

For The Low Pt.2

Lil Bibby

I still got what the fuck you need nigga
What you sayin?
Hit my phone
Hannn

I still got what you need nigga
Coke, pills or leaves nigga
I still got what you need nigga
Coke, pills or leaves nigga
Bitch I'm the man, bitch I'm the man, bitch I'm the man
Bitch I'm the man, bitch I'm the man, bitch I'm the man
Bitch I'm the man, fuck is you saying, bitch I'm the man
Bitch I'm the man, bitch I'm the man, bitch I'm the man

I get to the cash
These niggas is crafts, they making me laugh
I walk in the mall, grab what I want, put that on my tab
Fuck is you saying, fuck is you doing, why is you playing
You don't do what? wait on this porch, call you a cab
My niggas be whipping and flipping the dope
Dissing my lineup could get you some smoke
They know Lil Bibby got shit for the low
I'm out of town, you just hit up my bro
(Hey hold up, how many you want?)
I'm finna meet you right there man by that cut on 78th and Kingston)
Young nigga still serving them J's
Peyton Manning, I be making them plays
L's to the grave, remember them days, I'm stuck in my ways
And we got them choppers
Trust me when I say you don't want them problems
We blow at them oppers, my young niggas shotters
You die or you gonna need doctors

Still keep it real, still counting hundred dollar bills
Still on that weed, never pills
Still probably fucked your bitch, let her chill
Still rolling kush after every meal
Still pushing foreign wheels, still tell you how I feel
Be a real ass nigga, smoking up when I want
The next one I roll gon be bigger
I'm drunk as fuck off that liquor
Don't make no mistakes
Sold out my tour now all I want to do is smoke and skate
Wait, the hating only motivate
I got more cash, I hope she got more ass to shake
I'm smoking great, I roll one, don't procrastinate
I pass the nick, get money at a faster pace
My weed is killer, assassination, shit, goddamn!

Still got them goons, still got them shooters, fuck is you thanking?
Yea I got plaques on the wall, but still got niggas that'll come and stank y
ou
My dogs do karate, walker, Texas ranger
If I Instagram your bitch, I'm a make her famous
I've been going hard since 2 years old

Juicy J, I be runnin' through these hoes
All these niggas got somethin' to say
Till I pull up to the club in the UFO
Dancing in these streets on these brand new Forgiatos
Come and try me, think you slick?
Fully auto full of hollows
Fuck is you hating for, I came from the bottom now I'm making dough
Move out my way and let me make some more
I chase the cash, you chasing hoes
Stupid nigga wasting all your time tryna spoil that dirty bitch
And she gon hit the club tonight and suck a rich nigga dick