

Get Low

8Ball & MJG

Get low (get low), get low (get low)
They fight (they fight), they fight (they fight)
Get low (get low), get low (get low)
They shoot (they shoot), they shoot (they shoot)

Whats the worse shit heard
A shotgun blast from the back a ya head
Niggas don't know who got hit
But I know fo sho somebody dead
All I hear is people scream in the background
Everybody in the club down on tha flo
Everybody in the VIP was
Runnin over heat tokin from the back door
I don't see MJG nowhere
Gunshots still pop in the mayhem
Imma reach fo the heat that I snuck in
Hope my shots don't hit the innocent
Seems like we done been here a long time
But its only been about 5 minutes
Shoulda stayed my ass at home
Its too late now I'm already in it
Whats the worse shit seen
Blood on the flo, blood on the wall
People gettin hit didn't do nothing
Baby don't know, momma ain't comin home
And I don't know what started it all

...

A nigga done went too far
Now you gotta run and deal wit the law
And I don't wanna do nuthin but get home
I don't wanna see nuthin but the freeway
I don't wanna have to pop this four five
But I will if it mean Imma get away
Pull back let it all go
Run outside, jump in the vee-hic
Burn off doin eighty four
Nigga wanna get me, boy betta be quick

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Witnesses runnin, talkin bout the shootas is comin
... Get low

... That make me wonder how they got it through the front door
Security beatin the hell outta some of the instigatas
Who started the fuck rucous in the first place
And there ain't even no way I could sugar coat it
As bad is I want the shit to be over and be the worse case

...

I'm tryin to make it to my chevy,
I don't give a fuck about the bitches Or the little money Imma spend now
MJG ... I'm just tryna get up out the club like
So don't be stickin yo hand up to me talkin bout you hurtin
You a veteran now hit me wit a dub spot
And ain't no way I'm tryna get hit wit a stray bullet

But no matta what chu say nigga they pull it

...

A nigga who on a mission to get me and everybody

Who came wit me back to mutha fuckin safety

And don't nobody but me and a couple niggas who kill nigga for real

...

Hit the ignition on the Chevy Impala

To keep the lookout for me I just cut the music on the lo-lo

I got my hand on the fo-fo

Tellin my people to get down, help me look out for the po-po

Put it in drive, hit the accelerator

... Pistol wippin while I'm dippin now

Anotha episode of niggas tryna get out the club

Because anotha mutha fucka nigga trippin now

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