

Low Key

Chip tha Ripper

Yeah, 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
Even if I had a 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