

Trina, Clear It Out

[Verse 1:]

Yea it's clear
I'm livin the life of the rich and the famous
In every magazine published I'm gracin the pages,
Media versus celebrities, it's outrageous
Put on a few septics u can rock a few stages
I'm setting new standards for women, rappers embracing
My chronological makeup a switch a bitch pace up
A trimp setter, go getta, money maka, grant winna
Dropped in 98
Had the world sayin nan nigga

[Chorus:]

I been around the world
And er body hat'n
If dey talkn I'm da topic of da conversation
Now clear it out, clear it out
I had up to here
Clear it out, clear it out
I had up to here
I had a lot of friends
Now I got a lot of foes
When u gettin money, dis is just da way it goes
Now clear it out, clear it out
I had it up to here
Clear it out, clear it out
I had it up to here

[Verse 2:]

Now er body talkn bout me
I could give a dam tho
If dey hatn now
Wait till dey c me in the lambo
1000 dollas shoes, european jewels
Million dolla crib with da swimmin pool
I'm just doin me u should be doin u
Get yo own hoe don't worry bout my revenu
I brought it from da hood to da big screen
Now I'm prime time of the magazine

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: x2]

Stop dat pop up out da south
Clear it out, clear it out
Keep my name up out yo mouth
Clear it out, clear it out
F**k dem hatas n dem hoes
Clear it out, clear it out
U gettin doe let it show
Clear it out, clear it out

[Chorus]

crbt2('Trina','Clear It Out')

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