

S.L.A.B.**"Catch Me in Tha Lot"**

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[Lil B]

You can catch a nigga roaming the lot hugging the
glock, dogging the drop
Creeping on some'ing, that's chrome and don't stop
I'm a street nigga, associated with thugs
That's why my trunk popped up, gangbanging like
Crips and Bloods
I crawl when I creep, looking for a dime piece
That's down to get knocked down, like porno freaks
I'm just a ghetto superstar, that's trying to climb out the
hood
So if you haters thinking jack, I'll bust a round if you
would
Try to plot come on my block, my slugs will meet ya
And greet ya, social security will have to delete ya
Hating people, my Desert Eagle's giving haters no love
Wanna find me, I'll be roaming the lot fuck the club

[Hook]

You can catch me in the lot, trunk on pop
Fuck a bottle with a bug, you can catch me with a glock
Slow Loud and Bangin, still swanging in a drop
Top down for the bops, but my rims don't stop
(you can catch me in the lot, nigga fuck the club
Rather chill with my thugs, when I'm banging on dubs
Some niggaz hate, the other half show me love
When a nigga mean mug, I'ma greet him with a slug)

[Boss]

You can catch me in the lot, with a big gat squashing all
chit-chat
Finding a parking spot, to the drop the Focus it'll sit flat
These niggaz don't, wanna upset Boss
Hopping fly, might lead to a right hand cross
One of the homies trailing behind, the blue Yukon
Banging and hanging sets, with that blue Duke on
He got a heater on him, he don't say much so I don't
speak on him
Niggaz act like they want our spinners, more than we
want em
But down in H-Town, we ain't scared of no jackers

Rushing through the park, looking like a linebacker
Leave the murder scene, on my gold and chrome
adaptors
We young block bleeders, gangstas paper stackers

[Jay'Ton]

Cruising the Boulevard, with the trunk on wave
It's the Jay'Ton, so you know I don't play
When I bo'gaurd the block, better get out my way
If you fuck up my slab, I'ma fuck up your day
So back-back, before my click get on your ass
And we don't need a mask, for them niggaz talking too
fast
In a blue tipping and turning, wrecking 'em while I'm
swanging
Call me an O.G., the way my trunk banging
Fuck roaming the club, I'ma knock the top off
And show you how we be stunting, in the Dirty Dirty
South
They mouth be wide open, stuck like they wet
I bet, these niggaz gon respect my set

[Hook]

[Trae]

You better get out of dodge, my entourage coming
quicker than flash
That's your ass, Slow Loud And Bangin got you feeling
like trash
Never need to get in the club, we be crawling the lot
Trunk popped top done dropped, on thirty some'ing
dots
Out the roof one hundred proof, on a mission for bops
Yeah they try to get my attention, but the rims don't
stop
Entertaining up in my slab, got 'em riding my jock
Throwback "Fondren & Main", got 'em doing the wop
See the mind frame is fast, and the wide frame is slow
My game is too fly, my mouthpiece is thoed
Piece and chain, hitting about a hundred below
So when it get hot I'm garunteed, to be pulling a hoe
Whether in a silver bullet, or in a Excursion
They need a anthem for the streets, and this is my
version
Slow Loud And Bangin is what I'm yelling, when I be
swerving
And I can show you what it do, when I hop on the curb
and

[Hook - 2x]

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