

Show Out (feat. Big Sean & Young Jeezy)

Juicy J

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
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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
Thumbnin' 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

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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...
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
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
20 car caravan, I bet they gon follow, ugh
Everytime I go out, you know I gotta show out
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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