

## **G-Unit**

# **"Lay Ya Ass Down"**

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

G-Unit, they ain't ready, ah

I don't know what you've been thinkin'  
Don't know what you've been drinkin'  
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass down  
Don't know what you've been thinkin'  
Don't know what you've been drinkin'  
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass down

I've been out in L.A. with Dre and Snoop for so long  
I'm fin ta crip walk and put some motherfucking khakis  
on  
Naw that's aight man I ain't got nothin' to prove  
I'm rich but I still live like I got nothin' to lose

Look man, I don't know what you've been drinkin'  
I don't know what you've been thinkin'  
But get outta line and Snoop's upside ya head  
The media they write whatever they choose  
And 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 paying my  
dues  
They say my music make a gangsta wanna pop  
somethin'  
Well, tell them niggas to get poppin' and stop frontin'

You heard of me but do you know how I get down  
Stay with a vest on, roll with a couple tre-pounds  
In case you motherfuckers wanna jump bad now  
I'll start some bullshit and I'ma lay ya punk ass down

I don't know what you've been thinkin'  
Don't know what you've been drinkin'  
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass down  
Don't know what you've been thinkin'  
Don't know what you've been drinkin'  
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass down

Hittin' niggas from long range for writin' the wrong  
thangs

My name Young Buck but I look like a old man  
Just 'cause I like Ice don't compare me to Lil' Wayne  
I make rap niggas dissapear like Lil' Zane

See Buck been shot, but not more than 50  
I don't dance, what I look like signin' with Diddy?  
I got plans, grenades and the G-Unit with me  
And on command, we spray give a fuck who we hittin'

What's in my hand? A tan 'bout a hundred and sixty  
Hollow tips, four-fifths with the rubber grip  
Crips and bloods they show me love like I'm claimin' a set  
These industry niggas know they better pay me my  
check

I get a kick outta seein' these broke ass rappers  
Ten people showed up that's why your show got  
canceled  
50 whatever they did to the kid is handled  
Niggas callin' for these features but they get no  
answers fuck y'all niggas

I don't know what you've been thinkin'  
Don't know what you've been drinkin'  
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass down  
Don't know what you've been thinkin'  
Don't know what you've been drinkin'  
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass down

Everywhere we go, just leaves number one  
We won't stop, every Billboard chart  
We number one, number one, number one  
Man we own that slot, we won't stop

I don't know what you've been thinkin'  
Don't know what you've been drinkin'  
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass down  
Don't know what you've been thinkin'  
Don't know what you've been drinkin'  
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass down

A bitch know it's a privilege if I stop to check her  
Nigga all I got is hot shit the kids call me Dr. Pepper  
And I don't mean a soda  
The sixteen top shot loader will bend ya ass up like  
yoga

Your fuckin' with a soldier  
I'm sellin' tickets for a first class trip to a hospital folder  
So please keep talkin'

So we can spread your feet, and have you on your  
Boulevard C-walkin'

The birds keep hawkin', why?  
'Cause I'm burnin' every CD and walkman from D.C. to  
Boston  
I laugh at a snotty chick, bitch I don't argue  
I'll leave a print in your ass from a karate kick

Them niggas that I be with, got guns on the big body  
tip  
And if they pull out you'd prolly shit  
Jewelry got me in heavy gray pictures  
Plus I light up trees like every day's Christmas

Shit, pull that back

Visit [G-Unit](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.