

## Juicy J

### "Show Out"

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[Hook: Young Jeezy]

Everytime I go out, you know I gotta show out  
Everytime I go out, you know I bring the dough out  
Everytime they go out, you know they bring they ho out  
Everytime I go out, you know I bring that flow out  
Everytime I go out, you know I gotta show out  
Everytime I go out, you know I gotta show out  
Everytime I go out, you know I gotta show out  
Everytime I go out, you know I gotta show out

[Verse 1: Juicy J]

Trippy niggas and a few hoes  
One night, two shows  
That's two mansions and team [of Spanish chicks?]  
Thumbin' through the check, got my sweatin and  
pantin'  
When you getting money chicks start coming around  
Niggas start hatin' who's holdin' you down  
All this ice I'm just livin the life  
Bad bitches want me, give me head like lice  
Hit club LIV in a rush  
Pockets so swole I think they finna bust  
Ace in my hand and a 45 tuck  
Money coming down codeine pourin up  
Smokin on some dope, always on a float  
20 years in niggas callin me the G.O.A.T  
Money adding up you haters going broke  
Still in the game while you niggas ridin old  
See me showin out they muggin I dont give a fuck  
How I start my morning off a zip and a double cup  
Hating ass niggas, y'all behind me  
Ball so hard they want to find me  
Juicy J, Taylor Gang  
I been rich since the 90's

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Big Sean]

All these ratchets hoes say I ain't shit  
Well, at least I ain't broke ho  
Stackin paper like old folks

And you still stayin with your old folks  
She a fan, that's fantastic  
Poppin zany's, that's zantastic  
Gettin rich, band-tastic  
White girls like Anne Hatha-  
Way going, way out, they wait for my bandwagon  
She let me bang and I ain't got a bandana  
Ooh (Freaky)  
That's just how I move  
Fast girls, fast money, no more fast food  
Came up first class, my passport gettin tattooed (boi)  
Young ass playa doing everything that I have too  
So everytime I go out

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Young Jeezy]

I got some bad bitches with me  
Say they like Rihanna love Whitney  
She say how many bottles do you want, I told her 50  
She say anything, yeah bitch a kidney  
Everytime I go out, you know I bring that dough out  
Finesse is on a milli, it lookin like a blowout  
100 bitches with me, look like I left the ho house  
100 racks with me, look like I left the blow house  
Now we poppin bottles, they came with the sparkles  
Got my niggas with me, they came with them yoppers  
Got a few ratchets, even a couple models  
20 car caravan, I bet they gon follow, ugh

[Hook]

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