

## Get Down Low

Snow Tha Product

Get down, get down low  
You know how that go  
You gon' drop it to the floor  
But you know how that go  
Get down, get down low

Get down low, all the way to the floor  
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'Sup bitch, 'sup hoe  
Good game, cut throat  
Shawty say that she love thugs oh  
She better say no names if she got cuffs on  
Lately I just do it for the fuck of it  
I line it so sharp that it'll cut a bitch  
If it's Henny then of course I'll take a cup of it  
Good luck getting me to give a fuck again  
In, out and in out of state  
I've been eatin' good, never been out of shape  
But I've been out and sent out some bitches with weight  
Better get out the pen now and print outs the pay  
I be in out and in out and in out of planes  
I don't trip out but trip out to get out of lane  
Bitches hating on me, better sit down and wait  
Better get out cause this round gon' hit y'all and spray  
Bitch get back before I blocka  
You a bad bitch, I'm a bad motherfucker  
Tell the valet bring the keys, bring the truck up  
When you talk to to me you better stand up and look up  
Hoe get back cause I'm back now  
Top producers bringing A1 tracks out  
We about to make these motherfuckers black out  
Mamacita make and bake and makin' cash now  
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Snow-ee-yo I spit that hot fire  
If you ain't heard you got a cross wire  
You ain't been on no shit that's not hard  
You ain't gettin' no cake sweetheart, that's pop tart  
You don't got it down like moi  
When I spit bars, leave 'em all in awe  
Five foot tall but the aura large  
And in charge, I'm a boss, we get broads like God  
Little mamcita got a lot of grip  
They be noticing I be talking 'bout economy  
Have you seen the Mexicana with the dollars in  
And I get the cheese, I ain't lactose intolerant  
So follow me when I get out bags and get out masks and, uh  
Get out gats and get that cash and run  
Hit that gas and hit that armored truck  
Just sit back and flip that in a month like whoo!  
Ain't I tell y'all I'm here  
Ain't I tell y'all I'm runnin' up and bustin' on 'em  
Ain't I say this my year  
Ain't I tell y'all I'm coming up and stuntin' on 'em  
Cause I've bene on the phone closing deals  
I've been talking 'bout how we gon' flip and we gon' spend it  
I don't care if I'm a go legit or if I'm a come in a ski mask, bitch I'm a g  
et it  
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