

I like my 808s real low
Some 12s in the back, the back, the back
I like my 808s real low
Some 12s in the back, the back, the back
I like my 808s real low
Some 12s in the back, the back, the back
This bass was made for you
I like my 808s real low
Some 12s in the back

Oh shit, Stalley pulled back up with 15s in the trunk
Blowing J's of the skunk

Nike Cortez, tan Dickies cuffed up
Got savages on my side, don't get your man snuffed
They been with me since chasing down that ice cream truck

My niggas specialize in bagging grams and doing stick-ups
Midwest get the money, ain't nobody messing with us

With fat butts and no extensions, that's how we living

And mama ain't raise no punks, we was the shiddit
Riding around with base in the trunk, so ya'll hear it

10-inch speakers
We O.G. riding
10-inch speakers
We came up and came down
I like my 808s real low

You knowing just what time it is
You knowing just what time it is
You knowing just what time it is
The forest fire with my wire

Detroit niggas need a Cartier sponsorship
Watch the Pistons move the Palace downtown for this
Copping this Chevy, big boxes on Pirellis
Heavy ass pieces with the two-tone Pelle

Pull up on you with it, you ain't gotta get ready
I'm about to bounce with down, so leave the rest on shake
The Celtics 33 on that hardwood parquet
Toss the ball inbounds

10-inch speakers
We O.G. riding
10-inch speakers
We came up and came down
I like my 808s real low

It's tradition how we sit in these rides
Bucket seats, leather and wood when we dip and we slide
4Gs gripping the tires

At the flash of an eye

Kids point like "my car!"
Women drop jaw
Drive slow baby, word to 'Ye and Paul Wall
That's the code baby, when you stunt and you ball
My 808s break hearts, my 3's is unmarked
My shirt is heavy starch, I'll show you how to stay sharp

These niggas that talk cars, I swear I rip 'em apart

Toss the ball inbounds I need to run this play
Then catch me in the drive thru, cause I ain't eat all day