Lay It Down 2

8Ball & MJG

(Eightball we doin this shit once again For you fake ass niggaz lay it the fuck down BEYITCH)

Lay it down, lay it down You hoes lay it down Lay it down, lay it down You hoes lay it down

He's got his head tilted back on his face is a frown Who's that nigga there it's Thorough bitch So don't you clown, the sound and style, of Swisher after Swisher Oh how I wish ya would step so I could hit ya With wicked shit slick and swift As I slaughter quick, oughta flip with fluents To show you how we be doin in the Suave House federation; that is cat You don't know how it's comin cause you don't where it's at A mack of all trades, low cut, tight fade We all get paid, so gets sprayed, so buster behave My flavor's deep, please peep, I ain't soft I represent at all cost and always got my niner out So eeease back cause you marks can't hang with me I got to much game in me, killin ain't no thang to me Give a nut check, and I see you outta place And I say that to say you're a BITCH, and you ain't got what it takes To stop the funk mutha from freelance jackin Brushes up on yo skills, cause fool I ain't lackin With my hands on my dick, my click is thick so don't clown Bitches we ain't playin you hoes lay it down

It's Sunday morning, I'm stil yawnin from the night before So much sess in my chest from the Swishers I smoke OH NO! Who is this hoe in the bed with me? I remember the pussy but I don't remember her name G Grab me Swisher cut it up and fill it with weed, hit that hoe In the head, and tell her get out of my bed you damn freak Hopped into the shower for an hour, it was hot as hell Got dressed and ran a gold comb through my curls Walkin out of the house slow, tellin that hoe come on let's go First I crack up the music then, hit the switch on my six-four Candy coated paint, got the bitches at the bus stop sick But at the same time on my dick, thick Beat a bitch quick I'm sick, full of Swishers and malt liquor I'm a killa on them sticks, aggivated hallucinatin Tryin to let go of my frustration But some my luck, nigga gonna be a med patient I gotta nine uzi AK, but that shit don't really matter Cause if I gotta I will rat-a-tat-a To splatter the guts of nigga with no nuts And if you step to Suave you will have to lay it down

Here comes the spy, that fry, get high, and get head rushed The number one gangsta you can't touch or bust So steppin is the wrong that you gots to come against me You best to do a driveby and be prayin that you hit me Cause nigga if you miss me I'm a have to draw my gat And take yo ass way back, cause way back way back in the days I used to beat dope fiends down just get paid Live my life as a hustler, sellin drugs was my only J My moms was a trick hoe I had nowhere to stay And nigga that's fucked all my homies are loners I've been on this for ten years so I'm known on corners With bitches and prostitutes, pimps and killa thugs Five-oh harrassin me, so Crime Boss is feelin slugs A good guy gone bad, devious fuckin kid Victim of?, shit that my momma did These dope beats comin up, I'm servin those clucker bitches My beeper still goin off, I'm thinkin of addin riches For dollars and sense, see I gotta have it goin on, Or be trapped in this hole for too motherfuckin long IT'S ON!

Thirty buster in yard talkin shit bout a bitch Claimin to be that bitch's family but they look like dirty tricks Talkin about why did I meet that hoe, fuck the hoe Charge the hoe, break the hoe, bust her inside her shit and go Suckers how the fuck you think that MJG was gonna slip On the only reason you mad cause you sister couldn't pussy whip A back breakin, check takin, pimp nigga constantly makin Money off you and your lady, nigga I ain't tradin Why don't you niggaz understand I'm the pimp she's the hoe Now that I told you now you know, break that chain and let her go Back on the track shake that ass, make my money Make it fast, get yo head swoll bringin me checks bitch bring me cash Drop yo panties, to let you start To open your mouth, slurp and slob On this dick you, he's the trick you's a bitch, do ya job When you through, get up and go, get the cheese, hit the door Catch a cab, back to the lab, bring my motherfuckin money hoe Don't you ever front me with a lame lie about my bank Oh shit, look out bitch, dump a bitch catch a plane Yeah hoe now you know, I'm a pimp, and I'm a clown all upside yo head Yeah bitch, I'm a lay it down

[Chorus x2]