

## On the Low

Logic

On the low  
What's up with you ho  
Bitches smokin' dro  
Bet you know  
Bust like forty four  
When I spit that flow 'cause we go hard  
Like that shit they hustle on the boulevard  
Fuck your broad  
Bitch I bet I could  
Bitch I bet I would

Lemme get it  
Lemme get it  
Lemme get it right now  
That's the shit I've been on  
R A double T P A C K  
You know we shit on  
Anybody in the way all day  
I'm livin' my life boy you know to the fullest  
These women, they love us, they push us and pull us  
Just me and my team takin' shots without bullets  
Gettin' this money, you know we don't bullshit  
People they love it, they know the name  
I got a little change, but I'm still the same  
So break it down  
Break it down  
The shit I'm rockin, they don't make it now  
I've got haters and they talk shit  
But that's okay, I've got real shit  
That's heartfelt, make you feel shit  
But right now it's time for that trill shit  
Killers and murderers  
Dealers and burglars  
Round my way, they never heard of you  
From that West Deer Park  
Where they kill after dark but that never occur to you  
Been broke, dirt broke  
While my brothers was hustlin' pushin' that coke  
That's the life of a G, but it wasn't for me  
And for real, that's the reason I wrote

On the low  
I be so high  
Touchin' the sky  
I got a wood, so fuck the world  
Until I die  
If you ain't know  
It's Kid Ink baby  
Representin' Alumni  
Off three shots but, you ain't hear the gun cock  
Fat ass blunt nigga, yours looks sun dried  
What it do, I'm on two  
Tell 'em straight up, no juice  
Never goin' back to the broke old days  
But I've got a room full of retro J's  
Never seen these, look back at it  
I see your bank and I laugh at it

Blowin' kush up, like an air mattress  
One hit will leave a nigga asthmatic  
And we goin' up  
Ain't nobody sober  
Know that molly, uncut  
Eighteen and over  
Got  
Three chains  
Two girls  
Hangin' over my shoulders  
Give it up in one motion  
Know that money is the motive

My time  
My time is now  
I cannot wait  
They say that love, it comes with hate  
When I made it out the streets  
And then that love it turned to hate  
I didn't turn up, I turned away  
The time is short, no time to waste  
All these niggas up in my face, they ain't my friends  
All these niggas up in my face, they ain't my friends  
I've got fam servin' fiends  
And fiends I call my fam  
If you wanna keep your bitch  
Then make sure she don't cross my path  
'Cause if she do, she see my shoes  
She peep my swag, she get online  
Check my background  
Bitch you seen that cash  
My only motto about that money is get more  
My only motto about that money is get more