Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Out The Gate

(Blaze)
Allow me to introduce myself
I'm Colton Grundy, in effect bitch
No need to excuse yourself
A little strange, and yeah, I'm kind of a horrible sight
But I milk your bitches titties, like a milk this mic
When I get right, ain't nobody getting shit
'Cause I'm gonna get so right, ain't gonna be nothing left to get
Out cold, but I got the balance, with even heat
'Cause if my talents don't provide, I got a gat under the seat (and that's real)
Too raw for some of y'all to feel
But that's just life, shuffle the cards and deal
And the wheels'll keep spinnin'
Ho's keep catching too many feelin's
And too many men are turning into women
That the world that we live in,
the world that I sit and spit in
And squeeze my ass where I can fit in, so just listen
Because I would never waste your time
But if you lend me your ear, then I promise to blow you're mind

(Chorus)
I'm out the gate (Busted wide open)
Lay your money down (Put your drink on that ice)
Put some volume on that sound
Out the gate, make no mistake, the chain is severed
And the link's the only thing that's been holding me together
I'm out the gate (Busted wide open)
Lay your money down (put your drink on that ice)
Put some volume on that sound
(If you ain't come to party)
Show that ass to the door
(Man if you ain't come to party)
Then what the hell you here for

Better not be drama, I hate acting tight
Cut that ass like a director, and edit you like a re-write
Ain't nobody playing, filleting ya like a fish
So mind your own, and go attend to your drink, and your bitch
Cause it's Sid the DJ, is spinning right here
In him seven, eight bottles of beers, inside the Everclear
Got me feeling far from friendly,
like you trying to push emotion on me
Becoming your new found enemy (better let it be)
I came to drink and ball (you're upsetting me)
Talking shit under your breath, little boy
I don't like bitches, or dudes that imitate 'em
So quit acting like a female, and speak up player

(Break x2)
So what you wanna do, and why you looking at me?
So many girls in the house, with fine asses and titties
Let me see you shake that ass, and break a hip for me (Come on)
Let me see you shake that ass, and break a hip for me (Yeah)

(Chorus)
I'm out the gate (Busted wide open)
Lay your money down (Put your drink on that ice)
Put some volume on that sound
Out the gate make no mistake, the chain is severed
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(If you ain't come to party)
Show that ass to the door
(Man if you ain't come to party)
Then what the hell you here for?

They call me Grim fresh, I'm like the cream of the crop
The shit that starts on the bottom and just rise to the top
Too many of ya'll sound the same
While my style is infinity and uncapable to restrain
Off the chain and a short leash
Serving you salty on the biscuit and a two piece (soaked in chicken grease)
What it is, what it will be
You bark like a big dog, but we'll see
How many puppy bites, it takes to break skin
Well man, I'll break bread
While other rappers let go to their head, and wind up dead in a nightclub somewhere
Anywhere, ain't nothin' but thugs in here

(Chorus)
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Lay your money down (Put your drink on that ice)
Put some volume on that sound
(If you ain't come to party)
Show that ass to the door
(Man if you ain't come to party)
Then what the hell you here for?
Let me see you shake that ass, and break a hip for me (Come on)
Let me see you shake that ass, and break a hip for me (Yeah)

(Repeat until end)
Yeah