

Lay It Down

Lil' Wayne

YMCMB, bitches call me Tunechi Lee
I be with niggas that shoot police
I keep that iron, you can get creased
And if she say she didn't fuck, bitch ya lying through ya teeth
They say it cost to be the boss, the ones in jail wish they were free
Niggas call me Hi-C because I'm high as you can see
Niggas say they paid they dues, well I'm checking your receipt
Might as well go stupid since this is a stupid beat
Grab the owl out the tree, and ask that bitch, who but me?
Got ya bitch bent over nigga, hands to her feet
Tell that pig and that cow I'll go ham if it's beef
Cause all my niggas well rounded, don't fuck with none of these square niggas
Mask on, Ghostface Killah, draw down and erase niggas
I'm a blood, is you a blood donor?
Swisher full of that California
I hit it sideways, catacorner
Then she catch that nut like pneumonia
Lil Tunechi

Lay it down ho
Lay it down bitch
Lay it down ho
Lay it down
Lay it down, lay it down
You hoes lay it down
Lay it down, lay it down
You hoes lay it down
Put the money on the couch nigga
Gimme everything up in yo house nigga,
Shut yo mouth nigga
Put the money on the couch nigga
Gimme everything up in yo house nigga,
Shut yo mouth nigga

Start it up, vroom vroom
Uppercut a bitch out the bus, boom boom
Unless I get the brain, poom poom
She let a nigga run and get the gang, run a train, zoom zoom
Tryna get paid too soon, one deep
One sweep away in a room room
We getting money over here, talking shit and fucking bitches,
I don't know what the fuck they doing Tune
My syrup purple, my turf Earth
My birth circle, I'll dirt surf you
I'll squirt murk you, my verse hurtful
My shooters still got curb curfews
Y'all bout as hot as von dutch
Y'all not gon' harm much
Hijack y'all some prom busts
Ain't no retreat but my arms up
We don't graffiti, my bombs up
It's Young Money in this shit until a nigga dead and gone
If you wanna set it off, what you wanna bet it on?
I'm betting the wedding's off when everything is wetted on
Point 'em out, truck ya life
Fuck ya style, fuck with me

You a bucket foul, niggas'll buck ya smile
For a dunkin' pile, you better duck it, pal

Lay it down ho
Lay it down bitch
Lay it down ho
Lay it down
Lay it down, lay it down
You hoes lay it down
Lay it down, lay it down

Shawty, what's yo name?
Is you tricking? Is you paying?
Is you sniffing on that cane?
What the fuck is you saying?
If you getting it, then you getting it
It's my money I ain't splitting it
I ain't tripling it, if she got a fat ass, then I'm tipping it
Come out the bank, bye teller
Give up her money, hi fella
Bad lil' ho, high yellow
Brand new Rollie, sky dweller
Just left from Dubai
Flew private eye
I made a million dollars, swear to God that ain't no lie
Asked if them niggas was poppin'
Fake niggas be watchin'
My black glove be drippin' wet, but I got my Cochran
Losing ain't no option, I'm teaching bitches my doctrine
The Maybach ain't poppin' if it ain't got no partation

Oops I mean partition, it's all a part of my vision
I sit and count this money wile I watch you bitches audition
I said, oops I mean partition, it's all a part of my vision
I sit and count this money wile I watch you bitches audition

I don't give a fuck
You don't hear me, you don't see me.
Bitch you gon' feel me ho
Young Money
Young, Young Money nigga.
Young, Young, lay it down, lay it down, you hoes lay it down
Lay it down, lay it down, you hoes lay it down, ah!