

Lyrics by Gary Brooker

"Lay Down"

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(verse one: U-God/Golden Arms)

It be the Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang
I got control drop a load
Time to rip shit
Time to rock and roll
I play the block and stroll
Stop and go, cop an old up town choppin
Choppin for dough, prophesise
Monopolize ingrown, pull back with no remorse
The horse power cross bow
Soundin dope we off done the boat felt the flow
Under my belt plenty live
Twenty five in the front row
Just felt the glow, they melt wit in oxin
Rumble in the Bronx
Slugs out start buggin out
Thugs out, tuck they heats in you fuckin seats
Honeys suckin me, sweets
Do a 90 in the jeep
Red glorious, might stand victorious
A hundred storty high in story in
Poor men of the street
Jammed the game, to the poor again
Slanted the Wu branded name it's war again
It's war again

(chorus)

"gun cocks back"
Lay down
"bullets fire"
Mothafucka lay down
Lay down
Spray sounds
Spray sounds
Spray sounds

(verse two: U-god/Golden Arms)

Subject to sing like the slasher slither
Better through a guy's status
Apparatus tied to your liver
Melon in never whither

Mount St. Helens swellin
Refreshin fearsome rebellious sellin death to ya
eardrums
I'm never tellin, diary, just a firey felon
Coughins I'm nailin
All your frail men on a scale
Your deep space maybe's
Inject your offsprings wit the rabies
It's gravy train on the remy, dirty glass
Sponge kidney bath real pissy
Rendevous, wit the fisheys stats
Demolition derby, attourney to rap
Before the jury
A thirty six word remix
Firey phoenix turn tables wobble
Out the pre-cint shake the ground decent
Still waiting for impeachment I'm sea sick

(chorus)
"gun cocks back"
Lay down
"bullets fire"
Mothafucka lay down
Lay down
Lay down
Lay down
Spray sounds
Spray sounds

(verse three: U-God/Golden Arms)
Edit I, sexual predition
In the burn centah
Tempah, pepper salt
Hashish master piece
Out the vault
Twenty seven years of hysteria, bury ya
In the gear of North America
Placenta crackin it's crisis
Kosovo tae-bo flow blow out the fo'
World trauma, who got the virus?
Pearl Harbour casino classic free loader
Weed smokin bastards
Gambinos on amino acid
Bio-hazards
Faster the groover the hoover vacume
The child spark remover sag em'
Passionate wars wit U-God the braska to Alaska
Pipe line the right by a massacre
Thought race your barriers
The air craft carriers severe
Spill your mascara dear

The skin lab
Tell your flex everywhere
Soon your words, scum dogs of the universe
When will you learn
You'll get burned

(chorus)
"gun cock back"
Lay down
"Bullets fire"
Mothafucka lay down
Lay down
Lay down
Lay down, spray sounds
Spray sounds
Lay down
Lay down
Mothafucka lay down
Don't get up lay down
Lay down
Lay down
Tear it down

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