie I'm Tom Brady,
you a Testeverde Yeah, old, washed-up with no arm strength He don't show no remorse,
he ain't got a conscience He ain't got the don sense to be the boss Who that nigga they they talkin'
'bout, that he need the cost Biggavel', bet I prove 'em wrong again just like the last wave
I only get the money, hit the honeys that be nasty Blast me, caught 'em off the lean, took his breath away
The ratchay, tore him off his jeans, took his vest away Spend 50, put the rest away, tuck my metal hold 750
for a rainy day, cause you'll never know Know he got that better blow, Ds tried to crept strong
The Ds'll steal a 9 even when stepped on The sourman, throw me dub, the powderman, show me love
95 off a high-speed drive

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All this wave I bring to the game Y'all niggaz better Biggavel' that love man
Might have to go back in, ya know Might have to go do that 30, ya know Fuck it, ya know
I'm a leave you niggaz that wave though Boss Don Biggavel', Byrd gang Gotta love it, yeah
Public Domain 2 shit for you niggaz baby So wavy Shouts to my boy Midel Barrio Got the smiley faces back in the building
Nigga Al Pac, what's good baby, Gain Greene Ron Gida, Mike Bruno, ya know It is what it is

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