

# 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' Mercedes,  
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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