

Various Artist

"Let Me Blow Ya Mind"

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F/ Gwen Stefani

[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 gon' be lastin

Jealousy, let it go, results could be tragic

Some of y'all aint writin well, too concerned with
fashion

None of you aint gizell, cat walk and imagine

Alotta y'all Hollywood, drama, passed it

Cut bitch, camera off, real shit, blast it

CHORUS: 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 aint 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 aint 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 a lot more that you to get rid of me
You see I do what they can't do, I just do me
Aint 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

CHORUS

[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 (oooooh), 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
?Dancin much, get it 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, aint no mistake nigga it was planned on

CHORUS

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