

## Unlord

### "Low Down Dirty"

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Verse one: {lil ya}

Goin for it all I want to ball fall  
So give me some chips, I gots a  
Motherfuckin nine on my hip,  
Im pissed, aint nothin shakin  
Shits slow like before once again  
Im on the come up bro.  
Called yella out his house  
Man, we got money to make  
Scooped tec off infaret  
Then we make shit shake, act a donkey  
Dressed like junkies, gettin word on the birds  
Where they flyin, Im a kill you if you lyin  
His cousin gave me the urge to want me take  
What you got, give me yo yae, give me yo rings  
And yo boulevard watch, why you at take that  
Link of yo neck, put it in my bag with the keys  
To yo jag, I got to get yo guns out yo fuckin attic  
Don't try to test my nuts and make me use the  
automatic  
I rat a tat it, on yo ass daddy make ya duck  
When you see a nigga pluck, boo-koo  
Bullets, at yo motherfuckin dome,  
Bitch, you should have knew you couldnt run from the  
chrome

Chorus:

Its best ya scram cuz Im a champion  
Im dumpin on em  
Im actin a motherfuckin donkey on em  
Im gettin low down and dirty with the dirty thirty  
Ya see Im in yo neighbored hoodand my nose dirty  
{2x}

Verse two: {tec-9}

We be dumpin on corners like  
Nigga what it be like,  
Nigga be hangin all night to keep they grip tight

Everybody know Im a fool on the come up move  
My baby boy needs new shoes  
So what the fuck am I to do  
Show a nigga how I act a ass on the trigger  
Fully automatic m-11 nigga  
So how you figure that Im the nigga to fuck with  
Graduated from slangin yae to this dope shit  
Twenty dollars a bag is what Im givin  
Aks, two twenty threes, momma still livin  
Momma tellin me the rents due  
Big brother doin five called to tell me  
Its all on u, I became a man before my time  
Its on my mind, Im now hustlin  
To pay bills and still make mine  
Now Im caught up in that game livin day for day  
I got reasons to leave and reasons to stay  
To see the finer things in life  
Maybe get myself a wife, and settle down  
But all these dope fiends keep comin around  
What ya got? could it be they all want to see the  
Nigga with the fiyah out that 1-2-3!  
Call me the capital, white natural  
Bullet lyrical dropper, I run with niggas  
Who don't give a fuck and carry choppers  
I got to have it daddy, Im on the come up  
Label me black connection 2-2-6! we blowin up  
How ya dealin rocks, keep them snaps in yo pocket  
Cuz I see the po-pos, yall know them hoes  
Tryin to keep a nigga down  
But Im a hound, I hate to do it to my own kind  
But aint love, if you takin mine  
Lyn think and behind, say what's up to  
My nine milli settin of somethin silly  
Now tell me what ya wanna do cuz  
Im dumpin on em! bitch!

Third verse: {yella boy}

Im loaded got my double shot now  
Its time to rock shop  
Im aimin for the dome Im gonna make  
Everybody drop the ground  
Im a buck em down with them double shots  
I bes after a bitch a nigga de knocks upon the front  
door  
Im a play it smooth, then wipe the floor  
The door cracked, I kicked it in and let both shoots go  
Three niggas bangin up all them clowns hit the floor  
I found the cah in a glass trash bag stash  
I counts the coke and out the back  
I made a swift dash

Hopped in my hoptie headed uptown  
I ditched the body so it wouldn't let the shells found  
My criminal thought as I got closer to the bus station  
No questions ask I call my dog  
Lets take a fuckin vacation  
I got to run and the money fuck the city blues  
Ya bitch!

Chorus {till the end}

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