

DJ Kay Slay f/ Bun B, Dorrough, Jay Rock, Papoose, Twista, Young Chris "Layed Out"

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[Intro: DJ Kay Slay's Hot 97 Intro] WARNING!!!!
(WARNING!!!!) WARNING!!!! (WARNING!!!!)
WARNING!!!! (WARNING!!!!) THE DRAMA KING IS IN
THE BUILDING!!!! THE DRAMA KING IS IN THE
BUILDING!!! [Chorus: 50 Cent Sample] (Bun B)
Somebody 'gon get layed the fuck out some-some-
some-somebody 'gon get laid the fuck out Some-some-
some-somebody 'gon get laid some-some-some-
somebody Somebody 'gon get layed the fuck out
some-some-some-somebody 'gon get laid the fuck out
Some-some-some-somebody 'gon get laid the fuck out
(OK) Some-some-some-somebody 'gon get laid some-
some-some-somebody (Lay 'em out then) [Verse One:
Bun B] Il Trill gladiator Rap-A-Lot soldier Fingers up,
haters down, niggas should have told ya Lookin down
on this team you must be on meth (Meth) We nothin but
them riders and we ridin to the death (Death) Ya better
make a left 'fore it won't be alright (Right) Cause when
niggas get the ridin bitch we ridin all night (Night) And
you'll be amazed (Mazed) When we get to disrespectin
Niggas like we Kanye, at the VMA's, hold up! [Chorus:
50 Cent Sample] Somebody 'gon get layed the fuck
out, some-some-some-somebody 'gon get laid the fuck
out Some-some-some-somebody 'gon get laid the fuck
out Some-some-some-somebody 'gon get laid, some-
some-some-somebody [Verse Two: Twista] Let 'em
know it's all good even though they know that Twis'
misunderstood Say slick, talk shit, I wish (I Wish) You
Would (You Would) I ride (I ride) Stay strapped (Stay
strapped) I box (I box) I roll (I roll) And if we get into
then I won't hit ya with the knuckles I'm a hit ya with the
black fo' fo' So cold, If I see ya in the club and the bitch
started the knockout I let ya know you better holla
mayday I'm a call lord then I'm folks that wanna get
you stuck then I'm a hop and call Kay Slay Stop a
motherfucker I say really, then and furthermore I roll
up and stuff him like a Philly Pop a motherfucker like a
pill or wheelie If the Twista wanna drop a motherfucker
get the milli Cause... [Chorus: 50 Cent Sample]

Somebody 'gon get layed the fuck out some-some-
some-somebody 'gon get laid the fuck out Some-some-
some-somebody 'gon get laid the fuck out Some-some-
some-somebody 'gon get laid some-some-some-
somebody [Verse Three: Papoose] Somebody gon' get
laid out, pull the gauge out, blow his brains out He
tough, let it hang out, pus, let it drain out Pull the shank
out, cut his vein out Nigga came out with his chain out
and his shades out And his braids out, said he hates
East and he hates South Talkin with a hate mouth, I'll
smack the taste out Now he stashed in a bodybag with
his head out Shotty blast, everybody dash when I bang
out I give orders like take-out He ain't wanna play the
house, but he's aced out Whatchu fist fightin for?
Whacha face 'bout? I put the +Flava to Ya Ear+ when
the +Mack+ blow the +Craig+ out Make 'em hit the
ground like the {?} threw his leg out Scream at the
crowd, where they ball we ain't came out And show him
with the Auto like T-Pain mouth Pa-POOSE, Pa-POOSE,
I'ma show 'em what my name 'bout! [Chorus: 50 Cent
Sample] Somebody 'gon get layed the fuck out some-
some-some-somebody 'gon get laid the fuck out Some-
some-some-somebody 'gon get laid the fuck out Some-
some-some-somebody 'gon get laid some-some-some-
somebody [Verse Four: Dorrough] Say, somebody hit
'em (hit 'em!) That shit talkin gon' get 'em stomped up
Yea - better hope the shoe don't fit 'em If it do
(whaaaaa??), you through Fuck you and yo' crew I don't
move, the goons shootin out the blue (Br-r-r-RAT!!)
Turn this bitch into a hoe into a serenade, getcha whole
body sprayed 47 AK, now ya ass +Kay Slayed+ UP!!
Boy, you got me fucked up Keep bumpin ya gums,
getcha mouth tied up (Bitch!) [Chorus: 50 Cent Sample]
Somebody 'gon get layed the fuck out some-some-
some-somebody 'gon get laid the fuck out Some-some-
some-somebody 'gon get laid the fuck out Some-some-
some-somebody 'gon get laid some-some-some-
somebody [Verse Five: Young Chris] Bodybags Balboa
bitch I got a "ay" for your Rocky ass Leavin holes all up
in yo' face, like a hockey mask Want drama let it be,
put 'em under Pleasure P Put 'em to the test and see,
bet you niggas rest in P-E-A-C-E, too raw for TV Meet
your maker +Final Destination+ hater 3D I murder
production y'all boys can't see me Got a better chance
beatin a murder with a P.D. [Chorus: 50 Cent Sample]
Somebody 'gon get layed the fuck out some-some-
some-somebody 'gon get laid the fuck out Some-some-
some-somebody 'gon get laid the fuck out Some-some-
some-somebody 'gon get laid some-some-some-
somebody [Verse Six: Jay Rock] Who followed me
home?! Drop it like Angola stones Poppin my disc is like

poppin ya dome with the K/Kay, +Slay+ rappers in the
circumference of the own home It's my world, see my
face in the ozone? (Whoo!) Before I was on the cover of
magazines I was loadin up, duckin for cover with
magazines Clips like a hairdresser, getcha doobie
clean Welcome to Hell mister, I own niggas and cheese
[Chorus: 50 Cent Sample] Somebody 'gon get layed
the fuck out some-some-some-somebody 'gon get laid
the fuck out Some-some-some-somebody 'gon get laid
the fuck out Some-some-some-somebody 'gon get laid
some-some-some-somebody

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