# Lay Low

## Dj Drama

[Verse 1 - Meek Mill]Bought a brand new loft, five thousand a month
Bitch my sour is special, hundred dollars a blunt
Only smoke if it's proper, in the words of Big Poppa
Rush his ass to the doctors, took the sacks and we shot you
Blocka-blocka-bla-blocka, warn his ass with them chopper
It'll be a massacre faggot, automatic kicking like soccer
Bottles popping it's popping, twenty bitches around us
I just slide her the numbers, so if she hit me I count her
I canary the pinky, hit her right like winky
Got the club looking cloudy, for the love of the stinky
In a 600 Benz, a couple bitches they friends
And we just getting started, these haters wishing we end
Brown nose on these hoes, niggas fishing again
Notice she swallow with those, drop like it on her chin
Niggas left me for dead, bitch I'm living again
Special chopper official, they see my vision again
[Chorus - Meek Mill & Young Chris]Know it's a party, we see the sparkles, they coming
Standing on couches, bitches surround us, we blunting
We travel the globe, stop in your town, and run it
And you already know, cuff them hoes tonight, we born to run it
Because we motherfucking paid hoe (Paid hoe)
And all that cream, blow that paper like the haze hoe
Life's a beach, I'm in the sun with my shades
After the club we take the baddest bitch and lay low
Hey hoe (Hey hoe)
Hey hoe (Hey hoe)
After the club we get the baddest bitch and lay low
Hey hoe (Hey hoe)
Hey hoe (Hey hoe)

After the club we take the baddest bitch and lay low
[Verse 2 - Young Chris]Maserati dipping, wrist cost me a chicken
Neck cost a Bentley, think I'm finna have a ticket
Got a fetish for Ferraris, and fucking bad bitches
Smoke a nigga like I'm Marley all we know is lot of niggas
The summer's mine, Jordan number 9
I came in balling on these niggas like a young LeBron
In front them bitches, hit them on the lot
Came in with your main hoe, your ?

It's Young Chris, eat a dick, we the shit
We really balling you just talking about a Stephen Smith
I let my money do the talking, I just plead the fifth
I'm on my Metro, just call me if you need a brick
[Chorus][Verse 3 - Freeway]It's the makie with bacon, all these rappers be hating
Spit hella facts, hella facts, got me past immigrations
To my Canadian fans, they had me stuck at the border
See the brighling, big Bent', I think them bastards is rascist
Call me Hussain boy, we be off to the races
And no negating Smith & Wesson leave you crusain boy
We be up in the clubs, stunting with two chains boy
Got it popping, niggas mad, they bitches all up in our faces
Got them bottles Rosay, shots of Patron
All them chicks take shots to the dome
Hit right here trying to follow me home
Shots to his Impala, I'm gone
[Chorus]

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