

Friedman Dean**"Low Down"**

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(Souljah Boy)

Me low down, low down, low down.

Yeah, Krayzie Bone up in this muthafucka,
my muthafuckin' nigga.

Souljah Boy 'bout to shut you hoes down.

You know what it is?

Mo Thug click

rollin' too damn thick, nigga.

What you hoes wanna do?

Ride, ride?

Die, die?.

What it is, nigga.

What it is.

(Chours)

We low down, low down dirty shame,

niggas actin' strange,

catch a clip to the fuckin' brain.

Shoot 'em down, now.

(Souljah Boy)

Souljah Boy off in this muthafucka,

'cause to point out the bitch-made suckas,

thinkin' they gotta enough heat to rush us.

I'm a dust your ass off with the blink of an eye.

You niggas gotta die.

Don't ask me why,

but still I try

with the vibes that I

be givin', makin' money,

gettin,

spittin,

ya'll shittin,

down to the fuckin' white meat.

You hoes wanna find me

and my nigga Layzie Bone (...?...).

Ain't no comin' back, comin' back,

give me some of that good shit you smokin',

got me gigged up,

heat it up,

lit it up,
I'm straight locin'.
I'm hopin' that all y'all bustas got time to play.
My nigga Tombstone,
Krayzie Bone,
swing around your way,
your way.

(Chours 2x)

(Krayzie)

Now what if we banged your brain,
put 'em in a coffin, and that's where they lay?
Nigga, wanna row the boat to get chromed,
dump 'em in the river.
Now, that's how we play.
Hey, murdered them niggas that's plottin' to rob me.
Hollow point top in your body.
Nigga fin to bless your soul with a twelve gauge
Mossberg,
leavin' you stiff and cold.
Nigga, what ya gonna do when
the muthafuckin' thugstas come for you?
You snooze, you lose, you catch this uzi.
Nigga fin to shoot the po-po, too, and we do.
Runnin' with a nigga with finger on his trigger,
when I catch 'em, I fill 'em with ammunition.
Hit 'em with the bullet and I really meant to get ya,
they miss 'em.
Hey, we down with the swangin',
no fake entertainin'.
We quick when to fuck-a you up, oh my!
Gauges and uzis and three fifty-sevens,
we load 'em and shoot for your head. You die!
Niggas, they better test me.
Leatherface quick when he pull out this weapon. [Hey.]
We leavin' 'em headless.
Respect them Clair playas, bitch.

(Chours)

(Souljah Boy)

I'm on a mission [mission].
I'm swift when I empty my clip.
You oughta' beat your ass
real fast to safety, man,
if a soldier's about to rip.
You get lit, get hit,
as I split your shit.
Ain't worried 'bout a nigga tellin',
yellin' muthafuckin' thangs.

All you bitches [soldiers] gon' lay stiff,
as I shift with my grip off into a whole new level.

(Krayzie)

Gon' on my click, and now you're dead wrong [dead wrong].

Rest in peace.

They seem to be creepin' up on me lately.

Fuck it, let's all go crazy,

sell weed daily,

and we ready.

My thugstas love

when we buck buck,

put 'em underground, fuck 'em.

Krayzie release them shells.

I say, "say fuck it, let's all go to Hell,"

'cause I got my money,

my pistol,

my reefer,

never forget my thugs, what?

Hey, we slay.

We spray.

(Souljah Boy)

We pray everyday,

but still I see that you and me

just don't mix,

so I grab my grip.

I'm a kill your click,

that's the end of this shit.

So don't you ever

in your muthafuckin' life try to test me

steppin' like Rambo with this bulletproof vest and with a knife.

You better respect me,

or I won't think twice.

I'm killin' your wife.

Your bitch get sniped just like Wesley,

don't test me,

don't press me.

Krayzie Bone will open up they chest, G.

(Krayzie/Souljah Boy)

Yeah, niggas [Nigga, yeah nigga].

Yeah, ho-ass niggas, y'all muthafuckas

[Shit.] ain't ready for this muthafuckin' real thug shit.

[That's the shit.

Niggas ain't ready.] Bone shut shit down

[Shut shit down!], completely down!

[completely down!] You hoes didn't know? [Huh?]

You gotta recognize.
St.Clair Wasteland, nigga.
[Wasteland, wasteland, wasteland, wasteland,
soldiers, soldiers, soldiers]
Ho-ass muthafuckin' bitches.
I'm ready to kill 'em! Can you feel that?

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