

Lowkey

Rak-Su

Shorty, she don't want a Birkin bag
She don't live for the tags, yeah
Nah, nah, she's lowkey
Yeah, she's lowkey

You been on the grind every day
Tryna build a life to retire
Anything you want, I can pay
But money never spark your desire
They could never buy your love
Nobody's got enough
Killing 'em with beauty and grace
Baby, that's a thing I admire

You ain't like those other girls
You keep it on the low
We could fly around the world
And no one has to know, yeah

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Yeah, she's lowkey
Shorty, she ain't tryna twerk for the 'Gram
Just to get attention, yeah
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Yeah, she's lowkey

I found me a sweet little sugar dumpling with a vibe
When the lights go off, yeah, she really come alive
Peek one, I ain't tryna stunt for the 'Gram
Gets money offline, I'm her only real fan
She ain't got a million followers
Still, I see the gossipers, they wanna follow us
But counting profit, invoices, and checks
Is the only time that I like, talk on the net, yeah

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Nah, nah, she's lowkey
Yeah, she's lowkey
She don't care for no drama
No stress, no, nah nah
She don't beg, she's no liar
She rare, fine china
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And no one has to know, girl
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