If it ain't a Chevy, don't raise it up And, if it ain't the kush, don't blaze it up I'm sticking to the script while niggas changing up They beats sounding like the homie, now they fake as fuck But look, I was in the fo' with my crew tryna cop me on the ten Getting high, with my whole hood behind me I had two zones on me, play it cool, there go Johnny As soon as I could say it, I felt like they got behind me So he tried to hit the exit but his brakes ain't working Doing 50 on the red bout to brace the swerve And, much to my surprise We ain't even crashing, ain't nobody died But, we burnt rubber from the side Parked and hopped out like it ain't nobody side Fuck it, GPS the body shop This type of shit happen all the fucking time cause

All I do is bounce in my low low
Getting called this nigga out the solo
Got the burner in the low low
Damn nigga, there go po po
Pops used to have the low low
I was little in a low low
You know I got it for the low low
You know I get it for the low low

Let's get high, bitch, in my Damu ride
On my momma, I'm on one, hitting that side to side
Bitch, wrapped a flag round the pistol, the rag sit awkward
Hop out schwanging, sag show my boxers
Belt \$12.50, Robins, no Dickie
Dice Gang, school 'em like Tee Cee
Boy, motherfuck a rumor, last week I died twice
But lose your mind and double cross me, hope you find Christ
Papa was a rolling stone in the low rider
Piru boy with more passes than a Globetrotter
'6-4, six chains, Impala
Bend the corner, three-wheeling, scrape the bottom
Front, back, pancake, fuck what a man say
Pull up on your hood, day, and park it on your landscape