

Lay Low

The Game

Yo, shut the fuck up. Pass me the blunt, bitch hold on
Ey-ey Game what's up nephew it's your boy big Snoop Dogg
Doing the loc on the coast on a toast of the Boogie popper
You know what it is, I know what it is, they know what it is
While I'm at bitch, I'm over here at chuppa-chuppa yeah
Counting this Swiss Cheese, you know I'm talking 'bout?
Doing it big, OC, counting Gs like I'm supposed to
Put a Black Wall Street list. Getting money out that property
You know I'm talking 'bout? D.P.G.C nephew. You a real one nigga

G-G-G-G-Unot, G-G-G-G-Unot
(Fuckin, bitch ass niggas lay low and stay low)
G-G-G-G-Unot
(The M.O.B. taking over niggas, Techniec)
Ha-ha-hah

In the rain with the beat, stashed with the heat
Smashed in the seat, sinking and thinking ya'll know the way I rhyme (bitch)
Armour on shined up, flossed out rhymed up
Get your wife good and ball it up 'til your time up (west side)
Want to kill him quick, put him in a filthy ditch
Rather be filthy rich, over a filthy bitch
Wasn't for the flows wouldn't be no hoes jocking
And breaking their necks to get yours (Lloyd Banks where you at)
So I suppose Rocking shows, knocking hoes, Flockin, I'm clocking dough
I control Rock-n-Roll, with soldiers on lock-n-load (ha ha)
And they come through shoot it up, fist fight, loot it up
Terrorize the future, it's truly number one who was us (yes)
No question we gon' bust Glocks in fast cars
Blocks in Nascars, couple of bad broads (first fam)
We got a feud with us, none 50 trust (money over bitches)
You bitches hit the bus, you niggas ease up

I heard another nigga from that G-Unit click talking shit
She's Tony Yayo
And they kicked him out the house
That's the reason why he running his lips, he's on 50's payroll
You want to die all you gotta do is keep on fucking with Game
Mr. Yayo, you niggas snitches that's the reason I threw out my G-
Unit chain, I ain't the po-po

You rap guys better stick to rap
'Cause colliding with hood niggas that spit it
Will get you so called killers clapped (Yayo)
And you'll think it's the fans
But my niggas got the M-16, get loose in the stands (bitch ass nigga)
Techniec on the side of the stage with a gauge
And 4-4 long deuce-deuce in his pants so I'ma just fall back
Nigga I could lose you for a grand
No gunpowder, residue (G-Unit [?]) in the hand
They want to see Tech fly, they rather see Tech in the can
I spit grams, 'til the check in the hand (faggot)
When the Tec in the hand, respect my demand
Or I'll find your set in a jam when the Tec will go blam (bitch ass niggas)

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Drive-by violator in the Bentley coupe (where's 50 Cent?)
Ghost town outside, ain't nobody to shoot (he at the precinct)
They call me "Noman" for all the heads I shot (ha ha)
They call you "state evidence" for all the dimes y'all dropped (snitch)
Keep it realer 'cause I'm a million-dollar killer
Got banana clips for you so called gorillas
G-Unit cap peeling 'til I D.I.E
You looking for me, Southern Cali is where I be

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Yayo stop running from me you bitch ass nigga, ha-ha
You ain't go to the jail motherfucker, you went to camp snoopy nigga, yeah n
igga
12 months in the motherfucking amusement park you faggot
That's what PC is to real niggas, yeah
My nigga was locked up with you nigga
Said he held you down nigga
Got out of motherfucking jail, tried to hit you up nigga
Your cellphone went "diuw diuw diuw" this call has been
You fucking faggot, fuck you niggas man ha-ha-ha
G-G-G-G-Unot