

Lay It Down

Royce da 5'9"

Let me up in this bitch!
Yeahhh, sup Royce?
Dirty Glove Entertainment in this motherfucker
Let's go! (Karma side, karma-karma side)
Where you from nigga? (Karma side, karma-karma side)
Where you from nigga? (Karma side, karma-karma side)
What? (Karma side, karma-karma side)

Yeah, I done shot a couple tools, I done got a couple fools
In a lot of scuffles in war, I got a couple wounds
I've learned not to play it just to play it just to burn
I've learned not to say it, just return
Better spray it, let the metal blow
I ain't never scared but I'm way too paranoid to let it go
That's why you can find me in your bushes with them blammers
Seein footsteps from your grandma, ready pullin back them hammers
I ride cause I'm skinny
Somebody 'bout to treat me like I'm Santa when I slide down your chimney
With them semi-automatics or the Deserts with the heads
With the hollows in the bag like a present for the kids
With the mask and the beard and the belly, who you red
Leave you dead, witnesses lookin like it ain't no tellin who it is
I'm a ride, I ain't tryin other ways
I'm a kill just to live just to die another day, hey

O.P., I'm from O.P.! (Karma side)
O.P., I'm from O.P.! (Yeah I said it)
O.P., I'm from O.P.! (Karma side)
O.P., I'm from O.P.! (Hey)
O.P., I'm from O.P.! (Karma side)
O.P., I'm from O.P.! (Yeah I said it)
O.P., I'm from O.P.! (Karma side)
O.P., I'm from O.P.!

Lay it down, lay it down - you hoes lay it down
Lay it down, lay it down - the murder game down
Lay it down, lay it down - don't let 'em play around
Lay it down, lay it down - the murder game down

I done flipped a ton of thangs
Lift a couple lames off they feet nigga flippin with the gauge
Nigga plead; I ain't bitchin, I ain't 'fraid
Where I'm brave like a muh'fucker pitchin at your brain
Here the D - that's where I'm from, get done
With this hundred-round drum, leave a nigga body slump
Like spice to the wizard{? }, was straight off the mizzy
When I stay on the grizzly, and I write with that kizzy
What's beats? I'm a gangsta for real
If I feel you a threat I make you pay me to live
Royce hit me on that Nex' I send a gang to your crib
With a pack of killer pitts, let 'em play with your kids
No slice, no bangs, just bikes and shanks
Hit that red rum down, you won't like the taste
You shouldn't be playin all wild when your life at stake
I get your man gunned down for his shiesty eighth
Man it's the whole rundown dawg, I'm like a eight
Street Lord gorilla fam take your life away

What? My name Juan, I ain't tryin other ways
I'm a kill just to live just to die another day, hey

7 Mile, I'm from 7 Mile! (Karma side)
7 Mile, 7, 7 Mile! (Yeah I said it)
7 Mile, I'm from 7 Mile! (Karma side)
7 Mile, 7, 7 Mile! (Hey)
7 Mile, I'm from 7 Mile! (Karma side)
7 Mile, 7, 7 Mile! (Yeah I said it)
7 Mile, I'm from 7 Mile! (Karma side)
7 Mile, 7, 7 Mile!

Yeah, yeahhhh, what!

I done flipped a couple bricks, I done hit a few licks
Even downed a couple hits, can't speak on this shit
But the case got dismissed
And I looked at the snitch, blew his bitch ass a kiss
Can't believe how the streets change, fears all on the 3-way
He say she say, work on the highway
Gotta do it my way, can't see myself caught
That ain't what the hood taught, keep stacks in a vault
Just in case a nigga talk, call my nigga J
He said now I get it poppin off, 7 Mile niggaz with me
Couple K's of it strictly, evidently y'all can't get me
It's a couple motherfuckers when they see you they gon' hit me (hello?)
Shit, your head worth fifty
And I know the {?} tempt me, niggaz bank account empty
I'm a ride, I ain't tryin other ways
I'm a kill just to live just to die another day, hey

Joy Road, I'm from Joy Road! (Karma side)
Joy Road, I'm from Joy Road! (Yeah I said it)
Joy Road, I'm from Joy Road! (Karma side)
Joy Road, I'm from Joy Road nigga! (Hey)
Joy Road, I'm from Joy Road! (Karma side)
Joy Road, I'm from Joy Road! (Yeah I said it)
Joy Road, I'm from Joy Road! (Karma side)
Joy Road, I'm from Joy Road nigga!

[Chorus]