

Get Low

Xavier Wulf

Rollin' up slow, kush smoke with the big bro
Play me, boy, better get loooooow

Rollin' up slow, kush smoke with the big bro
Play me, boy, better get low, ho
I ain't finna play games with him, hell no
I'm a man, him too, so I treat him like so
Nigga, I know you's a ho, nigga
Don't try to hide, you fool, I already know
A nigga like me ain't finna play, no way
Smoke a blunt, chill, no nigga, high all day

Smokin' blowin' 'at type of goddamn reefer
My brothers smokin' halves for no particular reason
We used to skip class for that bad bitch sativa
I'm workin' for my cash and that's the only damn reason
My nigga, I'm a player, hustle for the damn season
Posted with the set, chillin', buckin' like a heathen
And we don't give a fuck and that's the goddamn reason
Weed smoke thick, I call her Queen A-Lacheefay
Your chick call me, for that pussy be the reason
Baby girl high, now she want to take a beating
So I'ma let her slide, I'mma keep her for the weekend
And when I give her back she might act like she don't need it

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