

Gwen Stefani Feat. Eve

"Let Me Blow Ya Mind"

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Yo, yo, drop your glasses, shake your asses
Face screwed up like you having hot flashes
Which one, pick one, this one, classic
Red from blonde, yeah, bitch I'm drastic

Why this, why that, lips stop askin'
Listen to me, baby, relax and start passin'
Expressway, hair back, weavin' through the traffic
This one strong should be labeled as a hazard

Some of y'all niggas hot, sike I'm gassin'
Clowns I spot 'em and I can't stop laughin'
Easy come, easy go, Eve gon' be lastin'
Jealousy, let it go, results could be tragic

Some of y'all ain't writin' well, too concerned with
fashion
None of you ain't Gisele, cat walk and imagine
A lot of y'all Hollywood, drama, casted
Cut bitch, camera off, real shit, blast it

And if I had to give you up, it's only been a year
Now I got my foot through the door and I ain't goin'
nowhere
It took a while to get me in and I'm gonna take my time
Don't fight that good shit in your ear, now let me blow
ya mind

They wanna bank up, crank up, makes me dizzy
Shank up, haters wanna come after me
You ain't a gangster, prankster, too much to eat
Snakes in my path wanna smile up at me

Now while you grittin' your teeth
Frustration, baby, you got to breathe
Take alot more that you to get rid of me
You see I do what they can't do, I just do me

Ain't no stress when it comes to stage, get what you
see
Meet me in the lab, pen and pad, don't believe

Sixteens mine, create my own lines
Love for my wordplay that's hard to find

Sophomore, I ain't scared, one of a kind
All I do is contemplate ways to make your fans mine
Eyes bloodshot, stressin', chills up your spine
Sick to your stomach wishin' I wrote your lines

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nowhere
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Let your bones crack, your back pop, I can't stop
Excitement, glock shots from your stash box
Fuck it, thugged out, I respect the cash route
Locked down, blastin', sets while I mash out

Yeah, nigga, mash out D R E
Back track, think back, E V E
Do you like that? You got to, I know you
Had you in a trance first glance from the floor too

Don't believe I'll show you, take you with me
Turn you on, pension gone, give you relief
Put your trust in a bomb when you listen to me
Damn she much thinner know, now I'm complete

Still stallion, brick house, pile it on
Ryde or die, bitch, double R, can't crawl
Beware 'cuz I crush anything I land on
Me here, ain't no mistake, nigga, it was planned on

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nowhere
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