

Low Life

The Weeknd

Everybody getting high
Getting high, getting high, getting high

I just took some molly, what else? (hey)
Got some bitch from Follies with us ('scuse me, 'scuse me)
She gonna fuck the squad, what else?
I'm a fuck her broads, what else?
Bitch from Pakistan, what up?
Ferraris and them Lambs, what else?
'Bout to fuck this club up, what else?
(Get, get, get)

I turn the Ritz into a poor house
It's like eviction number four now
Go 'head and ash it on the floor now
Girl go ahead and show me how you go down
And I feel my whole body peaking
And I'm fucking anybody with they legs wide
Getting faded with some bitches from the West Side
East coast, nigga repping North Side
Never waste a hoe's time (Freebands)
Bitch, I'm on my own time
Fuck a nigga co-sign
Always change my number and my phone line
Baby girl, I don't lie
Used to have no money for a crib
Now my room service bill cost your whole lot
If they try to stunt me, I go all out military
I'm camo'ed all out, like I'm in the military
I free up all my niggas, locked up in the penitentiary

'Cause I'm always repping for that low life
Repping for that low life turn up
Low life, low life, low life
Know I'm repping for that low, low life
Representing, I'm representing, representing
Said I'm repping for that low life
Low life, low life, low life, low life
I'm representing for that low life
Said I'm repping for that low life
I'm repping, that's repping, I'm repping
Low life, low life, low life
Rep, rep, rep, rep, rep, rep, rep
Woo, woo, woo, woo
Yeah

Wake up, take a sip of Ace of Spade like it's water
I been on the molly and them Xans with your daughter
If she catch me cheating, I will never tell her sorry
If she catch me cheating, I will never tell her sorry
Porches in the valley, I got Bentleys, I got Raris
Taking pain pills on the plane, getting chartered
Popping tags on tags, I was starving
Bitch, I got the juice and the carbon
Turn a five star hotel to a traphouse
Roaches everywhere, like we forgot to take the trash out
Flood my cross with ice, getting money my religion

Got my baby mamma and my side bitch kissing
I turn the Ritz into a lean house
This the sixth time getting kicked out
I can't feel my face, I'm on Adderall, nauseous
Niggas tryna ride my fuckin' wave, now they salty
Running with the wave, get you killed quick
Shoot you in your back like you Ricky
Lil Mexico, from no life to afterlife
My whole life, my whole life

'Cause I'm always repping for that low life
Repping for that low life
Low life, low life, low life
Know I'm repping for that low, low life
Representing, I'm representing, representing
Said I'm repping for that low life
Low life, low life, low life, low life
I'm representing that low life
Said I'm repping for that low life
Low life, I'm repping for that lowlife
Low life, low life, low life
Rep, rep, rep, rep, rep, rep, rep, woo
Yeah

Yeah, they stereotyping
'Cause they know a nigga keep ten rifles
And they know a nigga keep ten snipers
Keep a baby bottle like we wearing diapers
Yeah, they stereotyping
'Cause they know a nigga keep twenty rifles
And they know a nigga keep twenty snipers
And they know a nigga keep ten wifeys
Sniper, sniper, sniper, sniper, sniper
Wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey
That's your wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey?
I think I like her, like her, like her, like her
That's your wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey?
I think I like her, like her, like her, like her
Oh, that's your wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey?
I think I like her, like her, like her, like her

Getting high, getting high, getting high
Everybody getting high
Getting high, getting high, getting high
Everybody getting high
Getting high, getting high, getting high
Everybody getting high
Getting high, getting high, getting high
And I'm the reason why
Getting high, getting high, getting high
Everybody getting high
Getting high, getting high, getting high
Everybody getting high
Getting high, getting high, getting high
Everybody getting high
Getting high, getting high, getting high
And I'm the reason why

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