Lower

Annuals

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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