

Doubt No

"Let Me Blow Ya Mind"

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Eve] :

Uh, uh, uh, huh

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, E-V gonna 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 gizell, cat walk and imagine

Alotta y'all Hollywood, drama, passed it

Cut bitch, camera off, real shit, blast it

[Gwen Stefani] :

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 awhile 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

[Eve]

They wanna bank up, crank up, makes me dizzy

Shank up, haters wanna come after me

You ain't a ganster, prankster, too much to eat

Snakes in my path wanna smile up at me

Now while you grittin' your teeth

Frustration baby you gotta 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

Huh, sixteens mine, create my own lines

Love for my wordplay that's hard to find

Sophomore, I aint scared, one of a kind

All I do is contemplate ways to make your fans mine

Eyes bloodshot, stressin', chills up your spine

Huh, sick to your stomach wishin' I wrote your lines

[Gwen Stefani] :

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[Eve] :

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 (ooooh), 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

Dance you much, then in all, now I'm complete, uh huh

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

[Gwen Stefani] :

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