

50 Cent "Lay Your Ass Down"

Visit "[Lay Your Ass Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

CHORUS

I don't know what you been thinking
Don't know what you been drinking
But you get out of line boy
I'll lay your ass down

50 CENT

I been down in LA with Dre and Snoop for so long
I'm finna crip walk and put some mother fuckin khakis
on
Nah that iight man I ain't got nuttin to prove
I'm rich but I still live like I got nuttin to lose
Look man I don't know what you been drinkin'
I don't know what you been thinkin'
But you get out line and ??? hit you upside the head
Media they right whatever they choose
The cops stay on my ass so I stay on the news
These other rap niggas couldn't walk in my shoes
Went through a bunch of bullshit while I was payin my
dues
They say my music make a gangster want to pop
something
Well tell them niggas they could pop this and stop
frontin'
You heard a nigga do you know how I get down
Stay with my vest on and roll with a couple of tre
pounds
In case you mother fuckers want to jump bad now
Start some bullshit and imma lay punk ass down

CHORUS

YOUNG BUCK

Hating niggas from long range for writing the wrong
thangs
My name Young Buck but I look like an old man
Just cause I like ice don't compare me to Lil Wayne
I make rap niggas disappear like lil thangs
See Buck been shot but not more than 50
I don't dance but I look like signing with Diddy
I got plans, grenades, and the G-Unit with me

No commands we spray, give a fuck who we hittin
Bustin my hand I pay em about 160
Hollow tips, four fifth with the rupper grips
Crips and Bloods they show me love like I'm claiming
the set
These industry niggas know they better pay me my
check
I get a kick outta seeing these broke ass rappers
Ten people showed up that's why your show got
cancelled
50 whatever they did to kid is handled
Niggas callin 4 these features but they get no answer
Fuck yall niggaz!

CHORUS

50 CENT

Everywhere we go, guess whose number one
We won't stop, every billboard chart (we number one
number one number one)
??

CHORUS

LLOYD BANKS

Bitches know it's a privilege
If I stop to check her
Niggas all I got is hot shit the kids call me Dr Pepper
And I don't mean the soda
The sixteen top shot loada I'll bend ya ass up like yoga
You fuckin with a soulja
Selling tickets for a first class trip to a hospital folda
So please keep talking so we could spread your feet
Have you on your boulevard C walking
The birds keep hawking Why?
Cause im hurtin every CD I'm walking
from DC to Boston
I laugh at a snotty chick bitch I don't argue
I'll leave a print on your ass Imma karate kid
The niggas that I be with got guns
On the big body tip and if they pull out
You guarding and shit
You got me in a heavy gray picture
Plus I light up trees like everyday is Christmas

Visit [50 Cent](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.