

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 thanks giving, 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 4 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 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 getting 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 in 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 in 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 is 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 gotta get mines, 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' 20's and 10's 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 head crack
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
Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world
Blowin' up, blowin' up in the world
I'm blowin' up in the world, I gotta get mines, I gotta get mines
I gotsta get mines, you know what I'm sayin'?
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>