

On the Low

Bizzle

I could have told you never love a chick
Made it sound tougher
Just to bust her down and cut a chick
Bunch of hits
Calling you a sucker if you cuff her
So you went and stuck your bun up in the oven of another chick
Now you got a couple kids
By a couple of chicks
Got them papers
Now you up against the government
You ain't want the covenant
But now look at the one you in
Now they cuffing you and it don't matter if you cuffing them
How imma tell you get it popping with a ton of chicks?
Then have a problem when it ain't no fathers in a bunch of cribs?
You say I sound like a hater
But what's funny is
If I'm a hater, what I'm 'posed to tell you if I love you then?

I just wanna see you go
I just wanna see you grow
Wanna see you hit your goals
But if you never knew love before
I could see how you be thinking I be hating on the low

On the low (on the low)
If they never knew love
They can hate you on the low (on the low)
What if what you call love's really hating on the low?

I could have told you let that chopper loose
Man that's his fault, "he should be watching who he talking to"
Gassing you to mash him like "That's how you let him talk to you?!"
Then sat up in my mansion with the fam
While they was locking you
Ain't nobody locked with you
The squad that you was on
Don't keep a dollar on the phone
So you can't even put no holler through
Swear to God they rock with you
Same kind of dude that made you feel soft
In keeping your cool like you oughta do
Alot of dudes'll try to pull the devil out of you
I promise you
I'm just trying to speak to the God in you
And they gone tell you I'm a hater
But what's funny is
If I'm a hater, what I'm 'posed to tell you if I love you then?

I just wanna see you go
I just wanna see you grow
Wanna see you hit your goals
But if you never knew love before
I could see how you be thinking I be hating on the low

On the low (on the low)
If they never knew love

They can hate you on the low (on the low)
What if what you call love's really hating on the low?

I could have told you "you was broke"
Partner please
Know if you ain't rocking these, you a joke
Guapanese, only language I can speak, is you slow?
Follow me, I'm what you should try to be, you should go
Get your hands on a brick, whether weed or some coke
White or green, they either hit the trees or the slopes
But for the love of money and the greed, sell em both
And while you in the mood to sell, sell your dreams and your hopes
What if I just wanna see people grow
And I believe if you ain't planted in Jesus you won't
And if that makes me a hater
What's funny is
I don't know what I'm 'posed to tell you if I love you then?

I just wanna see you go
I just wanna see you grow
Wanna see you hit your goals
But if you never knew love before
I could see how you be thinking I be hating on the low

On the low (on the low)
If they never knew love
They can hate you on the low (on the low)
What if what you call love's really hating on the low?