Low Key

Plug Research Music

in the whip rolling up, I don't give a fuck
Roll through my hood, say what's up, they know I'm coming up
Niggas hating all around me,
I keep the 40 tucked
Any problems with you niggas I'll just hit them killers up
We're chillin' bruh, yeah these hoes are feelin' us
You niggas got a shitty swag, that's why them bitches here with us
All black everything, clothes and my whips too
chili bowl
with a chipped tooth
I could still pull these hoes and they would choose me
Sippin' that Patron, blowing weed until I'm woozy
Niggas in the club who I don't fuck with trying to dap me up
Who is you?
Oh, you're doing what?
Oh, that's what's up
Fuck up out my face though
Ace by the case load
Just me and my nigga Pootie Tang and
38 hoes
Chillin' up in VIP, now we're on the balcony
I hold my own, I don't depend on no one to look out for me
Maintain, switch a couple lanes while I blow this tree
When I ride by, hope that ain't nobody notice me

Low key young nigga, yeah I'm livin' good
Low key nigga from the wild and crazy hood
Bitch you know just what it is,
coppin' whips, coppin' cribs
Young Cash baby came February twenty sixth
Extra good how we live, we ain't takin' no more L's
Shoutout to my nigga?
gettin' bread in jail
Gotta eat
, gotta be the nigga with the paper
And them brand new J's, fresh as hell,
I ain't lookin' for no favors
I get mine like a G, bitch I pay the whole fee
Ain't no haggling or trying to make a bargain with me

Got that 650 IR black sittin' good
Was a broke nigga, now I get this money like I should
Got my mama ridin' Mercedez,
send her money for the bills
About to cop another whip, I ain't got no record deal
My brother Cudder,
he just copped a house up in them hills
Stacks on deck, now I'm trying to get these mills
For the glory, and I want it all at one time
This is real shit, there wasn't no corny punch lines

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