

Blow It Out

The Features

Aow

I never used to snore in my sleep till 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 your ass
In one year I got rich, now life's movin' so fast
But bein' 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 prayin' that I flop? Blow it out your 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 gettin' for sixteens
Try 80, want a discount? Blow it out your ass
See in just six months, I infiltrated the system
If you find somebody better, then I'm sorry I missed him
Niggaz hate givin' me props 'cause I might use it against them
C'mon, get Ludacris out, blow it out your 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 your ass
If you mad I'm on top then wish me gone
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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 stoppin' me, blow it out your 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 lookin' into buyin' Greenbriar Mall
You probably own a lot of property, blow it out your ass
C'mon and take a look, he's got gigantic balls
Plus his money keeps flowin' like Niagara Falls
We all know Jesus saves and Ludacris withdraws
I'm 'bout to go on vacation, blow it out your ass
Shout out to Bill O'Reilly, I'm a throw you a curve

You mad 'cause I'm a thief and got away with words
I'm a start my own beverage, it'll calm your nerves
Pepsi's the New Generation, blow it out your ass
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My black people show me love when I'm up on the block
And Latinos always waitin' for my C.D.'s to drop
White people love the flow, they say, "Dude, you fuckin' rock"
Yo' fans are my fans, right? Blow it out your 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 your ass
Now Luda's throwin' up A's, and I'm lightin' up L's
Around the globe gettin' paid, you home bitin' yo' nails
DTP, the only label that practice fightin' ourselves
We probably gettin' on your nerves, huh? Blow it out your ass
I been eatin' and gettin' fat while y'all dyin' of hunger
I get drunk in the winter, stay high in the summer
Watch out, my album's puttin' up McDonald's numbers
You over six million served, huh? Blow it out your ass
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If you mad I'm on the road, then wish me home
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