

Put It Down (Feat DJ Kool) (Prod By Timbaland)

Redman

I got it, come on nigga Oh, Oh
Yeah, yo
Yeah, get nigga Redman got fire nigga
Shots are in your hood when I'm high nigga
Shots of Cuervo fuckin' up my liver
Shots from the camera's on my niggas
Girlfriend drunk, so I'll jump around wit her
I step inside, you're quiet like a mime nigga
My watch do more things than James Bond nigga
I'm gonna do it now, I ain't dyin' tryin' nigga
(Put it down, put it down, put it down girl)
You better grind, 'cause you ain't spending mine girl
When Timbaland plan and I'll do the ground work
Whether you in Tims, Air Force, or Converse Let me see the high niggas on the left side
And whole muthafuckas smokin' on the right side
You sayin' "fuck Gillahouse" nigga likewise
This is how I walk up on your hoe, hey
Put it down [Chorus:]
Put it down, put it down, put it down
(We gots to get down, niggas you gots to get down)
Put it down, put it down, put it down
(Bitches you gots to get down, show you how we put it down)
(Get nigga)
Put it down, put it down, put it down
(We gots to get down, niggas you gots to get down)
Put it down, put it down, put it down
(Bitches you gots to get down, show you how we put it down) Who am I nigga?
That dude who arrive nigga
With a blueprint to all your supply nigga
Fifteen percent tint on the fire nigga
Sometimes I don't know what's inside nigga
Let me show you how bricks get it live nigga
The Time Warner's of the block, showtime nigga
I hit a chick, kick her out, I ain't dialin' her
A gold digger I can see the green mile in her
(Put it down, put it down put it down fool)
The flashy ones get robbed in the bathroom
"Yo get up, yo it's jewelry, it's costume" (Hahaha)
Rollin' like drunk cowboys at high noon Let me see the high niggas on the east side

And whole niggas get high on the west side
A punk nigga outta line, he get checked like
I roll up on his hoe and say, hey
Put it down[Chorus]Look in my eyes nigga
You see a great ball of fire nigga
My trail is blazin', that's right, I'm high nigga
A hard hip hop hitman for hire nigga
My rims are so big, I fucked my alignment up
Grown as hell, I don't throw signs nigga
I continue to Flipmode's like Rah Digga
Barbershop talk, come get you a line nigga
It's permanent press steam on the iron nigga
(Put it down, put it down, put it down girl)
Wherever you pop shit you get found there
Bitch you hot, little tacky with the horse hair
Gillahouse, it's your year and it's on babyWhere them high muthafuckas on the left side
I know there's drunk muthafuckas on the right side
You sayin' "fuck Redman" nigga likewise
This is how I talkin' to your hoe, hey
Put it down[Chorus]Gillahouse, Gilla
Gotti Click
Yo Brick City, you know what it is
Holla at 'cha fuckin' boyBring 'em back, Bring 'em

Songwriters

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