

Ya Boy "Showin Out"

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Hundred hoes when I roll out
All my front chairs be sold out
Showin' up then I show out
Look at all this money I'm blowin' out
Pull it out, blow it out
Pull it out, blow it out
Pull it out, blow it out
I'm showin' up then I'm showin' out
I'm goin' up, I ain't goin' out
Hundred dick when I'm strolling out
My money talkin', close your mouth
I'm showin' up then I'm showin' out
Pull it out, blow it out
Pull it out, blow it out
Pull it out, blow it out
I'm showin' up then I'm showin' out

Ridin' 'round in my new car
Ridin' 'round with my new broad
I heard you was hatin' on me but I don't know who the
fuck you are
Girl, I'm reppin' that convict
And I'm rockin' like marsh pit
I'll be makin' my gua flip
She gets none of my profit
Thousand miles on that dashboard
Left lane, fast lane
Twitter why be the rock star
She be hittin' my add name
I'd be hittin' her sweet spot
Then I'm hittin' my weed spot
Recap then smoke it all
'Til I'm high as that tree top
I'll be makin' in movies, your girl, Jacuzzi
I'll walk around in that 2 piece
When home I like 2 freaks
Spit my cake then I wind that
It ain't safe where my mind at
VIP is where I'm at
Yo men outside with the lime at

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I'm showin' up and I'm showin' out
Chinese AK, I fold it up
I'm the nigga they know about
They throw the pussy, no holdin' out
Galy, wappy, don't beat it up like Ali
Say she tighter than fake niggas
Well, baby girl come try me
I'm in the club, spilling Bub
Turnt up, throwin' it up
Black card OZ'ing up
No Wiz Khalifa, we rolled it up
Pull it up, forgot to mention
My main gal is like Lisa Simpson
Ran off the purple, I call it widget
Show me the money, I fly the pigeon
Fuck a rap, fuck a rap
I'm in a trap made of hundred stacks
Got loaded then blew it all
Bitch, I want my money back
Throwin' cash like I don't need it
I'm gorgeous, you conceded
You can see that I be the reason
Why we missleadin' this convict?

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