Out My Body

The Click

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Tennessee tighty, I went out my body
Had a little too much to drink Almighty
God can you show me some leeway
I'm seein' two's on the mutha fuckin' fr, a freewayI comin' out the gate crooked and I'm loosey
Got the tech and my deck and some mob music
Hit the strip tryin' to catch me a twenty doosey
Drinkin' bombay mixin' it with orange juice'Twas the night before my rad had to turn himself in
One or less more violation and he's lookin' at ten
So we gon' live it up and act bad balls
And party til' the mutha fuckin' wheels fall offHope those wheels ain't made of stone
Five in the mornin' and I still ain't home
Man, I'm tore like never before
On the couch assed out with my eyes on lowTonight we gon' smoke
Burrito size Taylors served with Vegas
Like to drink beer with mashed potatoes
Steak and chicken, eggs and grits
Clicked out shit makes platinum hitsI don't really know why niggas made me go way out
My body way out, my body
I don't really care if the popoes stop and stare
I'm way out, my body way out, my bodyA'ight B
I heard the yak went quack, zob schilacked
Multi-orgasms and the bitch collapsed
From the back I bash, all night I last
When I grab that ass long dick ya dazA ruh uh ruh uh ran up on her, from Tacoma
Man, that bitch had miles on her
Fuckin' wit' a pimp, bitch, you ain't heard
You can start me in the mornin' with a bottle of 'birds
Lick on the hip and watch the dickhead rise
Up under your legs, in between your thighsLong range pimpin', LRPs
No high jeans no ticks and fleas
Wake me in the mornin' 'cuz at night I snores
Alcohol comin' all out my pores

Four-door drivin' and I'm fast asleep
Bitch next to me in the passenger seatI don't really know why niggas made me go way out
My body way out, my body
I don't really care if the popoes stop and stare
I'm way out, my body way out, my bodyCertified top hat, one of the truest
Timin' like my niggas up in east St. Louis
Jack be Daniels, Jack be swift
My niggas in the H-Town smoke the spliffsJuice and Vodka, the tower of power
A plate of hot wings and some whiskey sour
I don't stop perkin' keeps in goin'
A full house in my dank room blow airNigga disrespect, don't let it slide
Go get your entourage fool time to ride
I spots red lights and I'm loose and lick
Open bottle and a gat in my glove compartmentAlcohol, tobacco and firearms
But this time man, it's a false alarm
I really wish I took another route
But I'm gone out my body way outI don't really know why niggas made me go way out
My body way out, my body
I don't really care if the popoes stop and stare
I'm way out, my body way out, my body

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