

Lay It Down (feat. Nicki Minaj & Corey Gunz)

Lil' Wayne

YMCMB, bitches call me Tunechi Lee
I be with niggas that shoot police
I keep that iron, you can get creased
And if she say she didn't fuck
Bitch ya lying through ya teeth
They say it cost to be the boss
The ones in jail wish they were free
Niggas call me Hi-C because I'm high as you can see
Niggas say they paid they dues
Well I'm checking your receipt
Might as well go stupid
Since this is a stupid beat
Grab the owl out the tree
And ask that bitch, who but me?
Got ya bitch bent over nigga, hands to her feet
Tell that pig and that cow I'll go ham if it's beef
'Cause all my niggas well rounded
Don't fuck with none of these square niggas
Mask on, Ghostface Killah
Draw down and erase niggas
I'm a Blood, is you a blood donor?
Swisher full of that California
I hit it sideways, catacorner
Then she catch that nut like pneumonia
Lil Tunechi Lay it down ho
Lay it down bitch
Lay it down ho
Lay it down, lay it down, lay it down
You hoes lay it down, lay it down, lay it down
You hoes lay it down Put the money on the couch nigga
Gimme everything up in you house nigga,
Shut yo mouth nigga Put the money on the couch nigga
Gimme everything up in you house nigga,
Shut yo mouth nigga Yeah Start it up, vroom vroom
Uppercut a bitch out the bus, boom boom
Unless I get the brain, poom poom
She let a nigga run and get the gang
Run a train, zoom zoom
Tryna get paid too soon, one deep

One sweep away in a room room
We getting money over here
Talking shit and fucking bitches
I don't know what the fuck they doing Tune
My syrup purple, my turf Earth
My birth circle, I'll dirt surf you
I'll squirt murk you, my verse hurtful
My shooters still got curb curfews
Y'all 'bout as hot as Von Dutch
Y'all not gone harm much
Hijack y'all some prom busts
Ain't no retreat but my arms up
No graffiti, my bombs up
It's Young Money in this shit
Until a nigga dead and gone
If you wanna set it off, what you wanna bet it on?
I'm betting the wedding's off when everything is wetted on
Point 'em out, Truk ya life
Fuck ya style, fuck with me
You a bucket foul, niggas'll buck ya smile
For a dunkin pile, you better duck it, palLay it down ho (Yeah)
Lay it down bitch (and I smoke)
Lay it down ho
Lay it down, lay it down, lay it down
You hoes lay it down, lay it down, lay it down
You hoes lay it downoh yo, shawty, what's yo name?
Is you tricking? Is you paying?
Is you sniffing on that cane?
What the fuck is you saying?
If you getting it, then you getting it
It's my money I ain't splitting it
I ain't tripling it, if she got a fat ass
Then I'm tipping it (tippin' it)
Came out the bank, bye teller
Give a bum money, hi fella
Bad lil' ho, high yellow
Brand new roley, sky dweller
Just left from Dubai
Flew private eye
I made a million dollars,
Swear to God that ain't no lie
I said them niggas was poppin'
Fake niggas be watchin'
My black glove be drippin' wet
But I got my Cochran

Losing ain't no option
I'm teaching bitches my doctrine
The Maybach ain't poppin'
If it ain't got no partationOops I mean partition
It's all a part of my vision
I sit and count this money while I watch you bitches auditionI said, oops I mean partition
It's all a part of my vision
I sit and count this money while I watch you bitches auditionDa fuck is wrong with you bitches?
I don't give a fuck
You don't hear me, you don't see me.
Bitch you gon' feel me hoe
Young Money
Young-young Money nigga.
Young-young, lay it down, lay it down, you hoes lay it down
Lay it down, lay it down, you hoes lay it down, ah!

Songwriters

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