

Blow Treez

Redman

"This should be played at high volume
Preferably in a residential area"
Gilla House niggas!

"Want you to know, ya"
'Round here we blow treez
'Round here we blow treez
'Round here we blow treez
"Can you understand?"
'Round here we blow treez
'Round here we blow treez
'Round here we blow treez

Hey yo move out, roll in
Haters out, hoes in
Walk in the club, low brim
Hanging out like clothes pins
I hustle flow/ do my show/ attract women
Keep that heat and the John Lennon
Boy you won't catch me arguin'
Brick City, that's right! Hood down, hands up!
Red "Lord of the Ring" (clean?), lookin' for that Precious
I'm talking weed and women, when the trouble come I'm 'bout it
Shit I'd rather get caught with my gun then get caught without it
It's Gilla House nigga, you know we here to smoke
DJ keep it Kool, Reggie let me UH-HAH clear my throat
When I'm in yo' town man', you better act a fool
Turn your college dorm to Rodney Dangerfield- Back to School!

'Round here we blow treez (blow treez)
'Til our nose bleed
Started with a quarter then slowly smoked up a O-Z
Ready keep it raw like a nigga ordered a whole ki'
"Nigga let me hit ya blunt" Nah, you don't know me
Gilla! Gilla House and Gotti click
Bang like karate flicks
Duck when the shotty spit
Or land in a pile of shit
Known to make you cowards bleed
Smokin' on that Sour Dies'
That cali weed's
So funky we call it cottage cheese
I'm in the powered V-12
Look at all these females
Jockin' me cuz of all the records that we sell
Got them pounds for retail
Hit me on my email
And drop bombs dot com, yo who need L's?

Yo, yo my bud'll do ya
Method Man constant drug abuser
Occasional boozier
And I'm slick as Rick the Ruler
I piss in the sewer
Underground man, I spits manure
Plus make maneuvers
With Doc/ That sixteen shot/ Ruger

Is back on your block/ blastin' a shot/ like screw ya
Fuck everybody that knew ya
My dogs are Oogka-Dupa
They Bark and they bite
I Darken your life
Muthafuckas slippin' like wearing Gators Walking on ice
This is New Edition, I'm Hot Tonite
I spit it right/ ya Gots to like
Tell Sean Paul I Gots a light
One in the head, Stop ya life
Huh, my niggas stay on the block/
Slingin' them rocks/ until the Cops (indict?)
Ya heard