

Abby 6

"Stay Lo"

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[Verse One: Q-Unique]

Has it ever occurred to you that you wasn't meant to
grab the mic
and kick a rhyme, son I think you're wastin' time
If you was light you wouldn't shine when asked to sign
the dotted line
Tell 'em sorry you must decline, nah never mind
I'ma tag you with this loaded {nine}
Now see normally I wouldn't resort to but since you spit
I had to abort you
Tall nigga to short you slash your vocals, stop your
raps from being spoken
Crush your knuckles leavin' ya mic grabbin' hand
broken
I'm out to damage you like a shiesty manager
(buahahaha)
Chase you down the stairs, cut you off when I leaped
over the banister
Cornered, it can be, you can't flee
Can't stand to see 'cause nigga you can't emcee
The platinum plaque recipient suffered a twisted fate
like chubby checker
being lynched off the goldengate bridge over troubled
water
The colonel giving orders smash the juke up for its
quarters
Go unpause ya tape recorders

[Chorus: Q-Unique]

Stay low, don't ask 'em to say hoe
Toy mic you play flow
Start a rap career, that shit is way no
Start a rap career, that shit is way no
Toy mic you play flow
Don't ask 'em to say hoe, stay low
====
Stay low, don't ask 'em to say hoe
Toy mic you play flow
Start a rap career, that shit is way no
Stay low, don't ask 'em to say HOE
Thought to start a rap career, that shit is way no

[Verse Two: Swel Boogie]

I pound the final round *ding*
Bring on the trouble clown, how you sound?
You think I'm lower than dirt? I'm double down
for whatever the case is, whatever the place is
We sever the stages, you could never come face this
Arsonist and Non-phix rollin' with convicts that want
chicks
but make sure they the bomb tricks
that don't complain, about any position
Heads or tails I'ma win in any decision
The mission is impossible for you to get it
Complete, so dead it, delete it or I'ma.. set it, I'm
heated
I'm must proven guilty for murder 'cause rhymes I be
killin' it
If tracks I ain't feeling it than I don't wanna deal with it

[Q-Unique]

Stay low, don't ask 'em to say hoe

[Verse Three: Jise One]

Low brim shadow my eyes (code red) rockin' a steel toe
show
Bold to visualize mo' live antagonize size
Most cats fall off the face then come back to be
surprised (why?)
Sly Stone the mic to enterprise, true lies within you
small fries
Most egos that grow to be loose change, I despise that
(why?)
There two kinds that draw the fine lines between the biz
and rhymes
You breed greed to try mock mine ('cause I define the
true times, why?)
The records B.I. grime shit don't get the air
You fear us nothing but bare time then show signs
you're not aware (why?)
Stay low, don't ask 'em to say hoe
A million sold don't make you pro, that's why we hold it
for our pyros

(Chorus)

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