

Low Profile (feat. Eagle)

Aryginal & EMB

•œLow Profileœ•

Ground Breaking

written by: Andre Moss Jr. (BMI), Randall K. McGriff (BMI), Leondre D. Dow (BMI)

produced by: Randall K. McGriff

performed by: Aryginal, E.M.B., Desert Eagle

[E.M.B., Little Vernon-Chorus:]

You can talk it like you live it but to me you frontinœ™

Keep them on the radar, enemies or something.

Got no time for the bull yeah the people know we throw it down
every time we come around everybody going wild.

Ya dude missing, We just keep a low profile

Ya girl missing, We just keep a low profile

The cops looking, We just keep a low profile

Everywhere we go, We just keep a low profile

[Aryginal-Verse 1:]

Life of a caterpillar, born to be fly

thatœ™s why these shorties wanna mount me like a carnival ride

I feast on the track

The mediaœ™s amped

Cuz they aint seen a flyer nucca since Meteor Man

Shit homie donœ™t get ya field of dreams vandalized

You telling lies of living that life

But you cant oblige when itœ™s time to ride

Welcome to this land of ours

We do dirt but we still clean cut like a fresh sharpened samurai.

Hat low, slightly tinted

Beef the gat gone leave you slightly vented

Your wifey likes me, your wifeyœ™s missing

Cuz her body realized I fit nicely in it.

She couldnœ™t wait to get up out her clothes

she said you only turnt up till the waterfall come and the power blows

Damn

Then she turned into my fire girl, hopped on, started sliding down the pole

[E.M.B., Little Vernon-Chorus:]

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[E.M.B.-Verse 2:]

Top of the morning to you Iâ€™m sporting my good belt
Noriega status, that iron will leave a nigga stealth
Hand on the wheel and Iâ€™m whipping it like Iâ€™m out of state
Acting disrespectful a guest eating a bigger steak
Flexing on Instagram, papi whatâ€™s really good
Flashinâ€™ how you flashinâ€™ have my niggas thinking really hood
Up in the suburbs
We getting in a verb
We whippinâ€™ it donâ€™t swerve
We blowing on good herb
Ya girl missing guest its time to find Waldo
Chain too loose yeah the bitch still hopped the gate
Look Iâ€™ma tell you a lil something that you need to know
Such thing as a side nigga, you just a hoe
Trolled by the one time
A zombie and Rick Grimes
Flashlight but my eyes low so I donâ€™t mind
Naw I aint sober I know when to shut the fuck up
didnâ€™t get a ticket while Iâ€™m twisted thatâ€™s a win bruh

[E.M.B., Little Vernon-Chorus:]

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[Desert Eagle-Verse 3:]

They can't see me I'm under the radar
Yo chick noticed the star like her job's searching for quasars
Iâ€™m glowing like Orion's Belt
Shorty couldn't settle her pride and holla
So I guess she needed a lions help

So I get on the prowl, like a plumber I pipe her down
Then get my Lil Boosie on after I'm done, I tell her to wipe me down
I drop her off in the foreign spaceship after seduction
That's what I call an alien abduction
Now back to the bottles
Nothing but shots of Du'sess and Patron fuckin'™ up her red bottoms
Model type fit physique
Chicks in the VIP, some thim slick some petite
They all dimes lookin'™ proper in selfies
A couple shots of whatever they'll be down for whatever you smell me
Aint no tellin'™ what's in store for the man still
Got my sunglasses and Advil cuz tonight is mad real

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