Show Out

Everytime I go out, you know I gotta show out Everytime I go out, you know I bring the dough out Everytime they go out, you know they bring they ho out Everytime I go out, you know I bring that flow out Everytime I go out, you know I gotta show out Everytime I go out, you know I gotta show out Everytime I go out, you know I gotta show out Everytime I go out, you know I gotta show out

Trippy niggaz and a few hoes One night, two shows That's two mansions and a team expansion Thumbin' through a check, got me sweatin and pantin' When you getting money chicks start coming around Niggaz start hatin' who's holdin' you down All this ice I'm just livin the life Bad bitches want me, give me head like lice Hit club LIV in a rush Pockets so swole I think they finna bust Ace in my hand and a 45 tuck Money coming down codeine pourin up Smokin on some dope, always on a float 20 years in niggaz callin me the G.O.A.T Money adding up you haters going broke Still in the game while you niggaz ridin old See me showin out they muggin I dont give a fuck How I start my morning off a zip and a double cup Hating ass niggaz, y'all behind me Ball so hard they want to fine me Juicy J, Taylor Gang I been rich since the 90's

All these ratchets hoes say I ain't shit Well, at least I ain't broke ho Stackin paper like old folks And you still stayin with your old folks She a fan, that's fantastic, poppin zany's, that's zantastic Gettin rich, band-tastic, white girls like Anne Hatha-Way going, way out, they wait for my bandwagon She let me bang and I ain't got a bandana Ooh (Freaky) that's just how I move Fast girls, fast money, no more fast food Came up first class, my passport gettin tattooed (boi) Young ass playa doing everything that I have to So everytime I go out...

I got some bad bitches with me Say they like Rihanna love Whitney She say how many bottles do you want, I told her 50 She say anything, yeah bitch a kidney Everytime I go out, you know I bring that dough out Finesse is on a milli, it lookin like a blowout 100 bitches with me, look like I left the ho house 100 racks with me, look like I left the blow house Now we poppin bottles, they came with the sparkles Got my niggaz with me, they came with them yoppers Got a few ratchets, even a couple models

Juicy J

20 car caravan, I bet they gon follow, ugh