

S.L.A.B.**"Ain't Nothing Changin'"**

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(*talking*)

What's up people, this GB
Putting it down here for S.L.A.B., Slow Loud And Bangin'
It go down like that, for real 2K2 style, feel that

[Hook]

We Slow Loud And Bangin', ain't nothing changing
Slow Loud And Bangin', Slow Loud And Bangin'
We Slow Loud And Bangin', ain't nothing changing
Slow Loud And Bangin', untamed and we banging

[Lil B]

Lil B, ready to do you in
Baby girl are you ready for cum, in the send
From the back end, I want you and your friend
Bust one for me, and my big bro in the Penn
That's Mr. Red, and your legs gon spread
Wide open, waiting for the hard head
I'm a hard head, do it in the water bed
Hitting every position, till I break a sweat
Then I got's to go, cause I'm a thug on shine
L-I-L-B, constantly grind
4400 block, on Grapevine
It's where a nigga well known, to reside
Cause I'm a Mr., not a hoe kisser
Haters getting scarred, they catching a blister
Ball and I pause, and swinging my fist up
We Slow Loud And Bangin', on the pitcher

[Trae]

I'm a Down South thug, raw and untamed
Niggaz hate, but they ain't saying no names
It'll be best, for me to maintain
Banging slow, and still gripping on grain
Stacking change, living wreckless
Why these cats, wanna be holding plexes
Is it cause, I'm from the Southside of Texas
Drop the Lac, and pick up a Lexus
Now these boppers, trying to cuff me up
But I'm way too playa, for me to be stuck
Better slide they bitch ass, off of my buck

Only thing they could do, is try to suck me up
Wanna rough me up, oh no never
Screw-K2, I'm way too clever
Cock me up, finna mash the gas
3-wheeling on hoes, when I hit the leather
In windy whether, when I ride the Beltway
Skating on 4's, with caliente
Saliente, crawling slow
Doing 85, and I'm dropping low
On the back road, in the late night
Strap in the lap, when I'm at the stop light
Swanged out left, when I whip a quick right
Click the remote, open up the blue light

[Hook]

[Jay'Ton]

J-A-Y-T and O-N

When I'm on the flow, I'm pimping my pen
Pimping these hoes, and stacking my ends
Stacking my ends, and swanging my Benz
Or the Lac-a, or the Rover
Or in the Gator, ain't no more Nova
You got a click, I got the soldiers
With a AK, so you know it's over
Thinking thoeder, imagination
A lot of y'all niggaz, into playa-hation
Eight T.V.'s, and a Playstation
Flipping flossing, all across the nation
Penetration, for them boppers
Some of these niggaz, be baller blockers
Mad, cause I'm flipping on silver choppers
We got chrome, on candy droppers
Movie stars, shining bright
Got baguettes, that light up the night
Threwed hogs, that's out of sight
Clap twice, turn off the lights
Keep it gangsta, call me playa
On the Southside, they call me mayor
If you hating nigga, I don't cay-are
I'm Gucci'd down, with the braided hair

[Kiotti]

Check it out we S.L.A.B., we Slow Loud and Bang out
loud
If a nigga wanna get crunk, the club done K-I-O
Fin to show shock this crowd, and check it out
I don't hang with nothing but guerillas, and killas
When I be coming out on the block, and we never be
changing
Nigga Slow Loud And Bangin', tell me nigga what set

that you claiming
When I hang in, dropping the top in the helicop'
Y'all ain't never seen a nigga so fly, oh my
That be the K-I-O, and a nigga that'll never ever die
I'm Superman, finna swang off in a Coupe-er man
Y'all ain't never ever see a nigga, that'll drop a
thousand
And then I re-coupe it man
That's the way that I do the science man, and my
mathematics
Left the game, now I'm back at it
Y'all don't wanna see, my slab tactics
Y'all don't wanna see me, get mad at it
When I grab the mic, and I be on the course
In the Benz, or on the Porsche
Nigga I'm the one, with the black from Source
Nigga do you wanna battle, that's your choice we bout
it

[Hook]

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