

Lay It Down

8-Ball & MJG

(feat. Crime Boss, Thorough)

[music plays in bakground]

(Thorough) we doin this shit once again
for you fake ass niggaz lay it the fuck down BIIATCH)

[Intro/Chorus:]

lay it down, lay it down
you hoes lay it down
lay it down, lay it down
you hoes lay it down

[Verse One: Thorough]

Got his head tilted back on his face is a frown
Who's that nigga there it's Thorough bitchso don't you clown
The sound and style, of Swisher after Swisher
Oh how I wish ya would step so I could hit ya wit wicked shit,
Slick and swift as I slaughter quick
I oughta flip with fluents ta show ya how we be doin in this
Suaave House, federation that is cat
You don't know how it's cumin cause you don't where it's, at
A mack, of all trades, and low cut, tight fade
We all get paid, so get sprayed, so buster behave

My flavor'z deep, please peep, I ain't soft
I'm represent at all cost and always got my nina-ross
So eeease off cause you marks can't hang with me
I got to much game in me, killin ain't no thang to me
Give a nut check, and I see ya' water breaks, and
I say that to say you're a BITCH, and you ain't got what it takes
to stop the funk mutha from freelance jackin
Brush up on yo skills, cause fool I ain't lackin
With my hands on my dick, my click is thick so don't clown
bitches we ain't playin you hoes betta lay it down

[Chorus: x2]

[Verse Two: Eightball]

Sunday morning, I'm stil yawnin from the night before
So much sess in my chest from the Swishers I smoke
OH NO!!!! Who is this hoe in the bed with me?
I remember the pussy but I don't remember her name G,

Grab me Swisher, cut it up and fill it with weed, hit that hoe
in the head, tell her get out of my bed you damn freak
Jumped into the shower for an hour, it was hot as hell
Got dressed, and ran a gold comb through my curls

Walkin' out of the house slow, tellin that hoe come on let's go
First I crack up the music, then, hit the switch on my six-four
Candy coated paint, got the bitches at the bus stop, sick
but at the same time on my dick, thick

Beat a bitch quick I'm sick, full of Swishers and malt liquor
I'm a killa on them sticks, aggivated, hallucinatin
Tryin let go of my frustration
but some unlucky, nigga gonna be a med patient

I gotta nine Uzi, A-K, but that shit don't really matter
if I gotta, I will rat-a-tat-a
to splatter the guts of nigga with no nuts
and if you step to Suave you will have to lay it down

[Chorus: x2]

[Verse Three: Crime Boss]

Here comes the one that's tha spy, off that fry, get high, and get head rushed
the number one gangsta you can't touch or bust
so steppin is the wrong that you gots to come against me
you best to do a driveby and be prayin that you hit me

Cause nigga if you miss me I'ma have to draw my gat
and take yo ass way back, cause way back way back in the days
I used to beat dope fiends down just get paid
Live my life as a hustler, sellin drugs was my only J
My moms was a trick hoe I had nowhere to stay

And nigga that's fucked all my homies are loners
I've been homeless for ten years, so I'm known on corners
With bitches and prostitutes, pimps and killa thugs
5-0 harrassin me, so Crime Boss is feelin slugg

A good guy gone bad, devious fuckin kid
A victim of Sunny side, sum shit that my momma did
Dope fiends cumin up, I'm servin these clucka bitches
My beepa still goin off, I'm thinkin of addin riches
for dollars and cents, see I gotta have it goin on,
been trapped in this hole for too muthafuckin long,
IT'S ON!!!!

[Verse Four: MJG]

Thirty bustaz in yard talkin shit bout a bitch
claimin to be that bitch's family but they look like thirty tricks
Talkin about, why did I meet that hoe, fuck the hoe
charge the hoe, break the hoe, house tha hoe,
bust her upside her lip and go
Suckers how the fuck you thank that MJG was gonna slip
on the only reason you mad cause you sister couldn't pussy whip
a back breakin, check takin, pimp nigga-constantly makin
money off ya sista and your lady, nigga, I ain't tradin

Why did you niggaz understand I'm the pimp she's the hoe,
Now that I told you, now you know,
break that chain and let her go
Back on the track shake that ass, make my money
Make it fast,
Get yo head swoll brangin me checks, bitch brang me cash
Drop yo panties, that you started
To open your mouth, slurp and slob
on this dick you, he's the trick you's a bitch, do ya job
when you through, get up and go, get the cheese, hit the door
Catch a cab, back to the lab, bring my muthafuckin money hoe
Don't you ever front me with a lame lie about my bank
Oh shit, look out bitch, duck a bitch, catch a blank
Yeah hoe, now you know, I'm a pimp, and I'ma clown all upside yo head
Yeah bitch, I'ma lay it down

[chorus]

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Lyrics submitted by macc.

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