

B.L.O.W.

Tory Lanez

Yeah, look
2006
These niggas hated
But I told them I would make it from the bottom
Look, I made this shit possible
Baby, I'm back on the shits
My baby looked at me like
"Dammit I hate when you back on the shits"
Look at it like this:
I- I- I- gotta stack it and flip it
Yeah, this is Fargo shit man
I go missin' for a month and this is what you do

Wait, I'ma take ya'll way back, way way back
From the old school, before the Maybach
Whoever came back
And put the Maple Leaf on the Jays hat
I was on court chillin' wit my niggas
On the corner fuckin' wit' the felons
Wishin' for the Honda Civic
Pacin', smokin' outta stair cases, in the ceilin'
Dawg, I just want a new job
Want my old girl to get a boob-job
Want my new girl to get a new job
Yellin' "2pac, 2pac, 2pac!"
2 Glockes strapped up upon my waist
For any nigga trippin' around my way
Mini mac, strapped
For haters in the back
In this mini black jansport backpack
Nigga, matter fact, uh
Rollin' blunts wit my nigga Rocky
All we do is go, all we do is go, all we do is go
No, no, ain't shit can stop me
I remember that shit
Livin' check to check to check to check
Fuckin' hoes neck to neck to neck to neck to neck
To neck to neck to neck, wait

She ain't fuckin Fargo
I don't be stressin' these hoes
Ridin' around with that thang
You shitted on me

I don't be stressin' these hoes
I just pour liquor for niggas that's it
I do not fuck wit you though
You shitted on me
And I can't wait to blow on you
I can't wait to blow on you
I can't wait to blow
I can't wait to blow on you
I can't wait to blow on you
I can't wait to blow

Wait, niggas hatin' on me like I ain't pay for
I ain't slave for it

Wasn't workin' night to night to day for it
Had to wait for it
Had to spend a couple extra days for it
Bitch, I know, I know, I know, I know
Couple bitches that go hand in head
I'm talkin, hoe and hoe and hoe and hoe, wait
Hoe and hoe and hoe and hoe and hoe
I heard so-and-so is in your new car
2 friends for my 2 dawgs
See I love a bitch that got a few flaws
Show my old bitches to my new broads
I got old bitches, I got new hoes
New flows, cars, clothes
Bentley whip, Ferrari doors
I'm Ari gold in Entourage
I'm fuckin' hoes that's on your squad
Fargo, call me Argentina
Hate to be the reason
Why your dream bitches never get to see ya
Never, ever, ever, ever, ever
Me forever, ever, ever, ever, ever?
Hell yeah niggas jealous of us
Gettin' hella, hella, hella chedda
Got an elevator in my Hella Yela
Women love me like I'm on the Ellen show
Hella bars for my felon flow
Niggas hella hard hearin'
Blind to em
Gotta hit em with that Hellen Keller flow
I fucked a lot of bitches, Lord forgive me
Father God know I did a lot of sinnin'
Now, I'm watchin' every one of my decisions
Cause I know the fact that even though I'm livin'
Nigga livin' under 'only God conditions'
So in my position
Gotta MOB on the competition
Gotta squab on the opposition
Audemaur got me fuckin' every damn bitch in there like
"Dawg, dawg, I got all the bitches"
Subtractin' all you weak hoes
Stack money, money, till it's all addition, wait

I don't be stressin' these hoes
I just pour liquor for niggas that's it
I don't fuck wit you though
You shitted on me
I can't wait to blow on you
I can't wait to blow on you
I can't wait to blow
I can't wait to blow on you
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