

# She Dont Put It Down (Feat. Lil Wayne, Tank)

Joe Budden

She ain't got a leg to stand on  
Don't even trip I can take you all over the world though, even tell you pack light  
The last lad couldn't even get a cab ride  
She don't do the blogs, but if she did, she'd be on mad sites  
Ass so mean that I'm always on her bad side  
Uh, now she don't ever stress me 'bout my whereabouts  
Never seems concerned with other birds that she may hear about  
She mind hers, it's my turn, that shit she barely care about  
Look amazing on me, why I'm always tryna wear her out  
She don't ride like you, no she don't taste like that  
Not with a waist like that, do I let her go to waste like that?  
She a mix between Kama Sutra, yoga and porno flicks  
Funny how her breath get shorter when I give her long dick, uh  
And I'm telling y'all straight up  
Might think I imagined shorty even when she not made up  
She kill 'em in Levi's, see why, it ain't even fair  
Look good in whatever she wear, how could other women compare  
They can't I done put another in your space  
Damn if they do, it's been hard to replace  
I just want the same judge sitting on the case  
She gon' hate, but she know  
She don't put it down like you  
Down-down like you, down-down like you, down-down like you  
She don't put it down like you  
Down-down like you, down-down like you, down-down like you  
She don't put it down like you  
Girl you working with the killer  
Ain't nobody fucking with ya  
She don't put it down like you  
Down-down like you, down-down like you, down-down like you  
She don't put it down like you I can see the stars in the day time  
Bitch, I miss you like a deadline  
And the girl I'm with is just the girl I'm with  
I mean it's working out, so we're staying fit  
But you know love is nothing, ask Stan Smith  
But I gotta keep a bad bitch like Brad Pitt  
Remember our first kiss? Or our last kiss?  
I used to go dummy in that pussy, crash test  
You be fucking that nigga like you was fucking me?

Ha, fuck that nigga, he can't fuck with me  
 I'm Tunechi bitch and you know that, and that pussy throw back  
 But any given night, I'd still pop that ass like a Prozac  
 Girl you know you got that murder, a beast in that La Perla  
 And every time we cut, I used to shred her; Ninja Turtles  
 And I know you still love me and I know ya still for me  
 That's why we still fucking, cause she don't put it down like you  
 She don't put it down like you  
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 She don't put it down like you  
 Down-down like you, down-down like you, down-down like you  
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 Down-down like you, down-down like you, down-down like you  
 She don't put it down like you  
 Love being 'round mine, no downtime, still nothing else even matters  
 Can't even walk slow through that mall, 'cause paparazzi running after  
 Baby girl working it like a pro, slow it down or move it faster  
 Whether them lights on or them lights off, like I'm sleeping with the clapper  
 Said she watching what she eat, yet that ass keep getting fatter  
 How I'm sexing her, making likes of hers, no longer be a factor  
 Plus her and I already know, you done turn them all to desperate  
 Climb with the former rather ladder, you already know which one I'd rather  
 Cum on I done put another in your space  
 Damn if they do, it's been hard to replace  
 I just want the same judge sitting on the case  
 She gon' hate, but she know  
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Songwriters

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