

## Joe Budden "Lower"

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I tell her, sooner or later this club gon' close  
And you'll be looking for something to do  
She'll be looking for somewhere to go  
Sooner or later this club gon' close  
I'm the nigga you gon' wanna see  
Time the nigga you gon' wanna know

[Joe Budden - Verse 1]

Look, face is incredible, amazing  
Had to notice as I passed on the way in  
Gave her, she crashed where I was staying  
I then had to tell her, relax we aint dating  
Can't get the hotel suite with the fire place  
Without Serena legs and the Maya waist  
Good hair and skin like she should model more  
Drunk off of shots so what would I buy the bottle for  
In a Jaguar, she a cougar only came her for the  
hoopers  
Still a nigga brought the ruger  
He aint got no idea that I'm surrounded by them  
shooters  
Never know if I'ma have to treat 'em like he an  
intruder  
Now back to the shawty though, she say it's natural  
Lipo scarred but its covered by a tattoo  
Bounced on the girlfriend, they aint even mad at you  
What they even mad at though, yeah I like that attitude

[Hook]

Now cut the lights down just a little lower  
Just a little lower (x3)  
Grab her by the thigh and get her to come closer  
Let her feel a gun size in the holster  
Then fill her glass to the top she too sober  
Cut the lights down just a little lower  
Then hit the corner, something I gotta show ya

[Young Chris - Verse 2]

Ride so clean where the fuck is my roof  
Somebody girl gon' gettin' f-cked in my coupe  
No chain drippin' lets give 'em the Cartier  
Ride up to the club we brings the party here

Where them hoes at, try to f-ck something  
New toya, bout to buck something  
Know the haters out, gotta tuck something  
Cant get the gun in the club I gotta cut something  
Only pretty girls, no duck huntinâ€™™  
Itâ€™™ s that time of the whaat? Bitch suck something  
Straight shots, peach Ciroc and lâ€™™ m off  
Before you know it, the party be in the house  
Get up on that, get up in that  
Open wide girl, get ya chin back  
My type of bitch yeah, where you been at  
Lights way too bright you gotta dim that

[Hook]

[Joe Budden - Verse 3]

Shape, she should be on a poster  
She get it in, a little jack, a little soda  
And lâ€™™ ll take it from the pole to the sofa  
Send her back out with her pussy all re-upholstered  
Shawty bad though, lâ€™™ m talking dumb fine  
All I need to do is hit it one time  
Bet I be the nigga she gon wanna confine  
Try to bring the cuffs out, now lâ€™™ m feeling confined  
I aint chase her, other niggas fought hard  
You thinks its scarier, marry her, courtyard  
Me I beat it up, take the assault charge  
Marks all over her body like a report card  
I need a witness, come and look at all of that  
Say she been around, I ignore pass  
My bread is my bread I wont support her ass  
All that mean is theres no rings in the forecast

[Hook]

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