

Low (feat. Nicki Minaj, Lil Bibby & Young Thug)

Juicy J

My beat low, my bass low, I ride low, she go low
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Me, Juicy J, got too many hoes
Me, Juicy J, got too many flows
Clique ballin' out, like the '98 Lakers
Pull up in a million dollar car and violate it
Fly to Cancun on Sunday, land in France on Monday
Faded at the fashion show, tryna grab a bitch off the runway
I ain't even pack no clothes, nothin' but rubbers in my suitcase
Laid her on the mic, menage with my model and her roommate
And if I tip a bitch, we fuckin', it ain't no discussion
It cost to be the boss, my nigga, you way out of your budget
Who you playin' with lil homie? Your life won't cost me nothin'
Juicy J so presidential, don't make me press that button
I get a brick, you know I get it for the, low
Her ass so fat, I told her drop it down, low
I do a verse, you know my prices ain't, low
Lil momma know I like my kisses down, low
Me, Nicki M, I got too many wins
Pull up with them V twins in my engine
All this ice all around me, like a penguin
I ain't talkin' bowlin', but I'm with the kingpin
I pull up with a nigga with a real big dick
That's just so good, man a bitch came quick
I ain't ever have a beat that a bitch ain't rip
I'm fly everyday, but a bitch ain't trippin'
You be on that bull, you be on Scott Pippen
I be pimp walkin', I'm limpin'
C's on my bag, so they think I'm crippin'
Every nigga in here wanna know what I'm drinkin'
Myx Moscato, niggas
I keep a pillow with me, just because I'm tired of niggas
I'm with some flawless girls, they're pretty and they're thick
Bust it open quick, put that pussy on his lips, bitch
I'm Lil Bibby, Mr. Everything-For-The-Low
Mr. Leave-Her-At-Home-He'll-Take-Your-Ho
Mr. Stack-That-Dough
Young rich nigga used to trap by the store, now I tax for the flow
Tell a rap nigga, "I'm not feelin' you"
Stop frontin', boy, y'all not criminals
At the top, man they talkin' 'bout killin' you
Got two 9's but they're not identical
I'll never trade on my squad, nigga
Ball hard, nigga, I'm Michael Jordan, you LeBron, nigga

In other words, you a fraud, nigga
I'll pull your card, nigga
I'm a young boss, I'm runnin' shit
Call me King Tut, all this gold on, I be blinged up
If they try to rob, got the things tucked, you ain't seen nothin'
At the club, their jaws drop when I pull up in that Benz
30 deep, 'bout 20 heats, still stomp him out with my Timbs
I'm in here chillin' with my feet up
I told y'all that I'm 'bout to heat up
Man it's time to kill all this weak stuff
Pull the beat up, watch me eat up

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>