

Lay It Down 2

8Ball & MJG

(Eightball we doin this shit once again
For you fake ass niggaz lay it the fuck down BEYITCH)

Lay it down, lay it down
You hoes lay it down
Lay it down, lay it down
You hoes lay it down

He's got his head tilted back on his face is a frown
Who's that nigga there it's Thorough bitch
So don't you clown, the sound and style, of Swisher after Swisher
Oh how I wish ya would step so I could hit ya
With wicked shit slick and swift
As I slaughter quick, oughta flip with fluents
To show you how we be doin in the Suave House federation; that is cat
You don't know how it's comin cause you don't where it's at
A mack of all trades, low cut, tight fade
We all get paid, so gets sprayed, so buster behave
My flavor's deep, please peep, I ain't soft
I represent at all cost and always got my niner out
So eeease back cause you marks can't hang with me
I got to much game in me, killin ain't no thang to me
Give a nut check, and I see you outta place
And I say that to say you're a BITCH, and you ain't got what it takes
To stop the funk mutha from freelance jackin
Brushes up on yo skills, cause fool I ain't lackin
With my hands on my dick, my click is thick so don't clown
Bitches we ain't playin you hoes lay it down

It's Sunday morning, I'm stil yawnin from the night before
So much sess in my chest from the Swishers I smoke
OH NO! Who is this hoe in the bed with me?
I remember the pussy but I don't remember her name G
Grab me Swisher cut it up and fill it with weed, hit that hoe
In the head, and tell her get out of my bed you damn freak
Hopped into the shower for an hour, it was hot as hell
Got dressed and ran a gold comb through my curls
Walkin out of the house slow, tellin that hoe come on let's go
First I crack up the music then, hit the switch on my six-four
Candy coated paint, got the bitches at the bus stop sick
But at the same time on my dick, thick
Beat a bitch quick I'm sick, full of Swishers and malt liquor
I'm a killa on them sticks, aggravated hallucinatin
Tryin to let go of my frustration
But some my luck, nigga gonna be a med patient
I gotta nine uzi AK, but that shit don't really matter
Cause if I gotta I will rat-a-tat-a
To splatter the guts of nigga with no nuts
And if you step to Suave you will have to lay it down

Here comes the spy, that fry, get high, and get head rushed
The number one gangsta you can't touch or bust
So steppin is the wrong that you gots to come against me
You best to do a driveby and be prayin that you hit me
Cause nigga if you miss me I'm a have to draw my gat
And take yo ass way back, cause way back way back in the days
I used to beat dope fiends down just get paid

Live my life as a hustler, sellin drugs was my only J
My moms was a trick hoe I had nowhere to stay
And nigga that's fucked all my homies are loners
I've been on this for ten years so I'm known on corners
With bitches and prostitutes, pimps and killa thugs
Five-oh harrassin me, so Crime Boss is feelin slugs
A good guy gone bad, devious fuckin kid
Victim of?, shit that my momma did
These dope beats comin up, I'm servin those clucker bitches
My beeper still goin off, I'm thinkin of addin riches
For dollars and sense, see I gotta have it goin on,
Or be trapped in this hole for too motherfuckin long
IT'S ON!

Thirty buster in yard talkin shit bout a bitch
Claimin to be that bitch's family but they look like dirty tricks
Talkin about why did I meet that hoe, fuck the hoe
Charge the hoe, break the hoe, bust her inside her shit and go
Suckers how the fuck you think that MJG was gonna slip
On the only reason you mad cause you sister couldn't pussy whip
A back breakin, check takin, pimp nigga constantly makin
Money off you and your lady, nigga I ain't tradin
Why don't you niggaz understand I'm the pimp she's the hoe
Now that I told you now you know, break that chain and let her go
Back on the track shake that ass, make my money
Make it fast, get yo head swoll bringin me checks bitch bring me cash
Drop yo panties, to let you start
To open your mouth, slurp and slob
On this dick you, he's the trick you's a bitch, do ya job
When you through, get up and go, get the cheese, hit the door
Catch a cab, back to the lab, bring my motherfuckin money hoe
Don't you ever front me with a lame lie about my bank
Oh shit, look out bitch, dump a bitch catch a plane
Yeah hoe now you know, I'm a pimp, and I'm a clown all upside yo head
Yeah bitch, I'm a lay it down

[Chorus x2]