Low

Juicy J

My beat low (my beat low)
My bass low (my bass low)
I ride low (I ride low)
She go low (she go low)
My beat low (my beat low)
My bass low (my bass low)
I ride low (I ride low)
Used to tell her what you said, broMe, Juicy J, get too many hoes
Me, Juicy J, get too many flows
Clique ballin' out like the '98 Lakers
Pull up in a million dollar car and violate it
Fly to Cancun on Sunday, land in France on Monday
Faded at the fashion show, tryna grab a bitch off the runway
I ain't even pack no clothes, nothin' but rubbers in my suitcase
Laid her on the mic, menage with my model and her roommate
And if I tip a bitch, we fuckin', it ain't no discussion
It cost to be the boss, my n-gga you way outta your budget
Who you playin' with lil homie? Your life won't cost me nothin'
Juicy J so presidential, don't make me press that buttonMy beat low (my beat low)
My bass low (my bass low)
I ride low (I ride low)
She go low (she go low)
My beat low (my beat low)
My bass low (my bass low)
I ride low (I ride low)
She go low (she go low)
LowI get a brick, you know I get it for the, low
Her ass so fat, I told her drop it down, low
I do a verse, you know my prices ain't, low
Lil, momma know I like my kisses down lowMe, Nicki M, I got too many wins
Pull up with them V twins in my engine
All this ice all around me like a penguin
I ain't talkin' bowlin' but I'm with the kingpin
I pull up with a n-gga with a real big dick
That's just so good, man a bitch can't quit
I ain't ever have a beat that a bitch ain't rip
I'm fly every day but a bitch ain't trippin'
You be on that bull, you be on Scott Pippen
I be pimp walkin', I'm limpin'

C's on my bag so they think I'm crippin'
Every n-gga in here wanna know what I'm drinkin'
Myx Moscato, niggas
I keep a pillow with me just because I'm tired of niggas
I'm with some flawless girls, they're pretty and they're thick
Bust it open quick, put that pussy on his lips, bitchMy beat low (my beat low)
My bass low (my bass low)
I ride low (I ride low)
She go low (she go low)
My beat low (my beat low)
My bass low (my bass low)
I ride low (I ride low)
She go low (she go low)
LowI get a brick, you know I get it for the, low
Her ass so fat, I told her drop it down, low
I do a verse, you know my prices ain't, low
Lil' momma know I like my kisses down lowI'm Lil Bibby, Mr. Everything-For-The-Low
Mr. Leave-Her-At-Home-He'll-Take-Your-Ho
Mr. Stack-That-Dough
Young rich n-gga used to trap by the store, now taxed for the flow
Tell a rap n-igga, "I'm not feelin' you"
Stop frontin', boy, y'all not criminals
At the top, man they talkin' 'bout killin' you
Got two 9's but they're not identical
I'll never trait on my squad, nigga
Ball hard, nigga, I'm Michael Jordan, you Lebron, nigga
In other words, you a fraud, nigga
I'll pull your card, nigga
I'm a young boss, I'm runnin' shit
Call me King Tut, all this gold on, I be blinged up
If they try to rob, got the things tucked, you ain't seen nothin'
At the club, their jaws drop when I pull up in that Benz
30 Deep, 'bout 20 heats, still stomp him out with my Timbs
I'm in here chillin' with my feet up
I told y'all that I'm 'bout to heat up
Man it's time to kill all this weak stuff
Pull the beat up, watch me eat upMy beat low (my beat low)
My bass low (my bass low)
I ride low (I ride low)
She go low (she go low)
My beat low (she go low)
My bass low (she go low)
I ride low (she go low)
She go low (she go low)
Low (yeah)I get a brick, you know I get it for the, low

Her ass so fat, I told her drop it down, low
I do a verse, you know my prices ain't, low
Lil' momma know I like my kisses down low

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