

# T-Pain, Put It Down

(feat. Ray, Teddy Penderazdoun, Teddy Verseti)

[Talking]

Hey what's up girl what took you so long stop playing  
Who? Don't worry about if I carry em around if I didn't have one you would mad Don't worry about  
that I got that

T-pain !!

Baby give me a reason so I can touch it how I want to  
And make love to you how them other lame niggaz want to  
Gone girl what you gone do  
On my nappy head you can pull with my nappy dreads if you want to  
Shawty I'ma put it on you  
And make you think that you the girl I was singing all my songs to  
You got me thinking me and you went to drinking and sippin on that patron we done been got it on  
But for now we just sit and chill  
You never had love making like this for real  
Come on baby its just appeal  
Now take it slow and let me take it down low  
Lets go lets go  
So you know its about to go down now  
Speed it up baby cant slow down now  
Tell ya closet freak she can come out now  
Why you think they call me teddy penderassdown

[Chorus]

And now I know you didn't expect me to go low  
Now you know  
From the top to bottom and now that I got you  
I'ma stick, stick, stick, stick, ooh [x2]  
And now I know you didn't expect me to just turn you round spread it out and put it down  
From the top to the bottom and now that I got you  
I'ma stick, stick, stick, stick, ooh [x2]

[Verse 2]

You got a nigga on swoll like a T-pain show in Tallahassee  
Never put that ass on hold I'm to nasty  
Don't never underestimated T-pain  
You should have known when I was biting on you belly button chain  
That you are about to receive some of that guitar tongue  
Tryna tell me like you don't want none  
Tryna sit up in the bed tryna act all calm  
Acting like it aint good tryna hold that cum  
But you know that I'm the best  
You kow you teddiverset  
It's the first ten minutes you aint felt shit yet  
I got the whips, I got the chain, I got the handcuffs to  
But aint none of that for me I'm about to handcuff you  
That's the freaky shit I keep on skeeting shit  
And making licky leaking shit  
That take her ass back to the church preacher and deacon shit  
I'm beating it lets try computer love I keep deleting it  
I'm fucking under the dresser the bedroom floor and the sheets and shit now whatt

[Chorus]

[Break Down]

What you doing  
Take ya pants off  
Not that fast do it slower  
You gone ruin the mood  
Move ya hand let me see

[Verse 3]

Baby girl let a nigga slide in them guts  
My little man wanna hide them guts  
I'ma take my (Tick,tick,tick,tick,tick,tick,tick) time with them guts  
And baby girl when I'm in them guts  
You aint gotta worry bout ya man cause  
I bet he cant do it like me (nope, nope) [x2]

[chorus till it fades]