

Blase Blase

Kreayshaw

Hey ladies, get gassin'
I'ma gas like the cops ain't comin'
Top down, music loud, who's talkin'?
Can't hear haters, blasé blasé
Go crazy, get money
I do my dance like no one saw me
Goin' down like no one taught me
Can't hear haters, blasé blasé
Ooh bitch, I'm here and I'm back on
If you thought my first, was my last song,
Face the fact, man, you couldn't be more wrong
I'm takin' shots from the top like I'm King Kong
Gassed out with my hair all slicked back
Got more bitches than a pimp named slick back
She ain't breathin or she bout to have a asthma attack
She on the dro and she couldn't even handle that!
Lay back, you're coughin' up a lung or two
Man, I can't explain what this gas might do to you
Your crew and you, yeah, I know it's new to you
Come through, I can teach you a thing or two
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She told me I'm the flyest she ever met
That's weird cause she ain't even grown yet
Moet moet, we pop off
She in the bathroom tryna take her top off!
One eight seven two eleven, we do numbers
They say, "Kreayshaw killed the whole damn summer"
What a bummer, it's sad for you hatin' bitches
Better watch your change from my dress coat switches
In my business, girl I welcome you
Wanna be my best friend? Girl, you gotta show and prove
What's it do? We mobbin' on a Saturday
Fuck the 1st, everyday we be gettin' paid!
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Yes, I'm beautiful and gorgeous
No, you can't afford this
You're drivin' in a Ford, bitch
Glorious, my whole crew iced out
We melt flames, them other bitches bow down
It's time now, she said to bring the gas out
I brought it to the front lawn
And burned the whole house down
Mo money, mo money, I spend it right!

Them dudes lame, they're tryna come spend the night
I'm out here in the sky like a star hoe
You on the floor tryna pay up a car note
Real shit don't harm me, I'm never fake
I'm in the 90's, you can call me Ricki Lake
Ricki Lake, Ricki Lake
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