

# Low Class Conspiracy

## Quasimoto

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Aiyyo we headed to a party to go see what's happening  
Smoking a lot in the car turn on some rappen  
Start to freestyle we be up on our way  
Finish up the blunt, somebody pass me that tray  
Get on the freeway yo it's after dark  
I guess it always pulls up by the night  
Letting all kinds of speed cars pass  
Just so they can harass our black ass  
Police pulling us over for no reason  
Searching the car, like it's nigga hunting season  
Yeah, around asking about where's the pound  
Where's the gun? Are y'all niggaz on the run?  
You got warrants? Y'all niggaz ready for some informin'?  
That's how they be cracking, it seems like they be actin'  
Except it's real life, like they rushing up your residence  
Searching your crib, they can't find no evidence  
The other day Mr. Buddha had this plan  
Kick brands after man so our whole crew can expand  
They all wanted me to drive the getaway car  
I was like fuck it, 'cuz I ain't got no dough anyway  
The strange plant they brought in my garage  
They get large, then they gather the entourage  
My niggaz straight hit the bank then broke the hell out  
So much money you couldn't even get that smell out  
I got laced with thirty G's to keep 'em freeze  
Plus a nigga ratted so far goes on a breeze  
Police talking about where's the dead president  
I said, "Fuck y'all, niggaz ain't got no evidence"

Lyrics provided by

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