

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]