Lay You Down

G-unit

G-Unit, they ain't ready
Ahh
I don't know what you been thinkin', don't know what you been drinkin'
But you get outta line, boy, I'll lay your ass down
Don't know what you been thinkin', don't know what you been drinkin'
But you get outta line, boy, I'll lay your ass down
I've been out in LA with Dre and Snoop for so long
I'm fin ta Crip walk and put some motherfuckin' khakis on
Naw that's aight man I ain't got nothin' to prove
I'm rich but I still live like I got nothin' to lose
Look man, I don't know what you been drinkin'
I don't know what you been thinkin'
But get outta line and Snoop's upside ya head
The media they write whatever they choose
And the cops stay on my ass so I stay on the news
These other rap niggas couldn't walk in my shoes
Went through a bunch of bullshit while I was payin' my dues
They say my music make a gangsta wanna pop somethin'
Well tell them niggas to get poppin' and stop frontin'
You heard of me but do you know how I get down
Stay with a vest on, roll wit a couple tre pounds?
In case you motherfuckers wanna jump bad now
I'll start some bullshit and I'ma lay ya punk ass down
I don't know what you been thinkin', don't know what you been drinkin'
But you get outta line, boy, I'll lay your ass down
Don't know what you been thinkin', don't know what you been drinkin'
But you get outta line, boy, I'll lay your ass down
Hittin' niggas from long range for writin' the wrong thangs
My name Young Buck but I look like a old man
Just 'cuz I like ice don't compare me to Lil Wayne
I make rap niggas disappear like Lil Zane
See Buck been shot, but not more than 50
I don't dance, what I look like signin' wit Diddy?
I got plans, grenades and the G-Unit wit me
And on command, we spray give a fuck who we hittin'
What's in my hand? A tan 'bout a hundred and sixty
Hollow tips, four fifths with the rubber grip
Crips and Bloods they show me love like I'm claimin' a set
These industry niggas know they better pay me my check

I get a kick outta seein' these broke ass rappers
Ten people showed up that's why your show got canceled
50 whatever they did to the kid is handled
Niggas callin' for these features but they get no answers
Fuck y'all niggas
I don't know what you been thinkin', don't know what you been drinkin'
But you get outta line, boy, I'll lay your ass down
Don't know what you been thinkin', don't know what you been drinkin'
But you get outta line, boy, I'll lay your ass down
Everywhere we go, just leaves number one
We won't stop, every billboard chart
We number one, number one, number one
Man we own that slot, we won't stop
I don't know what you been thinkin', don't know what you been drinkin'
But you get outta line, boy, I'll lay your ass down
Don't know what you been thinkin', don't know what you been drinkin'
But you get outta line, boy, I'll lay your ass down
A bitch know it's a privilege if I stop to check her
Nigga all I got is hot shit the kids call me Dr. Pepper
And I don't mean a soda
The 16 top shot loader'll bend ya ass up like yoga
Your fuckin' wit a soldier
I'm sellin' tickets for a first class trip to a hospital folder
So please keep talkin', so we can spread your feet
And have you on your boulevard C walkin'
The birds keep hawkin', why?
'Cuz I'm burnin' every CD and Walkman from D.C. to Boston
I laugh at a snotty chick, bitch I don't argue
I'll leave a print on your ass from a karate kick
Them niggas that I be wit, got guns on the big body tip
And if they pull out, you'd prolly shit
Jewelry got me in heavy gray pictures
Plus I light up trees like every day's Christmas
Shit! Pull that back

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