

# Low (feat. Lil Bibby, Nicki Minaj & Young Thug)

## 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, bro  
Me, 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 button  
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)  
She go low (she go low)  
Low  
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  
Me, 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, bitch  
 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)  
 She go low (she go low)  
 Low 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  
 I'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 up  
 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 (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' mamma know I like my kisses down low

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