

# Lil' O, Lay Down Da Law

(Intro)

Can't stop, playa I refuse to lose  
Shed many tears over years, see I paid my dues  
I won't stop, see survival ain't no joke  
Cause I'd rather be dead, than live my whole life broke  
And I can't stop (what), and I won't stop (yeah)  
And I can't stop (what), and I won't stop (come on)  
And I can't stop (yeah), and I won't stop (huh)  
And I can't stop (what), y'all know who this is

(Lil' O)

Haters yell mama-mia, when I drop the top yelling Southsi' for li'  
Hop out the two seater, with a bad bitch named Kanchita  
Let the eater, play a peter  
I'm a Southside super playa, you marks like it deeper  
Southwest block bleeder, (you ain't shit) stop lying  
Hater quit crying, cause you see starched and ironed  
But I ain't gon trip, I understand why you hate us  
We hopping out of bubble X, wearing alligators  
Dirty South heavy weighter, Fat Rat with the Cheese  
Went from fifty packs to fifty stacks, I'm holding the streets  
Holding my heat, it ain't sweet boy I still get's raw  
But I don't shoot boys no more, I send killers for y'all  
You can find me at the bar, baby busting bottles open  
But bar none boys around me, all these bitches scoping  
Knowing I ain't gotta ask, tonight I'm hitting them skins  
I dedicate this to the D.A., and the guards in the Penn

(Hook - 2x)

I'ma ball till I fall, drink some Cristal  
Hit some jazzy broads, trick up in the mall  
See flicks we never saw, make these haters drop they jaws  
Like the cash on my ass, I'ma lay down the law

(Lil' O)

Now it's twenty inches, on a six hundred Benz  
Plus the license and insurance, I got corners to bend  
I got money to spend, a lot of bitches few friends  
I'm trying to ball till I fall, addicted to Benjamins  
We the movers and the shakers, the heavy hitters  
They heavyweighters the bitch breakers, the ki bakers  
You can't mistake us, for the fakers  
We thugging baby, in the Dirty South Houston Tex chunk calling grace  
I keep the blades on the Range Ro', hit some blocks  
Open the roof, let the sunshine hit my rocks  
I'm in the church every Sunday, thanking God for my stock  
No one performs against me, shall prosper I can't stop  
Bust your glock if you feel me, went from nothing to known  
Loading model bitches numbers, in my cellular phone  
Before I let the jackers get me, I'll be blasting my chrome  
Knowing God blessed the child, that can hold his own

(Hook - 2x)

(Lil' O)

One day I'll be the biggest of the bosses, like Colassis see me flossing  
In Rolls Royces packing Nina Ross's, back to back Ferarri horses  
Take no shorts no losses, I make choices in life  
Ball till I fall hustle hard, shine in the face of the shife  
And if these haters take my life, know that I died as a hustler  
And bury me in my gators, bald faded shining my clusters  
See these busters laughed at me, didn't cry stayed humble  
See if you struggle then you hustle, so I grinded and chuckled  
Then I showed up blowed up, put it in they face

Then put em in a coffin, I mean put em in they place  
Cause they tried to get raw, but them boys got baked  
Cause I could look into they eyes, and just tell they was gay  
Ain't nothing fake, about this  
Whoever ain't down, getting taken out quick  
And if rap don't work, it's back to breaking down bricks  
And running up in spots and just taking y'all shit, I'm serious bout my chips

(Hook - 2x)

(Lil' O)

Still can't stop, still won't stop - 10x