

Obie Trice "Lay Down"

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Here we go

You could get popped, it's a possibility up in my vicinity
Poppin? off with that hostile energy, in a hospital
With a doctor getting in when adrenaline is mixed
With an obnoxious temperament

Honestly, I got a monster pistol gripped and I
commence to spit
None of y'all exempt from it, spit, spit, passes from it
You get stiff from it, church man see your box plummet
And I will never let 'em give it to me

I gotta live to be one hundred and three
Gotta reach my epitome, wanna seize my enemy
And receive my penalty n****

Lay down
(Lay down)
I'm a man, man, I ain't runnin?
I'ma stand wit my gun in my hand
I got plans and a place to be

I ain't tryna cocky wit it but I'm a n**** from the block
that did it
Got a nine that's livid, I ain't tryna see the box in prison
Getting knocked outta my position, now I got a pot to
piss in
Pissed off motherf****ers' mouth off b****in

Probably ?cause he lack ambition, so his wack
decisions
Get mad at the n**** that's getting 'em
That's when he see the next n**** that's hittin? him
With a vigorous pistol over this ridiculous issue

Dismiss you, in attempt to
Take me out my motherf***in tempo n****

Lay down
(Lay down)
I'm a man, man, I ain't runnin?

I'ma stand wit my gun in my hand
I got plans and a place to be

N****z get nauseated, a artist made it
Had it hard against odds and emancipated
To the floor I spit cause, god damn they hate it
To see the lady they dated caterin? to the latest

Shadiest artist, up in my radius
Get faded with a plated revolver
Rated me R, haters get faded with horror
Erased, no fate for tomorrow

All cause he think he hard tough
Got a car ?cause he was runnin? at the mouth, hush
I will never let 'em give it to me
I gotta live to be one hundred and three

Gotta reach my epitome, or decease my enemy
And receive my penalty, that'll be the end of he
Tryna seize my entities, finna be the end of his identity
When I tell him to

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(Lay down)
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Lay down
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