

## Lay Low

DJ Drama

Bought a brand new loft, five thousand a month  
Bitch my sour is special, hundred dollars a blunt  
Only smoke if it's proper, in the words of Big Poppa  
Rush his ass to the doctors, took the sacks and we shot you  
Blocka-blocka-bla-blocka, warn his ass with them chopper  
It'll be a massacre faggot, automatic kicking like soccer  
Bottles popping it's popping, twenty bitches around us  
I just slide her the numbers, so if she hit me I count her  
I canary the pinky, hit her right like winky  
Got the club looking cloudy, for the love of the stinky  
In a 600 Benz, a couple bitches they friends  
And we just getting started, these haters wishing we end  
Brown nose on these hoes, niggas fishing again  
Notice she swallow with those, drop like it on her chin  
Niggas left me for dead, bitch I'm living again  
Special chopper official, they see my vision again

Know it's a party, we see the sparkles, they coming  
Standing on couches, bitches surround us, we blunting  
We travel the globe, stop in your town, and run it  
And you already know, cuff them hoes tonight, we born to run it  
Because we motherfucking paid hoe (Paid hoe)  
And all that cream, blow that paper like the haze hoe  
Life's a beach, I'm in the sun with my shades  
After the club we take the baddest bitch and lay low  
Hey hoe (Hey hoe)  
Hey hoe (Hey hoe)  
After the club we get the baddest bitch and lay low  
Hey hoe (Hey hoe)  
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Maserati dipping, wrist cost me a chicken  
Neck cost a Bentley, think I'm finna have a ticket  
Got a fetish for Ferraris, and fucking bad bitches  
Smoke a nigga like I'm Marley all we know is lot of niggas  
The summer's mine, Jordan number 9  
I came in balling on these niggas like a young LeBron  
In front them bitches, hit them on the lot  
Came in with your main hoe, your?  
It's Young Chris, eat a dick, we the shit  
We really balling you just talking about a Stephen Smith  
I let my money do the talking, I just plead the fifth  
I'm on my Metro, just call me if you need a brick

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It's the makie with bacon, all these rappers be hating  
Spit hella facts, hella facts, got me past immigrations  
To my Canadian fans, they had me stuck at the border  
See the brighling, big Bent', I think them bastards is rascist  
Call me Hussain boy, we be off to the races  
And no negating Smith & Wesson leave you crusain boy  
We be up in the clubs, stunting with two chains boy  
Got it popping, niggas mad, they bitches all up in our faces  
Got them bottles Rosay, shots of Patron  
All them chicks take shots to the dome  
Hit right here trying to follow me home  
Shots to his Impala, I'm gone

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