

On The Low

Ken Carson

(808 Mafia)

Yeah

Uh, runnin' up them racks 'til I get old (Yeah)

I count up blue cheese, I spend this shit before it mold (Oh yeah)

Got your ho on her knees, I'm trying to hit the back of her throat (Oh yeah)

But she ain't nothin' to me, I'm 'bout to pass her to my bro (Oh nah)

I'm a pimp and I walk with a limp, no, I ain't trippin' 'bout no ho (Oh yeah)

And I know that these niggas mad 'cause I got they hoes on go (Oh yeah)

I was hittin' his bitch from the back, he was pillow talkin' on the low

Yeah, these niggas go out bad 'bout these hoes

Bitch can't get nothin' from me, not even somethin' from the store

Yeah, bitch, I'm cold (Yeah)

Iced tea, big tit bitch with me, ain't no Nicole

Got a big booty bitch, but the bitch bald-

headed, yeah, Amber Rose

Poured a six of the Tris, we ain't got no red, yeah, fuck a four

Hit a lick if we ain't got no bread, yeah, kick a door (Yeah)

If it ain't about a dollar, if it ain't about money, yeah, don't hit my phone (Yeah)

Uh, runnin' up them racks 'til I get old

I count up blue cheese, I spend this shit before it mold

Got your ho on her knees, I'm trying to hit the back of her throat

But she ain't nothin' to me, I'm 'bout to pass her to my bro

I'm a pimp and I walk with a limp, no, I ain't trippin' 'bout no ho (I ain't trippin' 'bout no ho)

And I know that these niggas mad 'cause I got they hoes on go

I was hittin' his bitch from the back, he was pillow talkin' on the low

Uh, he was pillow talking on the low