

# Lay Up

Rick Ross

She getting to know me  
She liking me next  
She kissing me slow  
I'm biting her neck  
Just catching the flow  
I'm writing the next  
She ready to blow  
I'm referring to sex, Yes

Lay up, lay up  
Lay up, lay up

Siting back with these paper falling in my lap  
Feeling isolated nothing but them hundred stacks  
When your money up tell me who you supposed to trust  
Every night a different women fucking money up  
My bank account in shape, I can run with Puff  
I came to put you down shorty so what the fuck is up  
Since I met her she can't keep that pussy off me  
On a pill I'mma kill that pussy softly  
Back to back tryna show you how gangster move  
Keys to the pent, talking infinity pools  
V12's ain't a thing tryna change her name  
Papers stuffed in her purse can't hear her phone ring

She know it's gametime when I do it like that  
When I pass it to her baby throw it right back  
She can get the lay up, all night  
She be tryna lay up, all right  
And when I shoot I don't miss (don't miss), I don't miss (don't miss)  
I don't miss when I do it now  
She could get the lay up, all night  
She be tryna lay up, all right

Hold up  
The bigger the boat, the better the bitch  
Not only boats baby girl I ships  
A million copies since '96  
Plus that nintey five south love I double dip, damn  
Dope man I need a dope bitch  
So I can divey up, all of this dope shit  
I know Versace, know Givenchy, know Guiseppe  
Emilio Pucci introduce you if you let me  
I know Stella, Margiela, Marc Jacobs  
Micheal Kors fuck 'em all, custom made stuff  
I'm a made nigga, you a maid nigga  
Get a way, getaway, get away nigga  
Jumpin' off boats, hoppin' off another cliff  
Every six months I think I need a new bucket list  
To whom it applies  
Who fuckin' with me  
I'm the greatest alive  
Love, I know you agree

Getting money come natural stunt in my past time  
Making love fucking like it's my last time

You know we fight and fuck, you know we fuck and fight  
Ain't nothing perfect baby this is fucking life  
Street battle tested, dreams manifested  
When we was selling things nigga we was breaking records  
Dom Pérignon running down my tatted arm  
Other bitches hating on me and my baby born  
Had her running with the low and shorty took the charge  
Already out on bond, shit I would been scared  
She did it like a chief while I was going hard  
Now the world is yours, it's your time to ball

From the night to the morn', yeah she tryna lay  
Got a freaky, freaky game and she tryna play  
Couple more shots baby can you make it stay, stay up  
Lay up, lay up  
Might just slap the backboard, give you what you ask for  
Lay up