

Low Life (feat. Weeknd)

Future

high, high, getting high
Everybody getting high
Getting high
highI just took some molly, what else?
Got some bitch from Follies with us
She gonna fuck the squad, what else?
I'mma fuck her broads, what else?
Bitch from Pakistan, what up?
Ferraris and them Lambs, what else?
'Bout to fuck this club up, what else? (get, get)
Metro Boomin' want some more niggaI turn the Ritz into a poor house
It's like eviction number four now
Go 'head and ash it on the floor now
Girl go ahead and show me how you go down
And I feel my whole body peaking
And I'm fucking anybody with they legs wide
Getting faded with some bitches from the West Side
East coast, nigga repping North Side
Never waste a hoe's time, bitch I'm on my own time
Fuck a nigga co-sign
always change my number and my phone line
Baby girl, I don't lie
Used to have no money for a crib
Now my room service bill cost your whole life
If they try to stunt me, I go all out military
I'm camo'ed all out, like I'm in the military
I free up all my niggas, locked up in the penitentiary'Cause I'm always repping for that low life
Repping for that low life (turn up)
Low life, low life, low life
Know I'm repping for that low, low life, yeah
(Representing, I'm representing, representing)
Said I'm repping for that low life
Low life, low life, low life, low life (I'm representing for that low life)
Said I'm repping for that low life (I'm repping, that's repping, I'm repping)
Low life, low life, low life yeahWake up, take a sip of Ace of Spade like it's water
I been on the molly and them Xans with your daughter
If she catch me cheating, I will never tell her sorry
If she catch me cheating, I will never tell her sorry
Porsches in the valley, I got Bentleys, I got Raris

Taking pain pills on the plane, getting chartered
Popping tags on tags, I was starving
Bitch, I got the juice and carbon
Turn a five star hotel to a traphouse
Roaches everywhere, like we forgot to take the trash out
Flood my cross with ice, getting money my religion
Got my baby momma and my side bitch kissing
I turn the Ritz into a lean house
This the sixth time getting kicked out
I can't feel my face, I'm on Adderall, nauseous
Niggas tryna ride my fuckin' wave, now they salty
Running with the wave, get you killed quick
Shoot you in your back like you Ricky
Lil Mexico, from no life to afterlife
My whole life, my whole life 'Cause I'm always repping for that low life
Low life, low life, low life
Know I'm repping for that low life yeah
(representing, I'm representing, representing)
Said I'm repping for that low life
Low life, low life, low life, low life
Said I'm repping for that low life
Low life, low life, low life, yeah Yeah, they stereo-typing
'Cause they know a nigga keep ten rifles
And they know a nigga keep ten snipers
Keep a baby bottle like we wearing diapers
Yeah, they stereo-typing
'Cause they know a nigga keep twenty rifles
And they know a nigga keep twenty snipers
And they know a nigga keep ten wifey's
Sniper, sniper, sniper, sniper, sniper
Wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey
That's your wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey?
I think I like her, like her, like her, like her
That's your wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey?
I think I like her, like her, like her, like her
Oh, that's your wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey?
I think I like her, like her, like her, like her Getting high, getting high, everybody getting high
Getting high, everybody getting high high
Getting high, everybody getting high
Getting high, and I'm the reason why
Getting high, getting high, everybody getting high I just took some molly, what else?
Got some bitch from Follies with us
She gonna fuck the squad, what else?
I'mma fuck her broads, what else?
Bitch from Pakistan, what up?

Ferraris and them Lambs, what else?

'Bout to fuck this club, what else?

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