

# 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 wallHey, 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 herWhen 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 modelsHey, baby, you there  
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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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