Get Down Or Lay Down

Fabolous

Ay yo, it's get down or lay down
My shit sound like trey pound
Stand up if they G's, sit down if they clowns
Get a bitch? I got a bitch
She get round, she stay round
Girl just wanna have fun, your bitch found a playground
I swing by, slide through, see-saw the before
Niggas won't believe this, record the freak raw
On the road to riches, these broads get detoured
They just firecrackers, we more like C4's
Think we talking blowing up, pop a cork and pour it up
Life in the fast lane -- you think talk'll slow us up?
Nuh-uh, never that, not in this lifetime
Thought the game was dead, it just got new lifeline
I revived that real shit, y'all deprived from real shit
Small hood to all good, we strive like Will Smith
Fresh Prince of Bel-Air; flow sick, need health care
They ain't got nothing for the kid, I'm gonna need welfare
Hell yeah, she down, down like she upset
I took her down two months ago, bitch ain't came up yet
Money over bitches, dirt on top of bitch niggas
Put you in your place -- it happened to be a ditch, nigga

Get down now
If you gon do it, baby, then do it now
Cause later on I might not be on the shit that I'm on
Your chance'll be gone

So get down now
Get down now
Get down now
Get down now

Stack the heavy bread away, sleep on the small bills
Evil growing every day, keep on your toe heels
Brung her Ecstasy, now she geeked off of four pills
Snuck her from the blind side, screeched off on four wheels
I'm so ill, too slick
With boys I get horse
She ain't really trying to pop the clique off, the chick tossed
I think I fucked the world, six toys and lip gloss
She yelling for the Lord, I threw on my big cross
I get mine, get yours -- I'm score-bound on fourth down
Don't make us bring them bulldogs round, Georgetown
Vixens in great jeans, unzipped those since eighteen
You won't use me, use that strip pole to make clean
I get high, space lean, enough clothes for ten troops
Same time, I spend loot on BM's and Benz coupes
Porsches and Lambos and 'raris for candles
Front if you want, my four-five in my camo
Blam-o! Don't touch 'less you wanna get burned up
Your good girl's a renegade, I got her all the way turnt up
Bag dimes like ten a day, episodes in my first truck
We ain't gotta go home, we can go right there in the cut and..

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