

# Lay You Down

G-Unit

G-Unit, they ain't ready  
AHHHH!

I don't know what you been thinkin, don't know what you been drinkin  
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass DOWN  
Don't know what you been thinkin, don't know what you been drinkin  
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass DOWN

I've been out in LA with Dre and Snoop for so long  
I'm fin ta Crip walk and put some mo'herf\*cking khakis on  
Naw that's aight man I ain't got nothin to prove  
I'm rich but I still live like I got nothin to lose  
Look man, I don't know what you been drinkin I don't know what you been thin  
kin  
But get outta line and Snoop's upside ya head  
The media they write whatever they choose  
And the cops stay on my ass so I stay on the news  
These other rap niggas couldn't walk in my shoes  
Went through a bunch of bullshit while I was paying my dues  
They say my music make a gangsta wanna pop somethin  
Well tell them niggas to get poppin & stop frontin  
You heard of me but do you know how I get down  
Stay with a vest on, roll wit a couple tre-pounds  
In case you motherf\*ckers wanna jump bad now  
I'll start some bullshit and I'ma lay ya punk ass down

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Hittin niggas from long range for writin the wrong thangs  
My name YOUNG BUCK but I look like a old mayn  
Just cuz I like ice don't compare me to Lil Wayne  
I make rap niggas dissapear like Lil Zane  
See Buck been shot, but not more than 50  
I don't dance, what I look like signin wit Diddy?  
I got plans, grenades and the G-Unit wit me  
And on command, we spray give a f\*ck who we hittin  
What's in my hand? A tan bout a hundred and sixty

Hollow tips, four-fifths with the rubber grip  
Crips & Bloods they show me love like I'm claimin a set  
These industry niggas know they better pay me my check  
I get a kick outta seein these broke ass rappers  
Ten people showed up that's why your show got cancelled  
50 whatever they did to the kid is handled  
Niggas callin for these features but they get no answers  
f\*ck Y'ALL NIGGAS

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Everywhere we go, just leaves number one  
We won't stop, every billboard chart (we number one, number one, number one)

Man we own that slot, we won't stop

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A bitch know it's a privilege if I stop to check her  
Nigga all I got is hot shit the kids call me Dr. Pepper  
And I don't mean a soda  
The 16 top shot loader'll bend ya ass up like yoga  
Your f\*ckin wit a soldier  
I'm sellin tickets for a first class trip to a hospital folder  
So please keep talkin  
So we can spread your feet, and have you on your boulevard C-Walkin  
The birds keep hawkin, why?  
Cuz I'm burnin every CD and Walkman from D.C. to Boston  
I laugh at a snotty chick, bitch I don't argue  
I'll leave a print in your ass from a karate kick  
Them niggas that Javey wit, got guns on the big body tip  
And if they pull out you'd prolly shit  
Jewelry got me in heavy gray pictures  
Plus I light up trees like every day's Christmas