

# Let Me Blow Ya Mind (feat. Gwen Stefani)

## Eve

Yo, yo  
Drop your glasses, shake your asses  
Face screwed up like you havin' hot flashes  
Which one, pick one, this one, classic  
Red from blonde, yeah bitch I'm drastic  
Why this, why that, lips stop askin'  
Listen to me baby, relax and start passin'  
Expressway, head back, weavin' through the traffic  
This one strong should be labeled as a hazard  
Some of y'all niggas hot, sike I'm gassin'  
Clowns I spot em and I can't stop laughin'  
Easy come, easy go, E-V gon' be lastin'  
Jealousy, let it go, results could be tragic  
Some of y'all aint writin well, too concerned with fashion  
None of you aint Gisell, cat walk and imagine  
Alotta y'all Hollywood, drama, passed it  
Cut bitch, camera off, real shit, blast it  
And if I had to give you more,  
It's only been a year  
Now I got my foot through the door  
And I aint goin' nowhere  
It took a while to get me here  
And I'm gonna take my time  
Don't fight that good shit in your ear  
Now let me blow ya mind They wanna bank up, crank up, makes me dizzy  
Shank up, haters wanna come after me  
You aint a ganster, prankster, too much to eat  
Snakes in my path wanna smile up at me  
Now why you grittin your teeth?  
Frustration, baby, you gotta breathe  
Take a lot more than you to get rid of me  
You see I do what they can't do, I just do me  
Aint no stress when it comes to sayin' "Get what you see"  
Meet me in the lab, pen and pad, don't believe?  
Huh, sixteens mine, create my own lines  
Love for my wordplay that's hard to find  
Sophomore, I aint scared, one of a kind  
All I do is contemplate ways to make your fans mine  
Eyes bloodshot, stressin', chills up your spine  
Huh, sick to your stomach, wishin I wrote your rhymes  
And if I had to give you more,  
It's only been a year  
Now I got my foot through the door

And I aint goin' nowhere  
It took a while to get me here  
And I'm gonna take my time  
Don't fight that good shit in your ear  
Now let me blow ya mind Let your bones crack  
Your back pop, I can't stop  
Excitement, block shots from your stash box  
Fuck it, thugged out, I respect the cash route  
Locked down, blastin, sets while I mash out  
Yeah nigga, mash out, D-R-E  
Back track, think back, E-V-E  
Do you like that (oooooh), you got to I know you  
Had you in a trance first glance from the floor too  
Don't believe I'll show you, take you with me  
Turn you on, pension gone, give you relief  
Put your trust in a bomb when you listen to me  
Damn she much thinner know now I'm complete(Uh-huh)  
Still stallion, brick house, pile it on  
Ryde or Die bitch, double R, came strong  
Beware, cuz I crush anything I land on  
Me here, aint no mistake, nigga, it was planned on And if I had to give you more,  
It's only been a year  
Now I got my foot through the door  
And I aint goin' nowhere  
It took a while to get me here  
And I'm gonna take my time  
Don't fight that good shit in your ear  
Now let me blow ya mind

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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