

Lay Down Da Law

Lil' O

[Intro:]

Can't stop, playa I refuse to lose
Shed many tears over years, see I paid my dues
I won't stop, see survival ain't no joke
Cause I'd rather be dead, than live my whole life broke
And I can't stop (what), and I won't stop (yeah)
And I can't stop (what), and I won't stop (come on)
And I can't stop (yeah), and I won't stop (huh)
And I can't stop (what), y'all know who this is

[Lil' O:]

Haters yell mama-mia, when I drop the top yelling Southsi' for li'
Hop out the two seater, with a bad bitch named Kanchita
Let the eater, play a peter
I'm a Southside super playa, you marks like it deeper
Southwest block bleeder, (you ain't shit) stop lying
Hater quit crying, cause you see starched and ironed
But I ain't gon trip, I understand why you hate us
We hopping out of bubble X, wearing alligators
Dirty South heavy weighter, Fat Rat with the Cheese
Went from fifty packs to fifty stacks, I'm holding the streets
Holding my heat, it ain't sweet boy I still get's raw
But I don't shoot boys no more, I send killers for y'all
You can find me at the bar, baby busting bottles open
But bar none boys around me, all these bitches scoping
Knowing I ain't gotta ask, tonight I'm hitting them skins
I dedicate this to the D.A., and the guards in the Penn

[Hook: x2]

I'ma ball till I fall, drink some Cristal
Hit some jazzy broads, trick up in the mall
See flicks we never saw, make these haters drop they jaws
Like the cash on my ass, I'ma lay down the law

[Lil' O:]

Now it's twenty inches, on a six hundred Benz
Plus the license and insurance, I got corners to bend
I got money to spend, a lot of bitches few friends
I'm trying to ball till I fall, addicted to Benjamins
We the movers and the shakers, the heavy hitters
They heavyweights the bitch breakers, the ki bakers
You can't mistake us, for the fakers
We thugging baby, in the Dirty South Houston Tex chunk calling grace
I keep the blades on the Range Ro', hit some blocks
Open the roof, let the sunshine hit my rocks
I'm in the church every Sunday, thanking God for my stock
No one performs against me, shall prosper I can't stop
Bust your glock if you feel me, went from nothing to known
Loading model bitches numbers, in my cellular phone
Before I let the jackers get me, I'll be blasting my chrome
Knowing God blessed the child, that can hold his own

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O:]

One day I'll be the biggest of the bosses, like Colassis see me flossing
In Rolls Royces packing Nina Ross's, back to back Ferarri horses

Take no shorts no losses, I make choices in life
Ball till I fall hustle hard, shine in the face of the shife
And if these haters take my life, know that I died as a hustler
And bury me in my gators, bald faded shining my clusters
See these busters laughed at me, didn't cry stayed humble
See if you struggle then you hustle, so I grinded and chuckled
Then I showed up blowed up, put it in they face
Then put em in a coffin, I mean put em in they place
Cause they tried to get raw, but them boys got baked
Cause I could look into they eyes, and just tell they was gay
Ain't nothing fake, about this
Whoever ain't down, getting taken out quick
And if rap don't work, it's back to breaking down bricks
And running up in spots and just taking y'all shit, I'm serious bout my chip
s

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O:]

Still can't stop, still won't stop [x10]