Low-Key

Hopsin

Stuntin' like a maniac,
in the strip club blowin' 80 racks (Nigga I'm too low-key for that)
Stuntin' like a maniac,
in the streets nigga where the
ladies at (I'm way too low-key for that)
Stuntin' like a maniac,
ask niggas bitch I got my paper stacked (I'm too low-key for that)
Yeah stuntin' like a maniac hold up (Somebody
better let 'em know, I'm too low-key for that)Niggas on the bad slope, finna crash woah
Tryna show the hoes the cash flow (Nigga I'm too low-key for that)
My foot is on the gas though
Got my hat low, still an asshole,
yeah ho (I'm not too low-key for that)
Nigga I just do what I does, what's up
What it do, what's up, what it do
You're blowin' all your money on the hoes and the cars bro
It's all dope, but we all know (Nigga I'm too low-key for that)
I'll admit my last few years have been kinda rusty
Have I been beating myself up, in my mind I must be
I slowed down, watching my peers as they rise above me
'Cause rap's a leap of faith except nobody ties the bungee
These times are ugly
I'm close to my midlife, the crisis haunts me
Calm on the surface but inside I'm grumpy
If I was comfy, I'd say "fuck rap", because life is complete
Surprise I'm hungry, rappers looking like fries and lunch meat
Damn you got the hoes, you got a grill, you making mills huh (Huh)
When you be flexing you looking so icy that I get the chills son (Huh)
I seen you pull up in your whip and you
stopped but somehow the wheels spun (Damn)
Who is the plug for the drugs? Tell me where you get the pills from
I heard you came from the real slums
What the fuck you gon' do when your deal's done?
Nigga the day that you fizzle out will come
If you think it ain't comin' you're real dumb
That ain't a bag you made off your talent
That is a label allowance
And we gon' see in the end if you really could
pay off the balance, bitch (I'm too low-key for that)

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It's all dope, but we all know (Nigga I'm too low-key for that)I could care less about expensive gold chains
I'm gettin' more plays from spittin' propane
Bitch this is no game
I don't fuck with hoes who hang with rappers and want fame
Fuck the swaggy shit now I'm livin' like it's the old days
So pack your bags you had your chance this might be the
Avalanche that wipes it up
I'm back to rockin' baggy pants and wife beaters
Bitch your time is up
This my master plan and lightning struck
Don't get caught in fires that my ashy hands is writing up
Been had the fucking game on lock
Been had my pesos copped
Been plottin' deeply tryna take your spot
I can't erase those thoughts,
my drive is something that these fakes don't got
Their vision blurry tryna chase those thots
You tryna do it independent but you ain't no Hop
The indie valedictorian, bitch, my grades don't drop
Quit tryna move me
Beast mode is where my mind is usually
Y'all focused on Louis Vuitton and
Gucci, I told you (I'm too low-key for that)Niggas on the bad slope, finna crash woah
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