

## Various Artists "Let Me Blow ya Mind"

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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, Eve gon' 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 Gisele, cat walk and imagine  
A lot of y'all Hollywood, drama, casted  
Cut bitch, camera off, real shit, blast it

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 a while 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

They wanna bank up, crank up, makes me dizzy  
Shank up, haters wanna come after me  
You ain't a gangster, prankster, too much to eat  
Snakes in my path wanna smile up at me

Now while you grittin' your teeth  
Frustration, baby, you got to 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  
Sixteens mine, create my own lines

Love for my wordplay that's hard to find

Sophomore, I ain't scared, one of a kind  
All I do is contemplate ways to make your fans mine  
Eyes bloodshot, stressin', chills up your spine  
Sick to your stomach wishin' I wrote your lines

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nowhere  
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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? 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  
Damn she much thinner know, now I'm complete

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

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