

Lay Down

OMB Peezy

(Drum Dummie)

Look, all of that woofin' like you 'bout that shit
Better stop that shit (Stop that shit)
Bitch, I got something to make you lay down
(Bitch, I got something to make you lay down)
Murder, murder, murder, kill, kill, goin' through a nigga mind
When I'm loadin' up them K rounds (When I'm loadin' up them K rounds)
And we gon' ride through that pussy nigga block
One of these nights and let 'em have it (Peezy)
Fuck, boy, we ain't gon' play 'round (Fuck boy, we ain't gon' play round)
And we gon' ride through that pussy nigga block
One of these nights and let 'em have it (Eh, GloRilla)
Fuck, boy (Ugh), we ain't gon' play 'round (Shut up)

All of that chain link navy shit, have to drop that bitch (Fuck)
He must've thought I was gon' stay 'round (Got added her, added her)
I wish a nigga would try me like I am that bitch
'Cause I got niggas that don't play about (Only gang, gang)
Oh, I can say proudly with my chest
Bitch, I never booked me for nothin'
So try me if you want to (Ho)
That's first time I won't be the one
Money, money, money, shit on hoes goin' through a bitch mind (Woah, ugh)
On gang, gang

Look, all of that woofin' like you 'bout that shit
Better stop that shit (Stop that shit)
Bitch, I got something to make you lay down
(Bitch, I got something to make you lay down)
Murder, murder, murder, kill, kill, goin' through a nigga mind
When I'm loadin' up them K rounds (When I'm loadin' up them K rounds)
And we gon' ride through that pussy nigga block
One of these nights and let 'em have it
Fuck, boy, we ain't gon' play 'round (Fuck boy, we ain't gon' play round)
And we gon' ride through that pussy nigga block
One of these nights and let 'em have it
Fuck, boy, we ain't gon' play 'round (Fuck boy, we ain't gon' play round)

Ayy, ridin' 'round with fed cases
Murk a nigga for a couple dead faces (Ayy)
Fuck your baby momma, ain't no sympathy
I hope she have a dead baby (Fuck that)
Niggas wanna tell the police everything
Well, tell 'em how that lead tastin'
I've been in the streets, no sleep
Told 'em that he ain't seen the dead lately
I've been trippin', poppin' fifties
I remember I ain't have a pot to piss in
Partners kick it in the trenches
Nigga trippin'? Grab the Glock and pop the stick in
Murder mission, pop a jigga
Smoke a black, wait for my high to kick in
Rob a nigga flat broke, he shake back?
Then I'm gon' rob him again
All of that woofin' like you 'bout that shit
Better stop that shit, I'll pop that bitch

Slide through your block, murk a nigga
Then I'm out that bitch
Look, all of that woofin' like you 'bout that shit
Better stop that shit, I'll pop that bitch
Slide through your block, murk a nigga
Then I'm out that bitch (Look)

Look, all of that woofin' like you 'bout that shit
Better stop that shit (Stop that shit)
Bitch, I got something to make you lay down
(Bitch, I got something to make you lay down)
Murder, murder, murder, kill, kill, goin' through a nigga mind
When I'm loadin' up them K rounds (When I'm loadin' up them K rounds)
And we gon' ride through that pussy nigga block
One of these nights and let 'em have it
Fuck, boy, we ain't gon' play 'round (Fuck boy, we ain't gon' play round)
And we gon' ride through that pussy nigga block
One of these nights and let 'em have it
Fuck, boy, we ain't gon' play 'round (Fuck boy, we ain't gon' play round)

Fuck, boy, we ain't gon' play 'round
Fuck, boy, we ain't gon' play 'round