

## **Blaze ya Dead Homie "Out The Gate"**

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(Blaze)

Allow me to introduce myself  
I'm Colton Grundy, in effect bitch  
No need to excuse yourself  
A little strange, and yeah, I'm kind of a horrible sight  
But I milk your bitches titties, like a milk this mic  
When I get right, ain't nobody getting shit  
'Cause I'm gonna get so right, ain't gonna be nothing  
left to get  
Out cold, but I got the balance, with even heat  
'Cause if my talents don't provide, I got a gat under the  
seat (and that's real)  
Too raw for some of y'all to feel  
But that's just life, shuffle the cards and deal  
And the wheels'll keep spinnin'  
Ho's keep catching too many feelin's  
And too many men are turning into women  
That the world that we live in,  
the world that I sit and spit in  
And squeeze my ass where I can fit in, so just listen  
Because I would never waste your time  
But if you lend me your ear, then I promise to blow  
you're mind

(Chorus)

I'm out the gate (Busted wide open)  
Lay your money down (Put your drink on that ice)  
Put some volume on that sound  
Out the gate, make no mistake, the chain is severed  
And the link's the only thing that's been holding me  
together  
I'm out the gate (Busted wide open)  
Lay your money down (put your drink on that ice)  
Put some volume on that sound  
(If you ain't come to party)  
Show that ass to the door  
(Man if you ain't come to party)  
Then what the hell you here for

Better not be drama, I hate acting tight  
Cut that ass like a director, and edit you like a re-write  
Ain't nobody playing, filleting ya like a fish

So mind your own, and go attend to your drink, and  
your bitch  
Cause it's Sid the DJ, is spinning right here  
In him seven, eight bottles of beers, inside the  
Everclear  
Got me feeling far from friendly,  
like you trying to push emotion on me  
Becoming your new found enemy (better let it be)  
I came to drink and ball (you're upsetting me)  
Talking shit under your breath, little boy  
I don't like bitches, or dudes that imitate 'em  
So quit acting like a female, and speak up player

(Break x2)

So what you wanna do, and why you looking at me?  
So many girls in the house, with fine asses and titties  
Let me see you shake that ass, and break a hip for me  
(Come on)  
Let me see you shake that ass, and break a hip for me  
(Yeah)

(Chorus)

I'm out the gate (Busted wide open)  
Lay your money down (Put your drink on that ice)  
Put some volume on that sound  
Out the gate make no mistake, the chain is severed  
And the link's the only thing that's been holding me  
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(If you ain't come to party)  
Show that ass to the door  
(Man if you ain't come to party)  
Then what the hell you here for?

They call me Grim fresh, I'm like the cream of the crop  
The shit that starts on the bottom and just rise to the  
top  
Too many of ya'll sound the same  
While my style is infinity and uncapable to restrain  
Off the chain and a short leash  
Serving you salty on the biscuit and a two piece  
(soaked in chicken grease)  
What it is, what it will be  
You bark like a big dog, but we'll see  
How many puppy bites, it takes to break skin  
Well man, I'll break bread  
While other rappers let go to their head, and wind up  
dead in a nightclub somewhere  
Anywhere, ain't nothin' but thugs in here

(Chorus)  
I'm out the gate (Busted wide open)  
Lay your money down (Put your drink on that ice)  
Put some volume on that sound  
(If you ain't come to party)  
Show that ass to the door  
(Man if you ain't come to party)  
Then what the hell you here for?  
Let me see you shake that ass, and break a hip for me  
(Come on)  
Let me see you shake that ass, and break a hip for me  
(Yeah)

(Repeat until end)  
Yeah

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