

## Get Low

M Row

(Jelly on that)  
Like, M Row  
Shout out MCF, Troops  
Frrah, frrah, boom  
Like

Tagged, he got his face hit  
Took too long to get low when we chased him, like  
Nigga ran out of his Asics, that's what he get for not tying his laces  
He got shot, tripped, he ain't make it  
Fell on the floor and his skin started scrapin'  
He yellin', "They hit me on top of my kidney"  
They told him, "That shit probably need a replacement"  
Ambulance speedin', new shots got him bleedin'  
P-Pass out, way too much pressure, can't take it  
That anesthesia just gave him amnesia  
He woke up lost on the ground and was naked (Frrah, frrah, boom nigga, like)

Rowski, timeout, I gotta speak  
Why do they rap like they home in the T's?  
That's never the case, niggas know how we get in them V's, every trip, we make a scene  
Shots fired, tryna connect to his bean  
The red tips tap him, then you see him bleed  
They always get touched when they glide through these P's, the last one we hit, we saw him on TV  
Whenever they troll me, I run up a ten, like, stash and then do it again  
Walk in any Chev' and quickly box a stem  
Had to back him down, he was watching my pen  
I will not pull up if I can't bring the gen, Nunnie in the cut with like ten different friends  
If you know, you know, always get it in  
Push up, we gon' show you just how we defend  
I-I start flockin', everyone falling and belongings droppin'  
Three opps got hit with that hot shit and they ain't doin' shit but bunny hoppin'  
Jeff Blixx got hit in his noggin, when y'all gon' hop in that ride and go pop it?  
Opp thot, hate that she a lil toxic  
Long as she send through, whatever that drop is

I'm not changing the topic, B Rose was duckin' and dodgin'  
I was pissed off, I never shot him  
Nazzy was runnin', that's word to my mother, when he fell to the floor, I just thought he was floppin'  
Gotta use your logic, don't be dumb  
Before you mention us, you gotta tap your pockets  
Any Pitchforks spotted, I drop it  
Sha Gz boogied when he saw me flock it (Word to my dead)

Tie your laces or run out of luck, big dog, I could never beef with p  
ups  
You clutching your G? You got it tucked? I'm dumpin' it first and I'm  
makin' him duck  
Grazed him, I heard it took off a chunk, if he would've died, the blu  
nt would've got stuffed  
Watch how I up it, aim it, dump  
We go bullet for bullet and I don't give a fuck