

Jhonnie Taylor**"Get Low"**

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[Intro]

Turn me up somethin, nigga
Cause I can't even hear myself, nigga
Whoa, Y.A
Taa Daa Dow
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah..

[Hook: 2x]

If you a rider, nigga let's roll
If you a hustler, let's get doe
If you a soldier, let's get low
But keep it gangsta anyway ya go

[Verse One: Y.G]

I'll ride with my brothas, die with my brothas
Drive by pull a homicide with my brothas
We fight amongst each other, but we ride together
And soak up all the game that Gotti tells us
Like let's get low, flip that whole
If one of us gets signed we split that doe
Catch me in the kitchen thousand grammer
I keep it flippin', need more arm and hammer
I can cook and ship and I'm good with numbers
I'm the one they run to when they coke start crumblin'
Gimme that work watch how quick I twerk it
Gimme a bird and I'll flip it to a turkey
Y.G. ya heard me on the block servin'
Everybody says that my momma don't deserve me
Go get the word out, I gotta bird house
with a hole in the wall so I serve out

(Hook: 2x)

[Verse Two: Bizzle]

Yeah, Yeah, uh, uh
Let's go get 'em, let's go chop 'em
Let's go hit 'em, let's go rob 'em
Pockets gettin low, that's a fa sho' problem
Heater ready to blow problem solver
Chromed out forty-fo' mag revolver
Guaranteed not to leave a track if I off him

Next thing you know, back to coffin
Smoke a nigga like a Zig Zag now I'm coughin'
Two to his neck, two to his noggin'
Didn't touch his vest, I left his head throbbin'
Red beam out, shots ring out
Get away car while my lead streams out
Guerilla in the mist so my tires peel out
A heehaw with alist, who's next to cross out
Dealing with the gift to flip and rip this
Bizzle in this bitch! (Bizzle in this bitch!)
Whoa!

(Hook: 2x)

[Verse Three: TriStar]

My vocabulary hereditary and legendary, hittin' hard
like a secondary
I know it's hard but disregard my commissary
Cuz I'ma murderer clip inserter no commentary (no
commentary)
Ha, yeah and one bird will get my momma off 53rd
And everythang be everythang
My momma nerves is bad, she don't want me servin'
that
She heard me rap and told me to work with that
So I racked up my soldiers headed to tha battlefield
The real survive the fake shake like rattles will
Light up tha block just like a candle will
Voted most likely as to handle steel, that's why I handle
steel
I gotta plan to build buildings in tha hood
For all tha innocent children living in tha hood
I ain't a bad person snatching purses acting worthless
cracking the surface with an accurate verse

[Verse Four: Roscoe]

AWOL, headed back to the block to the first spot
where I can get fronted an 8-Ball's
Block livin', cop ditchin', the clock tickin'
Tock tickin' pop the clip in the plot thickens
Shots lickin', stop trippin' the rocks hidden
My glocks glisten and whistle for my pot to piss in
I'm in an awkward position, quixotic and persistent
I rock it with precision, my squad on a mission
Demolition men of vision with semi's any sippin'
Crop deficiency, watchin' my enemies penny pinchin'
Positively not in the city only robbin'
Squabbin', survivin', maintainin' striving and gang
robbery
So rida, slangin' snow powda
Whoa partner, Scoe Gostra

I'm so proppa, I won't drop my dope for no coppa
Calidro copper, Calico poppa
Metallic coat rocker, staticy Scoe shocker
Block-A-Wear tucked in my Roc-A-Wear
Get caught slippin' not aware and you're out there
Now everytime you see me I'll always got my Y.A. ridaz
there

Youth Authority, true loyalty spit watery
No blows hit split rip and chipped arteries
Triple X Atari, Sweats and Ferrari's
Y.A.-warty, we came to party
Y'all niggaz hardly half of this army
We all G's and hustlas and car thieves
Quick to start beef
Trizzle, Y-Gizzle, Scoe-Mack and Bizzle
Yeah we back in bizzle my nizzle
We all lifted, we all gifted, we all splifted
at the bar or stilary artillery lifted

{*Explosion*}

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