

Soulja Boy "Everything Blasted"

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Bitch I'm turning it up
Everything blasted
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Right sleeve, half a million
Your sleeve, quarter million
Little Dre , aka Soulja Flicks
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I came out the water, what you know about me?
I don't keep nobody but niggers that got doe around
me
Niggers talking down but my floor cold
Disrespect I knock his head on the floor
Goddamn I'm tear it up you know I'm blasting
Everything around my neck looking like magic
Rhyme around that lay in that building coop
God damn SOD we got to choose

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Hoes in my phone
Cushing my cologne
Soulja Boy tell them change down and I'm own
With a couple bricks
Tat it like a bitch
Word around the Ocean nigger first round pick
Niggers hoes on my dick
I flick so hallo

Never gave a fuck bitch nigger on my star boat
And I'm number one
Tear it like a poster
When they tattooed SOD on my shoulder
Money gang soldier
Riding in a Rover
Money roll like marijuana
Post it up in California
Got a couple killers
Hit man dealer
Goddamn Soulja Boy
First round on thriller

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