

T-Pain "Put It Down"

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Hey, what's up girl? What took you so long to get ready? Stop playing
Who? Don't worry about if I carry 'em around
If I didn't have one you would mad
Don't worry about that, I got that, T-Pain

Baby give me a reason so I can touch it how I want to
And make love to you how them other lame *** want to
Gone girl what you gone do, on my nappy head
You can pull with my nappy dreads if you want to

Shawty, I'ma put it on you and make you think
That you the girl I be singing all my songs to
You got me thinking me and you went to
Drinking and sipping on that Patron we done been got it
on boo

But for now we can just sit and chill
You never had love making like this for real
Come on baby, it's just appeal
Now take it down slow and let me take it down low, let's
go, let's go

So you know, it's about to go down now
Speed it up baby, can't slow down now
Tell ya closet freak, she can come out now
Why you think they call me Teddy Penderazdown?

Now I know, you didn't expect me to go low, now you
know
From the top to the bottom, now that I got you
I'ma stick, stick, stick, stick, sting, ooh
I'ma stick, stick, stick, stick, sting, ooh

Now I know, you didn't expect me
To just turn you round, *** , put it down, put it down
From the top to the bottom, now that I got you
I'ma stick, stick, stick, stick, sting, ooh
I'ma stick, stick, stick, stick, ooh

You got a *** on swoll like a T-Pain show in Tallahassee
Never put that *** on hold, I'm too nasty

Don't ever underestimate T-Pain
You should have known when I was biting on your belly
button chain

That you are about to receive some of that guitar
tongue
Trying tell me like you don't want none
Trying sit up in the bed trying act all calm
Acting like it ain't good trying hold that ***

But you know that I'm the best, you know you
teddiverset
It's the first ten minutes, you ain't felt *** yet
I got the whips, I got the chain, I got the handcuffs too
But ain't none of that for me, I'm about to handcuff you

That's the freaky *** , I keep on skiting *** and making
licky leaking ***
That take her *** back to the church, preacher and
deacon ***
I'm beating it, let's try computer love, I keep deleting it
I'm *** under the dresser, the bedroom floor and the
sheets and ***

Now I know, you didn't expect me to go low, now you
know
From the top to the bottom, now that I got you
I'ma stick, stick, stick, stick, sting, ooh
I'ma stick, stick, stick, stick, sting, ooh

Now I know, you didn't expect me
To just turn you round, spread it out, put it down, put it
down
From the top to the bottom, now that I got you
I'ma stick, stick, stick, stick, ooh
I'ma stick, stick, stick, stick, sting, ooh

What you doing? Take ya pants off
Not that fast, do it slower, you gone ruin the mood
Move ya hand, let me see

Baby girl won't you let a *** slide in them guts?
My little man wanna hide them guts
I'ma take my time with them guts
And baby girl when I'm in them guts
You ain't gotta worry 'bout ya man 'cause

I bet he can't do it like me
(Nope, nope)
Bet he can't do it like me

Now I know, you didn't expect me to go low, now you
know
From the top to the bottom, now that I got you
I'ma stick, stick, stick, stick, ooh
I'ma stick, stick, stick, stick, ooh

Now I know, you didn't expect me
To just turn you round, *** , put it down, put it down
Put it down, put it down

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