

LAY IT DOWN

Lil Double 0

(Play me some pimpin', mane)
Ooh, you're my dollar, dollar, baby
You're my—
Uh, okay, here we go

From the city that made you lay it down and make 'em hit the trunk (Ho')
I'm Project Pat, can't keep no eyes, gorilla-pimp that ho'
I gorilla-pimp my dope, uh, sweet, uh, pour
Uh, believe, uh (Dope, I sold, I robbed)
(I remember days I was supposed to tryna go and get a job)
Welcome to Memphis, where a nigga take somethin' before he starve
We don't work the nighttime, we broad day, son, get in the yard
Lay down, walk a nigga down, this a theme song
I've been in the streets since I was thirteen, they can't leave me alone
JD done went to court today, I pray my twin beatin' hoes
Told the judge "Gotta free thirty", if he don't, then we gon' send him home
Walk him down, mmm-mmm, put that shit on, poke it off
Trappin' is a habit, changed my number, had to flip the phone
When you trappin', be like Mr. Beast, got motion, nigga, don't need no son
Big body Maybach, this a Benz, he back, recline up in a chair
Nigga doubt it, tryna make a song, get hit in the fire, get put in the air,
pussy

(Get hit in that fire, uh, uh, uh, go crazy)
What Juicy say? He be like "Shut the fuck up"
(Uh, uh, uh, uh)
(Uh, uh, uh, hold up)

I was a young nigga, I thought I was grown
Settin' traps, strapped in them traps, just like Home Alone
I don't need no nigga with me, I'll go alone (Ayy)
Can't no nigga hit me (Ayy), I don't be talkin' on the phone (Hello)
Pull up in that drop, I press one button, I'll be gone (Skrtr)
Cross my back, like VLONE, made my heart turn to Chrome
Got them Glocks, put switches on, no, we don't make diss songs
War time, let's get it on, you ain't gettin' home, we'll get along
Up broad day, what up? (Ayy, ayy) From lil' .38 to big AKs
Any time we blitz on a head, mayday, shit, we seen it, we can't say
I got shit put in that bay, but I got shit put in my safe (Ayy)
I pay niggas to keep me safe, but I'm still gon' spray, gotta play it safe
Shoutout my niggas that made a spray, shoutout my niggas that made a way
And all my bugs spreadin' raid, where you play, where you lay
And we sprayin' wherever he go, he already sprayed where he stay
Mob nigga, already was made, rich as hell, man, I already made it

Ayy, it's on me, hot, real geek boy shit, I need this other girl
Real rockstar geeked up bitch, never go to sleep
Walked the world, I'm geeked on G6, I keep a gun or three
Walk niggas down, shoot with precision, nigga
Every time we come through scorin', we never missin', nigga
Free all the guys that never blanked up on a mission, nigga
Give an opp face—
shots, no FaceTime, shooters gon' walk down in straight lines
Him, precision, ain't no wastin' bullets or wastin' time
And you can argue ain't nobody died, shit, ain't nobody slide
How the fuck these niggas lyin'? Nigga keep speakin' slime (Ayy)
Lay it down, lay it down, these fuck niggas know how we get down

And how we walk down, nigga play, we get the chop down

(Brr, uh-huh, go crazy)

(Woah, woah)