

Get Low

Lexa Gates

If I see that bitch, I'm gon' kill that bitch
I don't give a fuck what she talking 'bout
I got a bad temper and a big mouth
I'ma run that shit 'til I get my way, then I'm out
Once I got that, I dip
I don't want no lil' shrimp ass dick
Boy, I need me some grip
Smoke that L 'til it's clipped (Clipped)
Fuck your man 'til he crip' (Crip')
Got him walking all bow-legged and naked
I take a flick with my pussy juice on his lip

What you gone do ho?
Yeah, I got the Glock in my hand, I'm on go
When you see me get low

Funny how you bitches think you're something like me
When you're nothing like me at all
Bitch, I stand eight feet tall
On my bands, ho, 'cause I ball
Tell me, who the fuck you gon' call when I come through looking
for you?
With that doot-doot-doot-doot
That's your head, ho, you screwed
I was chillin with my ex 'cause I know he got the flex
So I let him give me neck, bitch, next
Now I'm chillin with my bae 'cause he made me change my ways
Said he finna stay and lay, okay

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