

## Blase Blase

Kreayshaw

Hey ladies, get gassin'  
I'ma gas like the cops ain't comin'  
Top down, music loud, who's talkin'?  
Can't hear haters, blasé blasé  
Go crazy, get money  
I do my dance like no one saw me  
Goin' down like no one taught me  
Can't hear haters, blasé blasé  
Ooh bitch, I'm here and I'm back on  
If you thought my first, was my last song,  
Face the fact, man, you couldn't be more wrong  
I'm takin' shots from the top like I'm King Kong  
Gassed out with my hair all slicked back  
Got more bitches than a pimp named slick back  
She ain't breathin or she bout to have a asthma attack  
She on the dro and she couldn't even handle that!  
Lay back, you're coughin' up a lung or two  
Man, I can't explain what this gas might do to you  
Your crew and you, yeah, I know it's new to you  
Come through, I can teach you a thing or two  
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She told me I'm the flyest she ever met  
That's weird cause she ain't even grown yet  
Moet moet, we pop off  
She in the bathroom tryna take her top off!  
One eight seven two eleven, we do numbers  
They say, "Kreayshaw killed the whole damn summer"  
What a bummer, it's sad for you hatin' bitches  
Better watch your change from my dress coat switches  
In my business, girl I welcome you  
Wanna be my best friend? Girl, you gotta show and prove  
What's it do? We mobbin' on a Saturday  
Fuck the 1st, everyday we be gettin' paid!  
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Yes, I'm beautiful and gorgeous  
No, you can't afford this  
You're drivin' in a Ford, bitch  
Glorious, my whole crew iced out  
We melt flames, them other bitches bow down  
It's time now, she said to bring the gas out  
I brought it to the front lawn  
And burned the whole house down  
Mo money, mo money, I spend it right!

Them dudes lame, they're tryna come spend the night  
I'm out here in the sky like a star hoe  
You on the floor tryna pay up a car note  
Real shit don't harm me, I'm never fake  
I'm in the 90's, you can call me Ricki Lake  
Ricki Lake, Ricki Lake  
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