

4 THE LOW

Problem

Good weed
Eyes low
No, we ain't gotta stress no more
Count it up
Smoke gas
Smoke pounds for the low
Call my cell phone
No, I don't let shop close
Froze, yeah my neck so cold
Cones, I'm the connect start passing out
Clones
Every day wake up and get stoned

I'm talking all natural
I'm rolling them bats up now
The police don't pat 'em down
I see they be down bad
I'm rolling up laughing now
These fools be sick
So when I roll six I don't even pass 'em now
Homie don't even ask 'em now

Black market on the east side they boxed up and got rich
For that same thing they doing
Now homies locked up and I'm pissed
In a whoop wam still boxed up
While them white folks get rich
So I make sure that I buy something every time
I make the money flip

For the low
Pounds for the low
We got pounds for the low

For the low
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Rolling weed and I trip
Make money then I dip
Won't ask for a sip
Self-made like Nip
Boys got chick ways
Ride waves like ship
The game know we good business
Cause we got it like this baby (what)

I done made classics
Come to that grass you don't even have to count

Whole turkey bag I roll it up fast
It don't even last 'em now
Wow, how?
Now they wan' flag 'em down
I do what I want and put an amount

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