

Peter Andre

"Low Key"

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Ogash
Mister U Dad pon di case
.45 along di waist
Police, snitches gwan get shot in-a dem bloodclot face
Ya see I mean?
O-o-ogash
Watch out

Yo, I'm on the down low, cops wanna know how I'm
gettin paid
So they send snitches wired up with hidden tapes
Steppin to me to make a purchase
But I ain't sellin jack, so the trap is worthless
Doin what I do, waitin to smoke me
But I'm all about dough, that's why my flow is low key
You see me today, I'm in a slick black Benz
Tomorrow a hooptie with mitch-match rims
And windows tinted and dark-ass glasses
Drivin around collectin money in masses
When I make my runs, it's done on a q.t.
That's how it gotta be when I'm out gettin lucci
I keep it on a quiet storm, word is bond
Makin sure that nobody's informed
You ask is my business legit?
Flip 'low key' around and see what you get
I'm low key, y'all

Yo, I'm in it for the fortune, let the next man have the
fame
For 10 long years I been down in the game
I slung when I was young runnin block to block
Sellin cooked up rock, and ain't never got knocked
??? when I used to sport Lee's
And I thought G's how to transport ki's
But one thing I learned from the day I got on
That's when you start tryin to play large you get up
gone
Either in jail or your head laid to rest
But I was game tight, cause I learned from the best
To never tell my dirt in the street to no bitch
And don't trust a friend, cause he could be a snitch

I hustle from Hempstead to Queens and Delaware
Cops takin out my spots, but I'm never there
From state to state I sling ki's and g's, and
Blow like the wind and keep on breezin
Take the money and run like a bandit
Leavin the chick I was with at the hotel stranded
Off on a midnight run, fully equipped
A full tank of gas, and a extra clip
Bullet-proof vest, a ski hat to match
Briefcase full of dough, and no strings attached
I'm low key, y'all

Yo, a kid makes a drop, then bounces
With a package that's short 'bout 4 1/2 ounces
So I made a few calls
Now he's scrapin his balls off the projects walls
I went to make his girlfriend bleed
And found her in the alley in the back of a crackspot,
o.d.-ed
I shot the bitch anyway
So what if she dead, if I ain't kill her, her ass still gots
to pay
And yo, that's word to Miz
Whoever get fast gettin blast, and I don't care who the
fuck it is
It could be Jesus Christ
But if he violate, I'm tearin down the gates and shoot
his ass twice
I ain't takin no losses
So I'm out to get mine and don't care what the cost is
Yo, I show no affection
I snap necks and then flex in every ghetto section
From point A to point B flippin ki after ki
And then watch the cops watch me
I see em lookin dead in my face
From a third-floor window in a project staircase
But they don't know that I'm aware
See, I knows the drama, and I ain't tryin to get caught
out there
So while they actin like spies
My troops is at the backdoor, ready to organize
I tell em wait for the cue
When you hear the horn blow, then go head and do the
do
I wave and let the cops know I see em
Flash a mad fat knot, and then hop in a B-M
Now the troops know what's on
So I give the cops the finger and smile and blow the
horn
And watch the troops bumrush the door
Ready for war, guns in hand, headed straight for the

3rd floor
??? on the steps
The papers read '3 feds found dead and no suspects'
And I'm still in the mix
Slingin mad bricks, puttin chumps in a 226
I wink, and my heart is stone cold
Do whatever it takes to get papes, that's how I roll
And yo, I'm low key, y'all

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