

# Blow It Out

Ludacris

AOWWWW!

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 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 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 gettin 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 him  
Niggaz hate givin 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!  
(2x)

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 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 lookin in to buyin 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 flowin 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 away 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!

My black people show me love when I'm up on the block  
And Latinos always waitin for my CD's to drop  
White people love the flow, they say, "Dude, you fuckin 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 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 YA 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 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!

BLOW IT OUT YA ASS!  
WHOO!