

DMX F/ Sean Paul, Mr Vegas**"Blow it Out"**

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[Ludacris]

AOWWWW!

I never used to snore in my sleep 'til this rap shit started

Warm thoughts fill the hot-headed and cold-hearted

Your whole paycheck, you burp it and then fart it

And y'all think I'm gon' stop? BLOW IT OUT YA ASS!

In one year I got rich, now life's movin so fast

But bein broke with no food is just a thing of the past

Plus I'm the new phenomenon like white women with ass

And y'all prayin that I flop? BLOW IT OUT YA ASS!

In New York I buy clothing, in Cali I get green

In Atlanta I get sleep, in Texas I sip clean

All these rappers wanna know what I'm gettin for sixteens

Try 80, want a discount? BLOW IT OUT YA ASS!

See in just six months I infiltrated the system

If you find somebody better, then I'm sorry I missed him

Niggaz hate givin me props cause I might use it against them

C'mon, get Ludacris out! BLOW IT OUT YA ASS!

[Chorus 2X: Ludacris]

If you mad I'm on top, then wish me gone

If you mad I'm on the road, then wish me home

And if you mad that I'm right, punk wish me wrong

But after your three wishes - BLOW IT OUT YA ASS!

[Ludacris]

It's time to saddle up the Tontos cause I'm the Lone Ranger

I eat dinner with Jews but don't talk to strangers

I'm just a few albums from filling your disc changer

If you ever think of stoppin me - BLOW IT OUT YA ASS!

I'm a hustler by nature but criminal by law

Any charges set against me, chunk it up and stand tall

Next year I'm lookin into buyin Greenbriar Mall

You probably own a lot of property! BLOW IT OUT YA ASS!

C'mon and take a look, he's got gigantic balls
Plus his money keeps flowin like Niagara Falls
We all know Jesus saves and Ludacris withdraws
I'm 'bout to go on vacation - BLOW IT OUT YA ASS!
Shout out to Bill O'Reilly, I'ma throw you a curve
You mad cause I'm a THIEF and got away with words
I'ma start my own beverage, it'll calm your nerves
Pepsi's the New Generation - BLOW IT OUT YA ASS!

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

My black people show me love when I'm up on the block
And Latinos always waitin for my CD's to drop
White people love the flow, they say, "Dude, you fuckin
rock!"

Yo' fans are my fans, right? BLOW IT OUT YA ASS!

So find my album in the stores and look for the white
steam

Rip it open, play it and yo' momma might scream
It's hard, other albums are softer than ice cream

Yo' scans are my scans, right? BLOW IT OUT YA ASS!

Now Luda's throwin up A's, and I'm lightin up L's

Around the globe gettin paid, you home bitin yo' nails
DTP, the only label that practice fightin ourselves

We probably gettin on your nerves, huh? BLOW IT OUT
YA ASS!

I been eatin and gettin FAT while y'all dyin of hunger

I get drunk in the winter, stay high in the summer

Watch out, my album's puttin up McDonald's numbers

You over 6 million served, huh? BLOW IT OUT YA ASS!

[Chorus]

BLOW IT OUT YA ASS!

WHOO!

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