

# Lower

## Altars

I tell her, sooner or later this club gon? close  
And you?ll be looking for something to do  
She?ll be looking for somewhere to go

Sooner or later this club gon close

I?m the nigga you gon wanna see

Time the nigga you gon? wanna know

[Joe Budden - Verse 1]Look, face is incredible, amazing

Had to notice as I passed on the way in

Gave her, she crashed where I was staying

I then had to tell her, relax we aint dating

Can?t get the hotel suite with the fire place

Without Serena legs and the Maya waist

Good hair and skin like she should model more

Drunk off of shots so what would I buy the bottle for

In a Jaguar, she a couger only came her for the hoopers

Still a nigga brought the ruger

He aint got no idea that I?m surrounded by them shooters

Never know if I?ma have to treat ?em like he an intruder

Now back to the shawty though, she say it?s natural

Lipo scarred but its covered by a tattoo

Bounced on the girlfriend, they aint even mad at you

What they even mad at though, yeah I like that attitude

[Hook]Now cut the lights down just a little lower

Just a little lower (x3)

Grab her by the thigh and get her to come closer

Let her feel a gun size in the holster

Then fill her glass to the top she too sober

Cut the lights down just a little lower

Then hit the corner, something I gotta show ya

[Young Chris - Verse 2]Ride so clean where the fuck is my roof

Somebody girl gon gettin? f-cked in my coupe

No chain drippin? lets give ?em the Cartier

Ride up to the club we brings the party here

Where them hoes at, try to f-ck something

New toya, bout to buck something

Know the haters out, gotta tuck something

Cant get the gun in the club I gotta cut something

Only pretty girls, no duck huntin?

It's that time of the whaat? Bitch suck something  
Straight shots, peach Ciroc and I'm off  
Before you know it, the party be in the house  
    Get up on that, get up in that  
    Open wide girl, get ya chin back  
    My type of bitch yeah, where you been at  
    Lights way too bright you gotta dim that  
[Hook][Joe Budden - Verse 3]Shape, she should be on a poster  
    She get it in, a little jack, a little soda  
    And I'll take it from the pole to the sofa  
Send her back out with her pussy all re-upholstered  
    Shawty bad though, I'm talking dumb fine  
    All I need to do is hit it one time  
    Bet I be the nigga she gon wanna confine  
Try to bring the cuffs out, now I'm feeling confined  
    I aint chase her, other niggas fought hard  
    You thinks its scarier, marry her, courtyard  
    Me I beat it up, take the assault charge  
    Marks all over her body like a report card  
I need a witness, come and look at all of that  
    Say she been around, I ignore pass  
My bread is my bread I wont support her ass  
All that mean is theres no rings in the forecast  
[Hook]

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