

## Layzie Bone f/ Mo Thugs "Touchdown"

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[Intro: Layzie] Yeah (yeah) Sit back and let this thug  
shit clog up yo' mind (hey) Mind (hey) mind (hey, hey,  
hey, hey, hey) Sit back and let this thug shit clog up yo'  
mind [Thin C] Touchdown in the endzone, kicked it like  
a field goal Get the extra points, tell me what's the real  
score? Tell me who's the real hoe? Baby it's official I'll  
referee (brrrrrr) bitch blow the whistle [Layzie Bone]  
Tell her to blow it, ain't no stoppin man, get this  
motherfucker poppin man Treat it like a prostitute and  
I'm in the game, this strong arm robbery man  
Touchdown in the endzone mean money man, better  
get some Field goal, now my friends on, countin  
Benjamins in the real zone What's the real score?  
Bitches is wantin to constantly stay on the dick What we  
here fo'? To get mo', that's why we be mobbin so thick  
Quick to scream out Thug Nation, put the screen on the  
hation Ain't no time gon' be wastin, y'all been patiently  
waitin We have them T-shirt and panty parties, bitches  
be doin us favors Wanna thank ya for the flavor, you  
know I'm never gon' savor What you gave up, was  
precious doll, you the shiznit, you put it down I love it  
when you get wild, I love you screamin "Touchdown"  
[Chorus: Thin C] + (Dre Ghost) Put your hands in the air  
(bitch go ahead and show me somethin!) Put my nuts  
on your chin (bitch go ahead and show me somethin!)  
Now do it again and again bitch (bitch go ahead and  
give me somethin!) (Won't you show me somethin, go  
ahead and show me somethin!) What your momma  
name is? (Bitch go ahead and show me somethin!) Did  
she really have kids? (Bitch go ahead and show me  
somethin!) And who the fuck your next of kin? (Bitch go  
ahead and show me somethin!) (Won't you show me  
somethin, go ahead and show me somethin!) [Layzie  
Bone] Don't break down it ain't over, over Don't leave  
now, it ain't over, feel the party gettin started girl You  
flawless should be against the law, got a nigga wantin  
to break you off Come here girl, take that off, that body  
right there was made to floss Made for me, give Thin a  
piece, give Dre a shot, he rock the cock L.D.T. make  
panties drop, oh you one of them kind that like to  
block? Oh you like to watch? Get you some popcorn,

and watch the movie Kick up your toes, I suppose, you  
gon' be comin up out of your clothes And there you go,  
nobody knows, behind closed do's Freaks exposed,  
ladies and hoes, wanna do me right after the show  
Hey, ain't nothin wrong, with a little bit of bumpin and  
grindin Tell me yo' age, show me yo' license, we ain't  
goin out like Tyson Better try again, we dig you too, but  
the main thang is cooperatin Cause that-a way you  
would get some play, and it just might make yo' day  
Cause the official don't blow the whistle, when you  
steppin out of bounds In yo' city or in yo' town, this how  
it's goin down [Thin C] Touchdown in the endzone,  
kicked it like a field goal Get the extra points, tell me  
what's the real score? Tell me who's the real hoe? Baby  
it's official I'll refereee (brrrrrr) bitch blow the whistle Ay,  
ay, ay.. ay, ay... Ay, ay, ay.. ay, ay... [Chorus] [Layzie  
Bone] Grannys, aunts, sisters, nieces We don't give a  
fuck, we love dime pieces Got me a condom, let me  
release this Let me see them Victoria Secrets Fuck the  
drama, you can keep it Slide down the pole Laffy  
Taffy's and Tootsie Rolls Fuck that, show me the pussy  
hole I'm to the point, such a thug And should I say, they  
show me love Went to the room, straight from the club  
All y'all broads can leave with us You a good sport, and  
we with that Charity baby, give back Shower me baby,  
dig that? Let me hit that, let me hit that

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