

### **Blown Away (in Rap mode)**

A Boomer in a Hummer with a hunner dollar ho  
calls his buddy on his berry while she stashes all the dough  
after hauling off his ashes with her manicured claw,  
while a broker in a Beemer tries to pass him on the sly,  
snorting crystal from his pistol, selling ponzy on his phone.

He says, "Baby, call me crazy, but dis mother up ahead  
wanna pass me on his flashy, talkin' trash into his cell.  
Gonna cancel his subscripshun! Gonna plug his tiny head!  
Baby, open up deh glove box, and please pass that piece to poppa.  
Gonna show dat muthafuckah how a Ruger vomits lead!"

CHORUS: Ten car pile-up on the causeway, ... blown, blown away.  
First responders stuck in traffic, ... blown, blown away.  
Coastguard copters hover helpless, ... blown, blown away.  
Premium lead-free gas exploding, ... blown, blown away.  
Blown, blown, blown all over the Bay.

A shyster in a Chrysler tries his promo on the crowd.  
Swears he'll get you compensation while distributing his cards.  
Prays he'll represent survivors before all the county courts;  
and he'll manage the estates of those who wind up in the morgue.

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Way up in Hialeah and way down in Key Biscayne  
one can smell the burning Diesel; one can see the spreading stain.  
All the beaches now are empty; all the tourists now have flown;  
and inside the mile-high condos, quiceañeras weep alone.  
blown, blown, blown away.