

## Low Low

DJ Mustard

If it ain't a Chevy, don't raise it up  
And, if it ain't the kush, don't blaze it up  
I'm sticking to the script while niggas changing up  
They beats sounding like the homie, now they fake as fuck  
But look, I was in the fo' with my crew tryna cop me on the ten  
Getting high, with my whole hood behind me  
I had two zones on me, play it cool, there go Johnny  
As soon as I could say it, I felt like they got behind me  
So he tried to hit the exit but his brakes ain't working  
Doing 50 on the red bout to brace the swerve  
And, much to my surprise  
We ain't even crashing, ain't nobody died  
But, we burnt rubber from the side  
Parked and hopped out like it ain't nobody side  
Fuck it, GPS the body shop  
This type of shit happen all the fucking time cause

All I do is bounce in my low low  
Getting called this nigga out the solo  
Got the burner in the low low  
Damn nigga, there go po po  
Pops used to have the low low  
I was little in a low low  
You know I got it for the low low  
You know I get it for the low low

Let's get high, bitch, in my Damu ride  
On my momma, I'm on one, hitting that side to side  
Bitch, wrapped a flag round the pistol, the rag sit awkward  
Hop out schwanging, sag show my boxers  
Belt \$12.50, Robins, no Dickie  
Dice Gang, school 'em like Tee Cee  
Boy, motherfuck a rumor, last week I died twice  
But lose your mind and double cross me, hope you find Christ  
Papa was a rolling stone in the low rider  
Piru boy with more passes than a Globetrotter  
'6-4, six chains, Impala  
Bend the corner, three-wheeling, scrape the bottom  
Front, back, pancake, fuck what a man say  
Pull up on your hood, day, and park it on your landscape