

Low Life (feat. The Weeknd)

Future

High, high, get, get, gettin' high, everybody gettin' high
Get, get, get, gettin' high, you're unbelievably high I just took some molly, what else? (Hey)
Got some bitch from Follies with us ('scuse me, 'scuse me)
She gonna fuck the squad, what else? (I swear)
I'ma fuck her broads, what else? (Get, get!)
Bitch from Pakistan, what up? (Foreign!)
Ferraris and them Lambs, what else? (skrrrt)
'Bout to fuck this club up, what else? (Get, get!)
(Metro Boomin wants some more, nigga!)
I turn the Ritz into a poor house
It's like eviction number four now
Go 'head and ash it on the floor now
Girl go 'head and show me how you go down
And I feel my whole body peakin'
And I'm fuckin' anybody with they legs wide
Gettin' faded with some bitches from the West Side
East coast, nigga reppin' North Side
Never waste a ho's time (Freebands)
Bitch, I'm on my own time
Fuck a nigga co-sign
Always change my number and my phone line
Baby girl, I don't lie
Used to have no money for a crib
Now my room service bill cost your whole life
If they try to stunt me, I go all out military
I'm camo'ed all out, like I'm in the military
I free up all my niggas locked up in the penitentiary
'Cause I'm always reppin' for that low life
Reppin' for that low life turn up
Low life, low life, low life
Know I'm reppin' for that low, low life
Representin', I'm representin', representin'
Said I'm reppin' for that low life
Low life, low life, low life, low life
I'm representin' for that low life
Said I'm repping for that low life
I'm reppin', that's reppin', I'm reppin'
Low life, low life, low life
Rep, rep, rep, rep, rep, rep, rep
Woo, woo, woo, woo
Yeah Wake up, take a sip of Ace of Spade like it's water
I been on the molly and them Xans with your daughter

If she catch me cheating, I will never tell her sorry
If she catch me cheating, I will never tell her sorry
Porsches in the valet, I got Bentleys, I got 'Raris
Taking pain pills on the plane, gettin' chartered
Poppin' tags on tags, I was starvin'
Bitch, I got the juice and the carbine
Turn a five star hotel to a traphouse
Roaches everywhere, like we forgot to take the trash out
Flood my cross with ice, gettin' money my religion
Got my baby momma and my side bitch kissin'
I turn the Ritz into a lean house
This the sixth time gettin' kicked out
I can't feel my face, I'm on Adderall, nauseous
Niggas tryna ride my fuckin' wave, now they salty
Runnin' with the wave, get you killed quick
Shoot you in your back like you Ricky
Lil Mexico, from no life to afterlife
My whole life, my whole life 'Cause I'm always reppin' for that low life
Low life, low life, low life
Know I'm reppin' for that low, low life
Representin', I'm representin', representin'
Said I'm reppin' for that low life
Low life, low life, low life, low life
I'm representin' that low life
Said I'm reppin' for that low life
Low life, I'm reppin' for that low life
Low life, low life, low life
Rep, rep, rep, rep, rep, rep, rep, woo
YeahYeah, they stereotypin'
'Cause they know a nigga keep ten rifles
And they know a nigga keep ten snipers
Keep a baby bottle like we wearin' diapers
Yeah, they stereotypin'
'Cause they know a nigga keep twenty rifles
And they know a nigga keep twenty snipers
And they know a nigga keep ten wifeys
Sniper, sniper, sniper, sniper, sniper
Wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey
That's your wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey?
I think I like her, like her, like her, like her
That's your wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey?
I think I like her, like her, like her, like her
Oh, that's your wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey, wifey?
I think I like her, like her, like her, like her
Getting high, getting high, getting high
Everybody getting high
Getting high, getting high, getting high
Everybody getting high
Getting high, getting high, getting high
Everybody getting high

Getting high, getting high, getting high
And I'm the reason why
Getting high, getting high, getting high
Everybody getting high
Getting high, getting high, getting high
Everybody getting high
Getting high, getting high, getting high
Everybody getting high
Getting high, getting high, getting high
And I'm the reason why I just took some molly, what else?
Got some bitch from Follies with us
She gonna fuck the squad, what else?
I'ma fuck her broads, what else?
Bitch from Pakistan, what up?
Ferraris and them Lambs, what else?
'Bout to fuck this club, what else?
'Bout to fuck this club, what else?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>