

Mr. 3-2 f/ Sincere**"Stay Down"**

Visit "[Stay Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mr. 3-2]

Mi casa su casa, with the big ol' mobster
Baby you can call me papa, sipping drank eating
lobster
What ya got on your mind, baby tell me what's the deal
Let's take a Carribean cruise, and just chill
On the realer baby, we can go to the other side of the
world
White sands with boonita, mueres my black pearl
Boonapalist my main thang, that stay tight and wet
Mami let your hair down, when we flossing in the
dropper Vet
It really don't matter to me, we could do it
Bring your girls along, so we could menage off the
tooter
I'm foolish and freaky, suave and smooth
Mr. 3-2, block guy playa made dude
Don't mean to intrude, I know you liking what you see
Breaking up happy homes, I got these broads choosing
me
Two or three every night, at the same time
When they floss with the Boss, you know it go down

[Hook - 2X]

What's the deal baby, tell me what's on your mind
We gon both shine, long as you stay down
Huh just stay down, if you true keep it real
Let me know what's really hap'ning, and how you really
feel

[Sincere]

Go on sip some paradise, Paradise after a long week
You and me baby, too nasty it's so lovely
Got on my T gone, let's get the top low with B-O
Put it on my card, no disturbing try to keep the noise
low
Patiently in the Carribean, put the flavor in the room
Steam up and saute, and then break up our tune
Releasing tensions from my joints, and let's relax a
while
Fly to Kingston, and get some of that chocolate pie

Ain't no ghetto then not relating, with your seniorita
When you riding dirty, the evidence you leave behind
I'll beam it
Break niggaz into pieces, in a force to their people
It's me and you, we'll ride until the sun set nina
Need a quick you need, I'll be the bone to back ya
Be your bulletproof, when situations try to cap ya
Like undergrounds with a bar code, can't nobody scan
So what we out together, is too strong to comprehend

[Hook - 2X]

[Mr. 3-2]

Call me Fats Domino, cause I shake and break a hoe
Quicker than you could black your eye, with a papa do'
And no payroll, fat daddy gotta have it
Mr. 3-2, bringing my stock up stacking cabbage
A savage gorilla, cold blooded killer
I never did a murder, but I will pull the trigger
On the realer, I'm all in your face for the new Milen'
But Street Game bring the change, and I'm all out to
win

[Hook - 2X]

Visit [Mr. 3-2 f/ Sincere](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.