

# 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 freeway I 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 off Hope 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 low Tonight 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 hits I 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 A'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 daz A 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 thighs Long 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 seat I 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 Certified 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 spliffs Juice 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 air Nigga 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 compartment Alcohol, 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 out I 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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