

Put It Down

Problem

Wait, hold up, I'm finna turn this bitch up, ayy

I done beefed with the best of 'em
Balled on the rest of 'em
Never hit the ground when the chach made a mess of 'em
LA sets love him, lot of rap niggas hate him
He can give two fucks, none them niggas helped make him
Boys in the hood, Ice Cube out the county
Got Grapes hittin' Rickies like that shotgun in the alley, wait
Left me and my Relly bro, we always got a plot
Big mops for the opps and big dicks on they cocks, yeah
Maybach, Benz, yeah
Shinin', yeah, blindin' up your lens, yeah
Saks with two twins, I done blew enough years at them bitches
Both for sure finna let me fuck them and they friends, yeah
Compton, we don't care, yeah
You ain't with the business, why you stand here, partner?
Look up in these eyes, ain't no fear here, partner
Look up in these eyes, ain't no fear here, partner
(We need your sauce, P, oh, we need your sauce)
Call my mama though, I don't do that talkin' much
Did it in the streets, man, y'all only sellin' online like OfferUp
Labels, you want a piece of this? Then you better get your motherfuckin' offers up (On God)
'Cause last time, I don't think we really charged enough
One, two million
Like each one of my plaques say like one, two million
Bruh, I'm still a lottery pick like I want two million, get it?
Fuck that, ayy, baby
Ayy, let me pull up, and hit you with designer dick
That kind when I slide inside, it realign your shit
That, "You ain't seen in two weeks, I gotta find this" dick
That, "So good, I fuck you with your baby mama" dick, on God
Hit Bird like, "What you on?" He like, "I'm boolin'"
S2 droppin', Diamond Lane the movement
Twin coupe racin' with my bitch on the 405
354, Diamond Lane, realest crew alive

Put it down, put it down (Ayy)
Put it, put it down, put it down
Put it, put it down, put it down, put it down
Every time I slide through
Put it down, put it down
Put it, put it down, put it down
Put it (Put it down), put it down, put it down, put it down
Every time I slide through

I gotta put it down, every time I slide through
He love his baby mama but that's my boo
'Cause I get the mils fast like a drive-thru
God bless me (Hachoo)
Another drug, another drank, ain't no tellin' what I might do
'Cause all that shit that I done been through
Losin' homies, duckin' feds, what the fuck did I get into? (Oh Lord)
That's why I pray every day, and every night
It's so much goin' through my head tonight
A real nigga need some head tonight

I'm like (Oh Lord)
Every day I'm livin' on the edge
Lookin' down at my haters, feet on the ledge, yeah
I bust a nut and then I go to bed
While baby rub my head, you know I

Put it down, put it down
Put it, put it down, put it down
Put it, put it down, put it down, put it down (A nigga put it down)
Every time I slide through
Put it down, put it down
Put it, put it down, put it down
Put it, put it down, put it down, put it down
Yeah, every time I slide through

I ain't never ran from no nigga in my life
I just need a hundred fuckin' mil' 'fore I die
Triple that, need three hundred mil' 'fore I die
Triple that, need nine hundred mil' 'fore I die