

# 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  
Yeah Yeah, 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.omusic.in/>