

## Lil Wayne

### "Lay It Down"

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[Verse 1: Lil Wayne]

YMCMB, bitches call me Tunechi Lee  
I be with niggas that shoot police  
I keep that iron, you can get creased  
And if she say she didn't fuck, bitch ya lying through ya  
teeth  
They say it cost to be the boss, the ones in jail wish they  
were free  
Niggas call me Hi-C because I'm high as you can see  
Niggas say they paid they dues, well I'm checking your  
receipt  
Might as well go stupid since this is a stupid beat  
Grab the owl out the tree, and ask that bitch, who but  
me?  
Got ya bitch bent over nigga, hands to her feet  
Tell that pig and that cow I'll go ham if it's beef  
Cause all my niggas well rounded, don't fuck with none  
of these square niggas  
Mask on, Ghostface Killah, draw down and erase  
niggas  
I'm a Blood, is you a blood donor?  
Swisher full of that California  
I hit it sideways, catacorner  
Then she catch that nut like pneumonia  
Lil Tunechi

[Hook]

Lay it down ho  
Lay it down bitch  
Lay it down ho  
Lay it down

Lay it down, lay it down  
You hoes lay it down (x2)

Put the money on the couch nigga  
Gimme everything up in you house nigga,  
Shut yo mouth nigga (x2)

[Verse 2: Cory Gunz]

Start it up, vroom vroom

Uppercut a bitch out the bus, boom boom  
Unless I get the brain, poom poom  
She let a nigga run and get the gang, run a train, zoom  
zoom  
Tryna get paid too soon, one deep  
One sweep away in a room room  
We getting money over here, talking shit and fucking  
bitches, I don't know what the fuck they doing Tune  
My syrup purple, my turf Earth  
My birth circle, I'll dirt surf you  
I'll squirt murk you, my verse hurtful  
My shooters still got curb curfews  
Yall bout as hot as von dutch  
Yall not gone harm much  
Hijack yall some prom busts  
Ain't no retreat but my arms up  
We don't graffiti, my bombs up  
It's Young Money in this shit until a nigga dead and  
gone  
If you wanna set it off, what you wanna bet it on?  
I'm betting the wedding's off when everything is wetted  
on  
Point 'em out, Truk ya life  
Fuck ya style, fuck with me  
You a bucket foul, niggas'll buck ya smile  
For a dunkin pile, you better duck it, pal

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Nicki Minaj]

Shawty, what's yo name?  
Is you tricking? Is you paying?  
Is you sniffing on that cane?  
What the fuck is you saying?  
If you getting it, then you getting it  
It's my money I ain't splittiing it  
I ain't tripling it, if she got a fat ass, then I'm tipping it  
Come out the bank, bye teller  
Give a bum money, hi fella  
Bad lil ho, high yellow  
Brand new roley, sky dweller  
Just left from Dubai  
Flew private eye  
I made a million dollars, swear to God that ain't no lie  
I said them niggas was poppin  
Fake niggas be watchin  
My black glove be drippin wet, but I got my Cochran  
Losing ain't no option, I'm teaching bitches my doctrine  
The Maybach ain't poppin if it ain't got no partation

Oops I mean partition, it's all a part of my vision

I sit and count this money while I watch you bitches  
audition (x2)

I donâ€™t give a fuck  
You donâ€™t hear me, you donâ€™t see me.  
Bitch you gon' feel me ho  
Young Money  
Young-young Money nigga.  
Young-young, lay it down, lay it down, you hoes lay it  
down  
Lay it down, lay it down, you hoes lay it down, ah!

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