

Show Out (Ft. Big Sean & Young Jeezy)

Juicy J

Turn Up (MikeWill made it)
We gon' always get money man
Young Jeezy, Big Sean, Juicy J
Boss shit nigga, let's get it Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
Every time I go out, you know I bring the dough out
Every time they go out, you know they bring they ho out
Every time I go out, you know I bring that flow out
Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out Trippy niggas and a few hoes

One night, two shows
That's two mansions and a team expansion
Thumbin' through a check, got me sweatin' and pantin'
When you getting money chicks come around
Niggas start hatin' who's holdin' you down
All this ice I'm just livin' the life
Bad bitches want me, give me head like lice
Hit club LIV in a rush
Pockets so swole I think they finna bust
Ace in my hand and a .45 tuck
Money coming down codeine pourin' up
Smokin' on some dope, always on a float
20 years in niggas callin' me the G.O.A.T
Money adding up you haters going broke
Still in the game while you niggas ridin' old
See me showin' out they muggin, I don't give a fuck
How I start my morning off, a zip and a double cup
Hating ass niggas, y'all behind me
Ball so hard they want to fine me

Juicy J, Taylor Gang
I been rich since the 90's Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
Every time I go out, you know I bring the dough out
Every time they go out, you know they bring they ho out
Every time I go out, you know I bring that flow out
Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out All these ratchets hoes say I ain't shit

Well, at least I ain't broke ho
 Stackin' paper like old folks
 And you still stayin' with your old folks
 She a fan, that's fantastic, poppin' zany's, that's zantastic
 Gettin' rich, band-tastic, white girls like Anne Hatha-
 Way going, way out, they wait for my bandwagon
 She let me bang and I ain't got a bandana
 Ooh (Freaky) that's just how I move
 Fast girls, fast money, no more fast food
 Came up first class, my passport gettin' tattooed (boi)
 Young ass playa doing everything that I have to
 Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
 Every time I go out, you know I bring the dough out
 Every time they go out, you know they bring they ho out
 Every time I go out, you know I bring that flow out
 Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
 Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
 Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
 Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
 I got some bad bitches with me
 Say they like Rihanna love Whitney
 She say how many bottles do you want, I told her 50
 She say anything else? Yeah bitch a kidney
 Every time I go out, you know I bring that dough out
 Finesse is on a milli, it lookin' like a blowout
 100 bitches with me, look like I left the whore house
 100 racks with me, look like I left the blow house
 Now we poppin' bottles, they came with the sparkles
 Got my niggas with me, they came with them yoppers
 Got a few ratchets, even a couple models
 20 car caravan, I bet they gon' follow, ugh
 Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
 Every time I go out, you know I bring the dough out
 Every time they go out, you know they bring they ho out
 Every time I go out, you know I bring that flow out
 Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
 Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
 Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out
 Every time I go out, you know I gotta show out

Songwriters

JAY JENKINS, SEAN ANDERSON, JUSTIN GARNER, JORDAN HOUSTON, MICHAEL LEN

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