

Put It Down

Redman

I got it, come on, nigga
Oh, oh, yeah, yo
Yeah, get, nigga

Redman got fire, nigga
Shots'll ring your hood when I'm high nigga
Shots of Cuervo are fuckin' up my liver
Shots from the cameras on my niggas

Girlfriend drunk so I'll jump around wit her
I step inside, you're quiet like a mime, nigga
My watch do more things than James Bond, nigga
I'm a do it now, I ain't gonna try, nigga

Put it down, put it down, put it down, girl
You better grind 'cause you ain't spending mine, girl
When Timbaland plan and I'll do the ground work
Whether you in Tims, Air Force or Converse

Let me see the high niggas on the left side
And whole muthafuckas smokin' on the right side
You sayin', "Fuck Gillahouse" nigga likewise
This is how I walk up on your ho, hey, put it down

Put it down, put it down, put it down
(We gots to get down, niggas, you gots to get down)
Put it down, put it down, put it down
(Bitches you gots to get down)
(How we put it down)

Put it down, put it down, put it down
(We gots to get down)
Put it down, put it down, put it down
(Niggas, you gots to get down)
Put it down, put it down, put it down
(Bitches you gots to get down)
(Show you how we put it down)

Who am I, nigga? That dude who arrive, nigga
With a blueprint to all your supply, nigga
Fifteen percent tint on the 'fire, nigga
Sometimes I don't know what's inside, nigga

Let me show you how bricks get alive, nigga
The Time Warner's of the block, show time, nigga
I hit a chick, kick her out, I ain't battlin' her
A gold digger I can see the green mile in her

Put it down, put it down put it down, fool
The flashy ones get robbed in the bathroom
"Yo, get up, yo, it's jewelry, it's costume"
Rollin' like drunk cowboys at high noon

Let me see the high niggas on the East side
And whole niggas get high on the West side
A punk nigga outta line, he get checked like
I roll up on his ho and say, hey, put it down

Put it down, put it down, put it down
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Put it down, put it down, put it down
(Bitches you gots to get down)
(How we put it down)

Put it down, put it down, put it down
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Put it down, put it down, put it down
(Bitches, you gots to get down)
(Show you how we put it down)

Look in my eyes, nigga
You see a great ball of fire, nigga
My trail is blazin' that's right, I'm high, nigga
A hard hip hop hitman for hire, nigga
My rims so big, I fucked my alignment up

Grown as hell, I don't throw signs, nigga
I continue to Flipmode's like Rhy, nigga
Barbershop talk, come, get you a line, nigga
It's permanent press steam on the iron, nigga

Put it down, put it down, put it down, girl
Wherever you pop shit you get found there
Bitch, you hot, little tacky with the horse hair
Gillahouse, it's your year and it's on, baby

Where them high muthafuckas on the left side?
I know there's drunk muthafuckas on the right side
You sayin', "Fuck Redman", nigga likewise
This is how I talkin' to your ho, hey, put it down

Put it down, put it down, put it down
(We gots to get down, niggas, you gots to get down)
Put it down, put it down, put it down
(Bitches you gots to get down)
(How we put it down)

Put it down, put it down, put it down
(We gots to get down)
Put it down, put it down, put it down
(Niggas, you gots to get down)
Put it down, put it down, put it down
(Bitches, you gots to get down)
(Show you how we put it down, down)

Gillahouse, gilla here, Gotti Click
Yo Brick City, you know what it is
Holla atcha fuckin' boy

Bring 'em back