Low Low

DJ Mustard

If it ain't a Chevy, don't raise it up
And, if it ain't the kush, don't blaze it up
I'm sticking to the script while niggas changing up
They beats sounding like the homie, now they fake as fuck
But look, I was in the fo' with my crew tryna cop me on the ten
Getting high, with my whole hood behind me
I had two zones on me, play it cool, there go Johnny
As soon as I could say it, I felt like they got behind me
So he tried to hit the exit but his brakes ain't working
Doing 50 on the red bout to brace the swerve
And, much to my surprise
We ain't even crashing, ain't nobody died
But, we burnt rubber from the side
Parked and hopped out like it ain't nobody side
Fuck it, GPS the body shop
This type of shit happen all the fucking time causeAll I do is bounce in my low low
Getting called this nigga out the solo
Got the burner in the low low
Damn nigga, there go po po
Pops used to have the low low
I was little in a low low
You know I got it for the low low
You know I get it for the low low
Let's get high, bitch, in my Damu ride
On my momma, I'm on one, hitting that side to side
Bitch, wrapped a flag round the pistol, the rag sit awkward
Hop out schwanging, sag show my boxers
Belt $12.50, Robins, no Dickie
Dice Gang [?], school 'em like Tee Cee
Boy, motherfuck a rumor, last week I died twice
But lose your mind and double cross me, hope you find Christ
Papa was a rolling stone in the low rider
Piru boy with more passes than a Globetrotter
'6-4, six chains, Impala
Bend the corner, three-wheeling, scrape the bottom
Front, back, pancake, fuck what a man say
Pull up on your hood, day, and park it on your landscape
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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