

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 lace
s

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 o
ne we hit, we saw him on TV

Whenever they troll me, I run up a ten, like, stash and then do it ag
ain

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, Nannie in the cut with l
ike 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 b
unny hoppin'

Jeff Blixk got hit in his noggin, when y'all gon' hop in that ride an
d 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 floo
r, 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