

## Get Low

## Sleepy Hallow

Great John on the beat, but the way

I get the bag and run it up (Run it up)  
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You gotta be special ed, thinkin' 'bout runnin' up  
We make it hot, look like the sun is up (Look like the sun is up)  
Right by the Tommy's, that's where the gun is tucked (That's where the gun is tucked)  
Damn  
Pull out your gun, then you better blow  
Bro off a pill when he do a drill  
So when he get high, you better get low

Know we make it hot, summer  
Lil' bitch, I'm the shit, plumber  
Back out the stick, make it beat like a drummer  
I ain't lyin', I keep it a hunna  
My shooters be sliding, you die if you run up  
I pull up, put a bag on your brother  
That nigga still hot and I know he a chucker  
Can't respect him, can't wait 'til we catch him  
Tell broski to wet him, spread bullets like butter  
Fuck the plug, he ain't gettin' no money  
Bitch gon' fuck 'cause I came from the gutter  
She heard I be trappin', I made her my sucker  
They ain't with it, I know that they cappin'  
My gang get to clappin', they runnin' for cover  
Yeah, they runnin' for cover  
Yeah, they runnin for cover

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Look, please don't play with the bros  
I promise they see you, they doin' the most  
Look, can't hit no lick and go ghost  
I ride with my brothers, we splittin' the toast  
Back 'em down, I'm like Shaq in the post  
Yeah, I could do it, don't need nobody close  
Is you ridin', you ready to go?  
You say you bangin', better buy you a pole  
Strapped up, ain't no leavin' it home  
Don't act up, we put one in your dome  
Get clapped up, now your name on a stone  
Throw racks up, watching bitches unfold  
Since a youngin', we was all buggin'  
Tryna make the block hot when it's cold, yeah (Tryna make the block hot when it's cold)

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