

(Turn me up KidSpyral)  
(Ghosty)

Bow!

Bad one bust down on the kid, come arch her  
I tell her go low for the A92 (Buss it)  
I'm scorching in this T, no T Rex  
And he got run out the A by fiends (Ching, ching)  
I'm a young black boy tryna slap this lead  
And I bun hella green buds with the crew  
I made man's white tee turn red  
Now I'm wanted by the boys in blue  
Winnin' this beef and I say it with chest  
Now I got a mask on my face like COVID  
Slap one at a pagan's chest  
And now you got a pain in your chest like COVID  
We don't play like duck-duck-goose  
I duck a man down, tryna leave man folded (Baow)  
If you don't duck, get hit in your Canada Goose  
You know the gangdem's loaded  
They ain't out on the block so we circle around  
Yeah, we circle like a merry-go-round  
You ain't ever tryna get a bag or a body  
Get a body bag, I use it when I pull up in the town  
I ain't ever lied, did I do that, I'd die in the station  
You know a nigga holdin' it down  
Fly out the ride tryna ying that yuh, yuh  
I'm really tryna yurk man down  
We got down... we got down... we got down... we got down...  
I don't even wanna talk 'bout roses  
Girl's been passed all around like Rondo (Jezzie)  
Go low for the gang, just go low  
Done it on a two man, step or solo  
Only live once, that's YOLO, YOLO  
Do it like bando, screamin' out yo

I'm an artist, but when the beef gets hot, you cannot decline  
And I've said it time to time, the beef is stupid, I won't deny  
But it is what it is, see, the A got beef with the...  
And just when I thought this beef was dead  
Bro came with the seasonin' and kicked off and it started again  
When they slide 'round here, we slide right back  
We're tryna do more than just get even  
But if you roll with us and you fuck with them, you're committin' treason  
Asked for the motive, she said, "In my bedroom"  
Now I got her screamin', "Opor" gyallie on me, man  
Says she want more  
Go low, go low, all the way to the floor

Mi wan slap corn in a pagan's door  
Get 'round there in a four-by-four  
Uh, uh, j'adore, j'adore  
When I get man down, it's a round of applause (Uh-uh)  
And I don't really get no sleep  
Cah I'm dishin' out packs like Santa Claus (Way)  
Shorties work out for the team

Go low, go low, all the way to the floor  
Slide 'round there, no cha cha, slide ... and ... go hard two times (Yeah)  
Young G's wan' go on the glide  
Just move to the right, let me hop inside (Hop)  
If bae bae don't give us the drop  
So I guess what's yours is also mine (Haha)  
Now it's back to the trap one time  
Cah the pack come sweet like Caroline

Yo, bad one, arch it (Uh-uh)  
Go low for the gang, that's perfect (Baow, baow)  
We'll put it in R and park it  
Spin that coupe as the B go blast it  
Tryna get more Ms like Huncho (I am)  
So my reputation ain't tarnished (Ain't tarnished)  
And free my guys that's locked in the bin  
Them boy ain't trash like garbage (You know)  
Broski's got P and I've got P  
So I guess we're tryna get richer (Ooh, ooh)  
Bae bae was down for me  
So I guess I'll giver her this D like Digga (Thank you, babe)  
They don't bang on the A, they're fibbers  
When they come, man, they take snaps like pictures  
On the M24s like the GBGs  
But we don't dance with hittas

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