

Low

Emilio Rojas

[Hook]

They say I'm too real for these fuck boys
And I'm too real for these hoes
With a bad bitch with that good
She getting low, aw yeah she getting low, low, low
Hell yeah we getting low, low, low
They say I'm too real for my city
I'm too real with that flow
And we be in that Audi getting low
Aw yeah we getting low, low, low
Hell yeah we getting low, low, low
We getting, we getting low

[Verse One: Emilio Rojas]

I'm not a god, somebody lied, I got apostles in the car
And they all are willing to ride, we uptown around Dyckman
Riding around with them dyke chicks and they both bad
And they both mad because usually they don't like dick
I'm in a Brietling with no bling 'cause diamonds ain't my thing
And the chick I wipe down, I won't wife now
Now that bitch don't get no ring, I'm the Jefe
And I live in the city the Jets claim
I was always a fan of the Knicks so I never be sitting
And watching the Nets game, the best thing in the city except Jay
My middle finger been touching my ring finger
There's a thin line for love and hate
My father left when I was young and made my mother wait
That filled me up with hunger, now I don't eat till mother straight
While y'all been spending money on them colleges
We bought so many bottles, we could piss away a scholarship
My money loud, that's why them bitches get to hollering
It's quiet if it isn't bringing dollars in

[Hook]

[Verse Two: Emilio Rojas]

And my day job is that night life, I got no shame, I got no regrets
I never gave a fuck about hindsight and play no games
It's still my life, we'll be rolling around like a highlight
And I roll around with them lowlifes and we all are living that high life

Riding around in that V, hiding a pound in my jeans
Getting the women you wishing you hitting
And then I be sliding them down to they knees, I am the one
Razor blade under the tongue, never would talk to the judge
Up in the Roc to get in the hospital
Where the doctors pumping my lungs (pumping my lungs)
And I never gotta show and prove, I show improvement
And my crew is like a fucking GPS, we showing movement, right?
Too busy making decisions to make excuses
If nobody tryna use you, that prove to me that you useless
I'm my own fucking business, homie, I pay myself
I don't ever choose 'cause hard decisions tend to make themselves
If you hate on me now, it's 'cause you hate yourself
All I ever follow is the paper trail

[Hook]

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