

## 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

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Pounds 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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Pounds for the low  
We got pounds for the low

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