

Tech N9ne

"Low"

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"Low"

[Verse 1 - Tech N9ne]

How could I be so down at a time like this, when im high
like this

When the billboard charts when your major tours
overseas when I fly like this

I've be thinking about the people that need me

They needy and all of the pain that I might miss

Sooner or later it seeks me reach me then bleed me,
deep in the rain inside my pit

Im goin down now, because my mom frowns

In a research psychiatric center without her son around

And im deep off in this hole

When im out here rockin shows (they say)

I SHOULD BE HYPED CUZ MY LIFE IS SO ROCK N ROLL

But I feel like the Grinch mixed with Ebenezer Scrooge

Let the fever ooze up out of me clouded me never
eager to

Let up when im in an interview they probably thinkin
they gonna hinder dude

Cuz he be lookin like he might offend the rule

Never intricate to remember blues

Because is always right here

With the hennessy and light beer

Let it enter me and fight fear, yea

I know I quit but I started back

The homey called the gat

And my bodyguard Nicholas jus had a heart attack

[Chorus - Krizz Kaliko]

I'm sinking again, I'm drinking again

Drownin and Wildin you breathin' again

Is easy to sin when you bleeding within'

Needin the grin, cheese and recede in the spend

Lower than low, lower than low

Thats how I feel in the morning

Lower than low, lower than low

That's how I sound when you callin'

Lower than low, lower than low

Im high but feel like im falling im sorry but I feel lower
than low

[Verse 2 - Tech N9ne]

My smile is forced
My style is warped
Morale is corpse
Now that my really good pound is torch
I'm just gone with the wind & I'm home with the gin
To the dome when I spin
I'm a zone cause the phone must be roamin again
Another tone im alone now don't want me to spin
Time with I'm just mind this
Might find miss nine missed
I find my mind in this line dish
Dine quick not even a second for mindless
IN A MIDDLE OF A TIME WHEN THE MUSICS FLYIN I'VE
DEPLETED MY KINDNESS
Low like the grasses, low like po folks on grass shit
I'm so below the casket, ragged pulse up the maggots
Why do I feel this illness, im lookin for somethin to
come and kill this a little bit
I got my head in the hills cause the real shit is momma
is sufferin takin pills with the stillness
And I feel it
I cant shake it
In any case my space is the basement
I cant erase my embrace of encasement
Im chasin hatred my taste not complacin
So as I go to the flo
The industry finally opened the door
But now im in the mothafucka all I feel is, low

[Chorus - Krizz Kaliko]

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