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)}
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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, homocide
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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