

# Blow Your Mind

Styles P

(Yo Swizz! This is the tree-mix!)  
Yeah, smoke, now  
S.P. c'mon (L.O.X.!) S.P. c'mon  
Ghost - it's showtime, it's showtime! (Swizzie!)  
Ghost - lighters in the air!

I wanna roll somethin up so  
I-I can just blow, my mind (lighters in the air!)  
I wanna, blow my mind (hey, hey, hey - lighters in the air!)  
Blow my mind (hey, hey, lighters in the air!)  
You should roll somethin up so  
you can just um, blow, your mind (blow your mind!)  
You should just blow your mind (hey, hey, lighters in the air!)  
Blow your mind (hey, hey, lighters in the air!)

AH-HAH! Yo, I already got it, they want power  
Pump haze, blow sour, top floor of the Trump Towers  
They style is nasty, that's why they want ours  
Sign my name in the book, send y'all chumps flowers  
Light it if it's exotic and blow it 'til it's gone  
They find out who got it then cop a whole jaw  
Say I didn't warn ya  
Roll a couple up at the same time so the cypher can go around longer  
In weed terms I'm a couple pounds stronger  
All I need is one more connect, California  
And I ain't gon' rush, I'ma take my time  
Stay on my grind, and, just blow my mind

Silverback! Uhh  
Stacks of money, big Cohiba, call me Eddie Cheeba  
Granddaddy blazin, Sheek Louch amazin  
Coupe Caucasian, system Asian, seats Italian  
And the medallion, I'll be fuckin stylin  
Answer this - who you know better than 'Kiss?  
Better than P, better than the Silver-B  
Back gorilla, Apollo filler, guarded twice  
Just that nice, look at the ice  
Now look at the hammer  
I want cheese like you in front of the damn camera, 'til I see the slammer  
Black Chuckers, one bubble, the God is here  
I hit the block, they put they LIGHTERS IN THE AIR!

I get (Red-man) to (B-Real), my (Method Man) is (Luniz)  
I (Snoop) around, watch a channel live in the boonies  
Forgot where the telly is, and I lost the room key  
The green might ruin me  
Need a few quarters, few waters and some trail mix  
Peanut butter and jelly, I'm tryin to tell you real shit  
Hit the studio, blow, go and lay some ill shit  
Hit my boy Swizz like, we gon' make the ill mix  
People wanna ask if The Lox broke up  
That's like S.P. the Ghost bein not smoked up  
And I'm back to the head  
Cause I don't need the germs from the worms, don't pass cause I'm stackin the bread