

## **Carter Family**

### **"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 I told 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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