

# Down Here (feat. Rick Ross & Petey Pablo)

## Lil Wayne

You know what it is  
Its your boy back in the building  
This right here is one of them, one of them  
You know what im talkin bout[Chorus]  
Down Here we got a different kind of hustle  
Grind like a mothafucker, get it from the muscle  
Rain sleet and snow aint but 2 things can touch us  
Penitentiary and bein dead a mothafuckaDown Here we got a different kind of hustle  
Grind like a mothafucker, get it from the muscle  
Rain sleet and snow aint but 2 things can touch us  
Penitentiary and bein dead a mothafucka[Petey Pablo]Carolina ??? I straddle the border  
I look hard up at my son and the south at my daughter  
Sink into my lemonade is my tar river water  
And a half a bag of sugar i aint even got ta stir it  
i parked the car away from curb cause i dont deserve it  
You aint kickin me nowhere youngin im now in my 30s  
Hold your pant dirty dog i can hadle that for ya  
Just a big just a bad thats a ???  
Got so much shit on my mind boy its best to keep walkin  
Especially if you have a fuck nigger mentality problem  
I got a problem solver right here, look like a revolver  
Once it start revolving dog there aint too much there to stop it  
Shot at weezy alcwheezy know the path that im on  
When they see walkin I was by myself in New Orleans  
How many miles you think it is for cacilac to New Orleans  
So you know this fuckin boy here got some miles on hm dont he[Chorus][Lil Wayne]

## Young Money

### Look

Im from New Orleans where a nigger is a target  
9 is expensive and a murder is a bargain  
You aint from the city nigga stay within the margin  
Right now Im in the Royce got quad at home chargin  
Large and in charge yeah I be that beat  
And yeah Bush still wrong like 3 left feet  
And yeah the kush still strong and the hoes still work  
The toilets stopped up but the stove still work  
30-30 lookin like a pole in my shirt  
You fuckin with my cake ima turn you to dessert  
You give that boy a shovel and you put him to the dirt

Now you are just a baby in the sternum of the earth  
Yeah I told Pete it's nothin send a track  
Heard it one time, killed it sent it back  
Wake up and smell the crack  
If you've been through New Orleans, you've been through hell and back.  
Boy[Chorus][Rick Ross]Started at the corner store, then i wanted more  
I went and bought a 44, look im ready to roll  
I aint with the nonsense ridin with them convicts  
Tryin to get my mom rich see daddy never done shit  
Down Here, we eat steaks on the first of the month  
We flip work convertible and purposeful blunts  
Whip it the the kitchen, call it the hell hole  
Im on the cell phone, look another ho 12 gone  
Pushin the mercedes benz, its a necessity  
Embezzle me, I know the secrets to the recipe  
I feed the block, i satisfy their taste buds  
Champagne body case all you niggas  
Down Here we got a different kind of hustle  
Grind like a mothafucka slipin im a touch ya  
Ima tell you once bitch, your fuckin with the boss  
Show love to my nigga Petey Pete and Rick Ross[Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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