

## **Big Tymers F/ Gotti, Mikkey, TQ**

### **"Down Bottom"**

Visit "[Down Bottom](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Juve] Mmmm hmmmmm

[Drag] Ha ha hah

Oh! Damn, now bop to this

Yeah, uhh, uhh, y'all know what this is (flame on)

Juvenile, Drag-On (flame on)

And now.. Swizz Swizz Beats, yea!

[Drag-On]

Me and my niggaz done licked shots, even done hit  
cops

Betcha niggaz can't wait til my shit drop

Treat you like your momma, give you lip a pop

Nigga you don't want my clip to drop

Cause that means I'm empty, and you're full of it

Check what the bullet did

Missiles gonna hit you get you, rip through tissue

Shoot another rhyme just cause I missed you

I make plus cash, you little niggaz can't fuck wit Drag

Got the chain out, so his muscle grabs

Nigga fuck that, you better bust back

'fore ya monkey-ass land where the dust at

Ride like the girl but you can't trust cash

Spit line of fire and he can't touch black

All you can do is cuss back

in your weak raps bout how you bust gats

Nigga we don't need that, I don't care about your  
feedback

Y'all niggaz don't feed Drag

Til a motherfucker pull out, bust a bullet out

in the safe house, nigga where the keys at

Nigga where the stash at, nigga where the weed at

Nigga pass that 'fore I pull my trigger

Matter fact where the ass at, cause I got the "Rough  
Rider"

and I ain't talkin bout my niggaz

Cause nigga we can go hoe for hoe, toe to toe, blow for  
blow

and when you feel your nose crack

That mean I broke that, I fill a po'-po' wit a flame  
thrower

like I told yo' befo' ya know umm - you can't handle  
You can put me on wax but my fire burn candles  
And who that nigga Ruff Rydin, Drag-On  
Y'all niggaz and Southsiders

Chorus: Drag-On + Various (repeat 2X)

Do y'all niggaz bust y'all guns?  
(Hell yeah we bust our guns!!)  
Do y'all fuck them til they cum?  
(Damn right we make them cum!!)  
It's for the North (HEY) South (HEY)  
East (HEY) West (HEY)  
Ruff Ryders gonna show y'all niggaz who ride the best

[Juvenile]  
Hmmmm, hmmmmmmmm  
In the late night, we be cockin high and givin you stage  
fright  
Yo head might explode, when I bust with the lead pipe  
Now say it right, Juvenile, HE tight  
Stay hype, now page Mike and make sure he got all the  
yea, aight?  
I'm tired of you niggaz, be thinkin that you usin me  
Runnin with them petty-ass niggaz lookin like fools to  
me  
I'm workin wit some change aiy  
And aint afraid to put fifty up on ya brain yay  
You bout warrin over yo' people I'm the same yay  
Look, I'ma have somebody sayin that's the shame yay  
But if them people come they ain't gon' give no names  
yay  
Play with the number one stun'na don't play no games  
yay  
Come outside and see nothin but camouflage and  
bricks  
Them gather up boys strapped with cannons  
tryin to knock off yo' shit, you stanky bitch  
I'll Ruff Ryde your ass then, Cash in for Money  
Juven' ain't gettin nuttin ha ha hah that shit is funny

Chorus

[Drag-On]  
When my niggaz get knocked we gonna bail them out  
When it come to my gun my shells is out  
You better get the message, cause I done mailed it out  
that I'ma bang it like a hammer and I'ma nail the South  
East West, and write letters for my niggaz up North  
My guns made in China, so you better dust off  
Comin to getcha, you gon' bleed ketchup, I always got

cheddar  
I never ass bet ya, and I won't even sweat ya  
You won't roll four and better  
My dough is never low, but if Drag is down on his last  
I'ma reach in my sweater, bet my Baretta  
Make a nigga feel the heat in the cold weather  
Can't stand a nigga hype, throw me his bitch  
Bitch come to my shit, you betta come get her  
Be like a dog with a bone I run with her  
Y'all make me so tired  
Y'all niggaz still rappin like you don't know my flow is  
fire  
and y'all ain't got ya suits, ain't got ya boots  
Probably gotta gun that ain't never shoot  
When we come you better hope they don't name you  
Cause like two sticks rubbin I'll flame you  
Don't try to be me cause I ain't you  
'fore I have your spirit with the angels  
My shorty keep a gun on the ankles  
Wanna fuck? Watch out she'll bang you  
cause I taught her well, y'all players better haul to hell  
But you niggaz couldn't borrow a belt  
Whoever wit you is goin to jail  
Do you niggaz bust your guns? Oh you ain't bustin  
none, huh?  
You wanna fuck em til they cum, huh?  
Drag-On, Juvenile, Double R, what you want huh?

Chorus 2X

Visit [Big Tymers F/ Gotti, Mikkey, TQ](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.