

Lay A Nigga Down

03 Greedo

03

Purple Summer

Ron-Ron do that shit

We ridin', we ridin', we ridin', we ridin'

I'ma lay a nigga down, four hundred pounds

Straight up out the Jordan Downs, I got a hundred rounds

Drummer Gang, a hundred shell cases hit the ground

There go the peoples at the door, be quiet, don't make a sound

Throw your hood up for who put up and who restin' in peace

Sellin' water to the Mexicans, we don't have a beef

Marijuana, I been blessing niggas with OT

And when you sellin' kilos, gotta stay lowkey

I got homies sharin' baby mamas, rollin' the weed

Purple Summer, 03 the new 400 Degreez

I feel like Ron-Ron the Producer just like Manny to me

Fuck them evil ass bitches steady passin' the weed

What you need bitch? you need a project nigga

Drummer Gang shit, everybody pullin' triggers

Enemies might fuck your bitch and lock up with your sister

I'ma be the first real nigga with a Fisker

Don't trust her, don't trust shit

He swear he mafia but he be on some fuck shit

I might shoot you from a rental or a bucket

Hate on niggas, when you see 'em, switch the subject

Tired of rappers tryna hit the hood and take a pic

Wanna come out to the jungle and not get bit

The other day I hit sweet lady with that donkey dick

Don't you pop it bitch, fuck it, pop that pussy

Fuck it, smokin' cookies, fuck central booking

When 03 be in the projects, everybody looking

Never nook it, they can't wait 'til nigga's life get taken

I'm from where my peoples crazy and the cops is crooked

I'ma lay a nigga down, four hundred pounds

Straight up out the Jordan Downs, I got a hundred rounds

Drummer Gang, a hundred shell cases hit the ground

There go the peoples at the door, be quiet, don't make a sound

Be quiet, tonight is the night that we ride

Pull up in the hood and see choppers inside

You need a project nigga

Be quiet, tonight is the night that we ride

Pull up in the hood and see choppers inside

Be quiet, all of my Drummers, they be firin'

I'ma lay a nigga down, four hundred pounds

Straight up out the Jordan Downs, I got a hundred rounds

Drummer Gang, a hundred shell cases hit the ground

There go the peoples at the door, be quiet, don't make a sound