

Blow It Out (Remix) (Feat. 50 Cent)

Ludacris

I never used to snore in my sleep 'til this rap shit started
Warm thoughts fill the hot-headed and cold-hearted
Your whole paycheck, you burp it and then fart it
And y'all think I'm gon' stop? Blow it out ya ass!
In one year I got rich, now life's moving so fast
But being broke with no food is just a thing of the past
Plus I'm the new phenomenon like white women with ass
And y'all praying that I flop? Blow it out ya ass!
In New York I buy clothing, in Cali I get green
In Atlanta I get sleep, in Texas I sip lean
All these rappers wanna know what I'm getting for sixteens
Try 80, want a discount? Blow it out ya ass!
See in just six months I infiltrated the system
If you find somebody better, then I'm sorry I missed 'em
Niggas hate giving me props cause I might use it against them
C'mon, get Ludacris out! Blow it out ya ass! If you mad I'm on top, then wish me gone
If you mad I'm on the road, then wish me home
And if you mad that I'm right, punk wish me wrong
But after your three wishes, blow it out ya ass! If you mad I'm on top, then wish me gone
If you mad I'm on the road, then wish me home
And if you mad that I'm right, punk wish me wrong
But after your three wishes, blow it out ya ass! It's time to saddle up the Tontos cause I'm the Lone Ranger
I eat dinner with Jews but don't talk to strangers
I'm just a few albums from filling your disc changer
If you ever think of stopping me, Bblow it out ya ass!
I'm a hustler by nature but criminal by law
Any charges set against me, chunk it up and stand tall
Next year I'm looking into buying Greenbriar Mall
You probably own a lot of property! Blow it out ya ass!
C'mon and take a look, he's got gigantic balls
Plus his money keeps flowing like Niagara Falls
We all know Jesus saves and Ludacris withdraws
I'm 'bout to go on vacation, blow it out ya ass!
Shout out to Bill O'Reilly, I'ma throw you a curve
You mad cause I'm a thief and got a way with words
I'ma start my own beverage, it'll calm your nerves
Pepsi's the New Generation, blow it out ya ass! If you mad I'm on top, then wish me gone
If you mad I'm on the road, then wish me home
And if you mad that I'm right, punk wish me wrong

But after your three wishes, blow it out ya ass! If you mad I'm on top, then wish me gone
If you mad I'm on the road, then wish me home
And if you mad that I'm right, punk wish me wrong
But after your three wishes, blow it out ya ass! My black people show me love when I'm up on the block
And Latinos always waiting for my CD's to drop
White people love the flow, they say, "Dude, you fucking rock!"
Yo' fans are my fans, right? Blow it out ya ass!
So find my album in the stores and look for the white steam
Rip it open, play it and yo' momma might scream
It's hard, other albums are softer than ice cream
Yo' scans are my scans, right? Blow it out ya ass!
Now Luda's throwing up A's, and I'm lighting up L's
Around the globe getting paid, you home biting yo' nails
DTP, the only label that practice fighting ourselves
We probably getting on your nerves, huh? Blow it out ya ass!
I been eating and getting fat while y'all dying of hunger
I get drunk in the winter, stay high in the summer
Watch out, my album's putting up McDonald's numbers
You over 6 million served, huh? Blow it out ya ass! If you mad I'm on top, then wish me gone
If you mad I'm on the road, then wish me home
And if you mad that I'm right, punk wish me wrong
But after your three wishes, blow it out ya ass! If you mad I'm on top, then wish me gone
If you mad I'm on the road, then wish me home
And if you mad that I'm right, punk wish me wrong
But after your three wishes, blow it out ya ass!

Songwriters

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