

## **Redman f/ Timbaland**

### **"Put it Down"**

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\* first single; send corrections to the typist

[Timbaland]

Yeah

Oh Oh

[Redman]

Yeah

[Timbaland]

Yeah, get nigga

[Verse 1]

Redman got fire nigga

Shots are in 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 gonna 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

[Hook]

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, show you how we get it down)

(Get nigga)

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, show you how we get it down)

[Verse 2]

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 it live nigga  
The Time Warner's of the block, showtime nigga  
I hit a chick, kick her out, I ain't battlin her  
A golddigger 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" (Hahaha)  
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

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

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 are 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

[Hook]

[Outro]

Gillahouse  
Gotti Click  
Yo Brick City, you know what it is

Holla atcha fuckin boy

Bring em back

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