On The Low Remix (feat. Eric Bellinger)

Angel

On the low, what's up with you ho
Bitches smokin' dro
Bet you know
Bust like forty four
When I spit that flow 'cuz we go hard
Like that shit they hustle on the boulevard
Fuck your broad
Bitch I bet I could, bitch I bet I wouldLemme get it, lemme get it, lemme get it right now
That's the shit I've been on
R A double T P A C K
You know we (know we) shit on
Anybody in the way all day
I'm livin' my life boy you know to the fullest
These women, they love us, they push us and pull us
Just me and my team takin' shots without bullets
Gettin' this money, you know we don't bullshit
People they love it, they know the name
I got a little change, but I'm still the same
So break it down, break it down
The shit I'm rockin, they don't make it now
I've got haters and they talk shit
But that's okay, I've got real shit
That's heartfelt, make you feel shit
But right now it's time for that trill shit
Killers and murderers, dealers and burglars
Round my way, they never heard of you
From that West Deer Park
Where they kill after dark but that never occur to you
Been broke, dirt broke
While my brothers was hustlin' pushin' that coke
That's the life of a G, but it wasn't for me
And for real, that's the reason I wrote
On the low, I be so high, touchin' the sky
I got a wood, so fuck the world, until I die
If you ain't know, it's Kid Ink baby, representin' alumni
I'm off three shots but, you ain't hear the gun cock
Fat ass blunt nigga, yours looks sun dried
What it do, I'm on two
Tell 'em straight up, no juice

Never goin' back to the broke old days
But I've got a room full of retro J's
Never seen these, look back at it
I see your bank and I laugh at it
Blowin' kush up, like an air mattress
One hit will leave a nigga asthmatic
And we goin' up, ain't nobody sober
Know that molly, uncut, eighteen and over
Got three chains, two girls, hangin' over my shoulders
Give it up in one motion, know that money is the motive
My time, my time is now
I cannot wait
They say that love, it comes with hate
When I made it out the streets
Is when that love it turned to hate
I didn't turn up, I turned away
The time is short, no time to waste
All these niggas up in my face, they ain't my friends
All these niggas up in my face, they ain't my friends
I've got fam servin' fiends
And fiends I call my fam
If you wanna keep your bitch
Then make sure she don't cross my path
'Cuz if she do, she see my shoes
She peep my swag, she get online
Check my background
Bitch you seen that cash
My only motto about that money is get more
My only motto about that money is get more (mo', mo')
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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