

**DMX F/ Sean Paul, Mr Vegas****"Pass Out"**

Visit "[Pass Out](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus 2X: Ludacris]

If you a lame motherfucker, get yo' ass out!  
I'm from the A, I came to party 'til I pass out!  
So if you with me and you tipsy throw your fist up!  
If you got diamonds and they shinin throw your wrist  
up!

[Ludacris]

Hey hey  
It's Luda Luda get it right I'm Mr. Money Machine  
And I'm steady lookin for two women I can come in  
between  
You can catch me chillin up in the cut but I'm always  
ready for ac-tion  
I'm stunt, like Jackie Chan and lay low, like {?} Jack-son  
Ma-xin and rela-xin, haters, do they really wanna test  
me mannnn  
I got an arsenal waitin, do they really wanna catch me  
mannnn  
No, I, don't, think, so  
I've, got killers on the pay-roll if there's a, problem then  
say-so  
I, make dough until there's none left  
I run with plenty gangs that's holdin thangs  
and rearrange your frame in one breath  
So to keep on breathin I suggest you take this beatin  
'Tis the season for bleedin and we've been lookin for a  
reason

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

Hey hey  
Come holla at me, I'm a star, I got the hood on smash  
You know me! My whole car smell like a woodshop  
class  
I point 'em out like her, her, that girl with the mouth  
plus you and your friends  
Let me show you some whips that don't come out 'til  
the year of 2010  
So I'm flockin 'em in, 'til the droptop is rockin again

Boy I got it locked, if you think not, then you'll get  
popped in the chin  
And I'm clockin these ends, my record sales are  
blockin 'em in  
Gotta thank those blessed to walk the streets to those  
that's locked in the pen  
My entourage is game faces, mean muggin, mean  
muggin  
Now the media is convinced that we thuggin, we  
thuggin  
Momma told me grow up to be somethin, be somethin  
I went diamond with this album so we buckin, we buckin

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

I'm so far ahead it's only RIGHT for you to hate on me  
mayne  
When I'm pushin 90 by myself up in the H.O.B. lane  
They tryin to figure how many mo' women that I can  
take on my plane  
Bein one of the few rappers responsible for changin  
the game  
Now desperate artists tryin to sue but they just makin  
some claims  
Can't get in the spotlight for NOTHIN and it just makes  
'em insane  
That's why some of the niggaz resort right back to  
bakin that 'caine  
And sellin it off to junky monkeys who keep bakin they  
brain  
As they grow older they'll be feelin a lot of achin and  
pain  
So right at the head they might as well just be aimin  
that thang  
And you ain't helpin the process out by always cakin  
these dames  
But it is hard givin up the place where they be shakin  
they thangs

[Chorus]

Visit [DMX F/ Sean Paul, Mr Vegas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.