

## Sadat X

### "Smoking On The Low"

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F/ DV Alias Christ, Shawn Black

On the, on the, on the, yo on the low know what I'm  
sayin'  
It's a pledge of allegiance to the cowboys  
I'ma hold it down for my man Sadat and everyone on  
this Earth man  
For real, just order this know what I mean hold it, yo  
hold it  
Yo I'd like to talk about, yo check it

[Hook x2]

He went from block to block, rocks to cop  
Smokin' on the low, up the nose with the blow  
Speedin' bleedin' sucker for a hit  
And everybody know him as that fiended out kid

[Verse 1]

Ya like the style, raise ya hand for Fidel  
Hey you smiled, bust jingles, smokin' woolly with the  
land lady  
On foresee and the Internet, imminent  
Both of y'all are smokers but not heavy smokers  
Just weekend fiends, you both share some coke  
There's always a lot of action in your part of Manhattan  
You choose to lose your status at the J-O  
And be off the payroll with the quickest  
Ya thinkin' about the thickest actin' like the slickest  
I'm cooler than twelve, ya got to feed yourself  
I got the urge, once was a college boy  
Will now destroy and employ Lil' Lloyd, for the Summer  
Hey ain't he the stunner with the dirty ass curvy  
Who be comin' down from Bedford  
Lookin' like Robert Redford  
Actin' jakey makin' whole ville and old feel  
Cash for carry, now he's burying, for crack head  
marrying  
Who could damn well be carrying some oh shit  
And around these parts there's a lot of walkin' dead  
But never you dread with the family car  
You be walkin' too far without puttin' on a bar

Yeah ya be all that and stay the corporate star  
But walkin' these blocks niggas see ya as the man  
With ya gold car, keep the pipelines open  
Ya only hopin' that ya heart don't bust  
Who can ya trust in the land of lust

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2]

I can change up like the wind with my official men  
I'm younger than the old boys but then younger than  
the old jacks  
Then everybody once or twice for that matter  
All chain gang, all pieces for doli  
I remain solely as the untraceable  
I hate to face my outlaws if I can't feed em'  
Cause y'all know I need em' when the ol' bell rings  
Hate to meet eight kings, give em' the finest  
Let's spend some plastic and live in print, make the  
mint  
And cool out and never rule out

[Verse 3]

Get the women and kids and grab ol' dad  
I'll never let it get that bad to where I lose all the shit I  
had  
Met the wild, wild one, them niggas is dead and done  
Memories like fleas, when we was still wearin' Lee's  
Buck, burnin' hide on a weak nigga's back  
For actin' like that, yo for actin' like that

[Hook x4]

[Various ad-libs]

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