

Eightball

"Lay It Down"

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(music plays in bakground)
(eightball we doin this shit once again
for you fake ass niggaz lay it the fuck down BEYITCH)

Intro/Chorus:

lay it down, lay it down
you hoes lay it down
lay it down, lay it down
you hoes lay it down

Verse One: Thorough

He's got his head tilted back on his face is a frown
Who's that nigga there it's Thorough bitch
So don't you clown, the sound and style, of Swisher
after Swisher
Oh how I wish ya would step so I could hit ya
With wicked shit slick and swift
as I slaughter quick, oughta flip with fluents
to show you how we be doin in the Suave House
federation; that is cat
You don't know how it's comin cause you don't where
it's at
A mack of all trades, low cut, tight fade
We all get paid, so gets sprayed, so buster behave
My flavor's deep, please peep, I ain't soft
I represent at all cost and always got my niner out
So eeease back cause you marks can't hang with me
I got to much game in me, killin ain't no thang to me
Give a nut check, and I see you outta place
And I say that to say you're a BITCH, and you ain't got
what it takes
to stop the funk mutha from freelance jackin
Brushes up on yo skills, cause fool I ain't lackin
With my hands on my dick, my click is thick so don't
clown
bitches we ain't playin you hoes lay it down

Chorus: repeat 2X

Verse Two: Eightball

It's Sunday morning, I'm stil yawnin from the night
before
So much sess in my chest from the Swishers I smoke
OH NO!!!! Who is this hoe in the bed with me?
I remember the pussy but I don't remember her name
G
Grab me Swisher cut it up and fill it with weed, hit that
hoe
in the head, and tell her get out of my bed you damn
freak
Hopped into the shower for an hour, it was hot as hell
Got dressed and ran a gold comb through my curls
Walkin out of the house slow, tellin that hoe come on
let's go
First I crack up the music then, hit the switch on my six-
four
Candy coated paint, got the bitches at the bus stop sick
but at the same time on my dick, thick
Beat a bitch quick I'm sick, full of Swishers and malt
liquor
I'm a killa on them sticks, aggivated hallucinatin
Tryin to let go of my frustration
but some my luck, nigga gonna be a med patient
I gotta nine uzi AK, but that shit don't really matter
Cause if I gotta I will rat-a-tat-a
to splatter the guts of nigga with no nuts
and if you step to Suave you will have to lay it down

Chorus: repeat 2X

Verse Three: Crime Boss

Here comes the spy, that fry, get high, and get head
rushed
the number one gangsta you can't touch or bust
so steppin is the wrong that you gots to come against
me
you best to do a driveby and be prayin that you hit me
Cause nigga if you miss me I'ma have to draw my gat
and take yo ass way back, cause way back way back in
the days
I used to beat dope fiends down just get paid
Live my life as a hustler, sellin drugs was my only J
My moms was a trick hoe I had nowhere to stay
And nigga that's fucked all my homies are loners
I've been on this for ten years so I'm known on corners
with bitches and prostitutes, pimps and killa thugs
Five-oh harrassin me, so Crime Boss is feelin slugs
A good guy gone bad, devious fuckin kid

Victim of ?, shit that my momma did
These dope beats comin up, I'm servin those clucker
bitches
My beeper still goin off, I'm thinkin of addin riches
for dollars and sense, see I gotta have it goin on,
or be trapped in this hole for too motherfuckin long
IT'S ON!!!!

Verse Four: MJG

Thirty buster in yard talkin shit bout a bitch
claimin to be that bitch's family but they look like dirty
tricks
talkin about why did I meet that hoe, fuck the hoe
charge the hoe, break the hoe, bust her inside her shit
and go
Suckers how the fuck you think that MJG was gonna slip
on the only reason you mad cause you sister couldn't
pussy whip
a back breakin, check takin, pimp nigga constantly
makin
money off you and your lady, nigga I ain't tradin
Why don't you niggaz understand I'm the pimp she's
the hoe
Now that Itold you now you know, break that chain and
let her go
Back on the track shake that ass, make my money
Make it fast, get yo head swoll bringin me checks bitch
bring me cash
Drop yo panties, to let you start
To open your mouth, slurp and slob
on this dick you, he's the trick you's a bitch, do ya job
when you through, get up and go, get the cheese, hit
the door
Catch a cab, back to the lab, bring my motherfuckin
money hoe
don't you ever front me with a lame lie about my bank
Oh shit, look out bitch, dump a bitch catch a plane
Yeah hoe now you know, I'm a pimp, and I'ma clown all
upside yo head
Yeah bitch, I'ma lay it down

Chorus: repeat 2X

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