

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
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
Yall bout as hot as von dutch

Yall not gone harm much
 Hijack yall some prom busts
 Ain't no retreat but my arms up
 We don't 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, paLay it down ho
 Lay it down bitch
 Lay it down ho
 Lay it downLay it down, lay it down
 You hoes lay it down
 Lay it down, lay it down
 You hoes lay it downShawty, 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 splittiing it
 I ain't tripling it, if she got a fat ass, then I'm tipping it
 Come 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 audition
 Oops I mean partition, it's all a part of my vision
 I sit and count this money while I watch you bitches auditionI don't give a fuck
 You don't hear me, you don't see me.
 Bitch you gon' feel me ho
 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!
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

