

Fall Out

Lil Jon

Yeah!...

Lil Jon! (Lil Jon!)

Travis Porter! (Travis Porter, bitch!)

Fall out (fall out)

Fall out (fall out)

Yeah! Yeah!

Pull up in the mall, all the hoes (fall out)

Cars so damn tall, open the doors (fall out)

Money, money, money just to blow (fall out)

We on fire, fire, fire, these niggas cold

I tint my screen (fall out, fall out)

I sip my lean (fall out, fall out)

Mug a nigga, middle finger to these bitches (what, what)

Fuck you hoes first, [?] snitches (what, what)

Yeah I'm back, and I'm still up on that crunk shit (yeah)

Fuck the dumb shit, you be on that mugging shit (what)

Where you been, nigga? I've been getting guap, guap

Out of town, overseas, making pussy pop (hey)

Them hoes jumped down (yeah), when I jumped out (yeah)

So I pulled my cock out, and let her rock out

Smashed hoe turnt up all the way

I don't see her, turn up all the way

All on in my song, drinking it to a loan

Blind eye, [?]

Swear to god, [?] you better tell 'em

9 millimeters, that's why I'm finna bless 'em

5, 4, 3, 2, 1, leggo

9 to 5 boat but I'm finna go catch

My TV file, TV boss

All them hoes 'gon fall out (fall out)

His cost miles, but my cost taller

Open the door and fall out (fall out)

Strap Da Fool, Fool

I'm on fire, fire, fire (fool, fool)

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Aw, hey, get wet

It's Travis Porter and Lil Jon

When I'm down south, I say "bruh"

When I'm on north, I say "son"

And everytime we out of town, "we got goons" don't mean no gut

Aye, pull up in the club, this song real small

Two dos, cuz a nigga we stunt (ah)

And yesterday, I looked for [?] ball out

Ran into this chick, she was starstruck, bout to fall out

I might just pull up at her house
Beat it down and just haul out
She say, "Ali, that's all you got?"
Yeah, yeah bitch I'm all out

(Quez!)

Aww, sound the alarm
Because I'm in the airport and he calling me the bomb
And the way a nigga ball, they be calling me LeBron
Tried to rob me, he was dead, he tried to stab me with a gun
(What?) like Lil Jon
And since this K.E.B, I'm just 'gon rip this shit and run
We in the league, and you in the back like baby seats
When we hit the club and ball, yall just fall out just like some baby teeth
(oh)

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