

Koldborn

"Ridin Low"

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{HOOK}

I'm'a hop in the whip with the bucket sittin low,
Ridin Low, How Low? How low you wanna go?
Iced out so cold you would think I'm made of
Snow, I push the flow just like the blow,
It's ya boy K-O.

{VERSE 1}

Ridin real steady with the Betty in the back, semi on
Ohh, headin
Over to the trap, with a big fat stack, sittin pretty on my
lap, stay
Posted all the time, make me wanna lean back, lean
back. Make it clap,
I'll make it rain of you do that, pockets fat, pockets fat, I
got my cat's
Just like a tat, always there and where I'm at, always on
call if I need that,
Just like my dogs, I'll whip some ass, been known to
leave haters sittin flat.
Flat broke an on they ass, chop em, chop em like they
grass. Been
Known to break through the glass, and put my foot
straight in his ass.
If he try to give me that, It's K-O, from the AVE. H.V.D. to
be exact.
Come and get it where you at? Should I stop insisting?
Is it bad? Does it
Make you feel sad? My skills you wish you had... Known
to make,
Make these haters mad. Sorry.

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{VERSE 2}

Ridin round the city, doors open I'm focused. It's peer
pressure, bitch,
Tighten lips up and smoke this, burning up your
system, and blowing
Out your eardrums, but you still wanna hear some, my
lyrics are like
Wisdom. You listen and what you get from, my spittin is
my system, been
At it since a young one, still at it as a young gun, words
hit like lightning.
Coming from a stun gun, It's that boy K-O, Ohh you
better run son.
Doors wide open, yep the doors swangin free, what's
that bumpin in the trunk?
Yeah you jackers know it's me, I'm the K-O-L-G-A-T-E,
I'm the rawest in these
Streets, and yeah I'm gonna be, on top, no slacking, so
you lames that swagger
Jackin need to quit and start ya packin, I'm the king so
stop attacking. Cause
You forever gonna loose, I hit hard with one's and twos,
make you come up out
Ya shoes, leave you lost and so confused.

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