

Sit Down (feat. Ty Dolla \$ign, Lil Dicky & E-40)

Kent Jones

Get up, get up
Walked up in the building, seen too many bitches on the wall
Niggas on the wall Hey, baby, you there
Light skin, thick with the blue hair
Red 'Lenciagas, got a new pair
Every real hood bitch do hair
Hey, won't you come here?
Get down, you know how I get down
Tell your hatin' home girls, sit down
Take a seat, sit down
Oh my God, oh my God
I don't really know her huh? Know her huh?
She wanna come over huh? Over huh?
I'm already over her, over her When I'm in town she make sure that she see me, you understand?
I don't know just how you niggas perceive me, you understand?
Throwing stones but you just wanna be me, you understand?
Ain't them guys that you see on the TV, you understand? Hey, baby, you there
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Take a seat, sit down
Hey lil mama, you know you fuckin' with a motherfuckin' superstar
You know I pick your ass up in the foreign car
And fuck you right there in it like a porn star, yeah, yeah
Hey, why you so nasty?
She say "Dolla why you gotta be so nasty?"
She said "Dolla \$ign, why you always stay high"
I say, "You ain't ever lied, you ain't ever lie"
I pull up on her, I got her choosey
Her man a loser, she in a real nigga presence
She want Dolla, she fuck with Dolla
She came for Dolla, pull up in that 'Rari
She said "Hey Dolla, Dolla, hey Dolla, Dolla
Why you spendin' all your money on these bottles?"
Hey Dolla, Dolla, hey Dolla, Dolla
No more ratchets for me, only models Hey, baby, you there
Light skin, thick with the blue hair

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 Off top I was getting ready, white boy like my mom Betty
 I'm too nice for this game ese, I walked in there was confetti
 Girls took to me already
 Lil hoe with them dreads wanna go make whoopie
 Go ball Eddy, Heartbreaker, y'all all petty
 These bitches wanna get it ultra strength
 Pay a ton, I'm jamming like I'm Kemp
 Y'all all a bunch of fucking Detlef Schrempf's
 Showstopper, got flow poppin'
 These hoes knockin' down doors
 Jockin' my stones, moccasin flows
 Stay on your toes
 I'm better than better
 I'll get it on top like a header, that's word
 Little mama lookin' at me, nine o'clock
 And from the look of it that bitch need a vagina mop
 And you mistook if you think we that gon' designer shop
 I'mma pull up like a bull up in the china shop, break you down
 Chicken parmesan, how you want it, I'm cookin'
 I got a nose for these hoes, I'm the Piglet of pussy
 I gotta know if you pro, going down on my tooshie
 Cause if you are then you're probably too aggressive for Dicky
 When I was a teen I scored a
 half a meal ticket
 My team moved mean and they'll smoke you like a brisket
 Raised in the slums, in the sewer, in the gutter
 Where shit ain't sweet like unsalted butter
 Make more paper than your daddy and your mother
 Pulled up European, started with a fixer-upper
 Throwing up signs like a third base coach
 Baby she a dime, got a rump like a roast
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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