

## Kolgate "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 if 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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