

# Lay Down

## Chronique

(Morning I find, )

(She's left me.)

(So cold, so alone)

(but aware)

[Chorus][Mike Shorey:]We out here gettin' this paper, high as a skyscraper

I figure y'all should already know

The diamonds all in the bezel, y'all tryna get on my level

And y'all got a long way to go

Kuz I'm gettin' money

I'm ridin' and I'm feelin' so high

I'm floatin' man I'm right through the sky

I'm cakin' and it's feelin' so right, alright

[{French Montana}:]{Huh (Huhhh)}

{Lay down (lay down)}

{My niggaz will take ya life (take ya life)}

{Huh (Huhhh)}

{Lay down (lay down)}

{My niggaz will take ya life (take ya life)}

{Huh (Huhhh)}

{Lay down (lay down)}

{My niggaz will take ya life (take ya life)}

(Lord be thy fine)

(She's left me)

(So cold, so alone)

(Yeah)

[Verse 1][French Montana:]These old niggaz in the west, said they gon' get the Tec

And I hope ya rap friends don't fill the wake, peel the weight

M6, get away, know a nigga trippin'

Go and get some Grand Cru, I'm tryna chill and then celebrate

Feel the prayer homie, a tradition thang

Whippin' all them grams galore was the kitchen thang

Homie first of all, it's ya boy Mac

All-black GT Bently with the skulled cracked, fall back

You know a nigga can't call it, I might spoil it if I tell 'em

Stick up boys robbin' niggaz for they jewels, can't sell 'em

We flood the game and let 'em digest

Mindset on the older shit, these other niggaz in a contest

And I salute the dollar, pledge allegiance

Niggaz talkin' all this money, we don't see it

(Morning I find,)

(She's left me)

(So cold, so alone)

(but aware)

[Chorus][Mike Shorey:]I'm out here gettin' this paper, high as a skyscraper

I'm cakin', y'all should already know

The diamonds all in the bezel, stop tryna get on my level

Man y'all got a long way to go

Kuz I'm gettin' money

I'm ridin' and I'm feelin' so high

I'm floatin' man I'm right through the sky

I'm cakin' and it's feelin' so right, alright

[{French Montana}:]{Huh (Huhhh)}

{Lay down (lay down)}

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(Mornings I find,)

(She's left me)

(So cold, so alone)

(but aware.)

[Verse 2][Dame Grease:]Caddy all-black, rollin' on a sour blunt

Lot boy bigger, 40 Cal hit ya up

Lenox Ave gang bang, you snitchin', all them, homicide

Will erase ya kiss kiss, ran up on the jeep, see

You ever seen your enemy get his head blown off

On the back steps of his momma's porch

Oh, your daddy smart, time to put in body work

Come through in niggaz lobby, ballin' through the paperwork

Damn I beat it crazy, clap your only laby

Burn 'em with the police, nigga must be crazy

Get a nigga laid back, hit 'em with the tre pack

Leave his momma screamin', lettin' off a ill sound

Niggaz body fall, we took his bankroll

Four in the streets, you watch the drama unfold

(Mornings I find)

(She's left me)

(So cold, so alone)

(but aware)

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