

# 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 nigga  
s  
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 fellas  
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!