

**S.L.A.B.****"Gimmie the Mic"**

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(\*talking\*)

Yo, it's T2 and S.L.A.B

It's a remix, yes sir

[Trae]

They say that I'm not wrecking, I'm about to teach 'em a lesson

How niggaz get fucked over, when stepping off in my section

More graphic than X-Box, on Fox

With a red fox with red socks, and tank tops

Fucking with a fat bop, thoed huh the way I throw my shit together

On static, fanatic leather Gucci defining my letters

I'm bad like P. Diddy, on rapper spitting it shitty

In any city I'm gritty like the state, how you feeling

Now really, who you think gon be fucking around with that Trae

With my screens lit, swanging and banging on MLK

In a fo' do', tipping with Shae and the BJ

It's the G way, living it up in the SK

While bitches be on my dick, like a rubber that's blocking sperm

They gon learn, I can make it till where they wet as a sherm

My game straight as a perm, they never gon see it coming

Unless I be in a dropper, with the trunk flying bumping

[Lil B]

Give me the mic, and I bet you I go hard

When you plexing in Texas, I be pulling your hoe card

In the booth or in the Coupe

It really don't matter, we hitting hard like May Moop

While niggaz be bragging, about the diamonds on they tooth

These underground punks, putting out trash that's the truth

On for do-lo on low-low's, I stay up

Doing cats like Petey Pablo, we making 'em raise up

Think of jacking if you want me, it's best that you pay

up  
B'der smoking bullets sparking, I'm choking you haters  
(haters)  
Play us if you think that you can, without a plan  
Take a stand, watch I make a motherfucker say man  
Can't stand how I'm wrecking a G, I'm Lil B  
Ride or die for my people, S-L-A-B  
The family who be dropping the bombs, leaving 'em  
stunned  
Rocking steady for jelly, like Nelly we're number one

[Dougie D]  
Who's stacking shit my nigga, give me the mic I bleed  
it  
Pulverize it annihilate it, and punish and eat it  
Slow loud and we banging, motherfuckers you know us  
Disrespecting my click, we running these hoe niggaz  
over  
Niggaz respect my gangsta, cause I come real with it  
I could hulk a hell of a hully lugie, give a lyric  
We ripping the track, shit nothing for Dougie  
Soon as I touch it it explode, combustible functions  
Everytime that you hear me, you rewinding and spin it  
Keep it pumping up in the speakers, you crunk and you  
feel it  
Down in the Dirty Dirty, motherfuckers we soldiers  
S.L.A.B. bitch, we locking and taking it over

[Warren G]  
These niggaz, out of line get plugged  
Stray in they chest, like a red beam slug  
Don't give a damn to mean mugs, get slugs  
Shae in the six riding, on dubs  
Body rocking, shocking and dropping up in the club  
Pass me a pint, so I can po' up a cup  
Niggaz in my face, so I'm hollin' bitch what  
I never give a fuck, about a Chi-Town thug (fuck that  
thug)

[Pimp Skinny]  
Niggaz jumping fly, like they really want some  
But you bumping your gum, ass niggaz don't want  
none  
Pimp Skinny, bust that ass and leave you finished and  
done  
Cause we S.L.A.B., H and haters getting hit with the  
bomb  
Lyrical red rum, making Tweety Birds run  
I'm a G ass nigga, and you can see it when I come  
And fuck a contest, we done already won  
Everytime that we drop black, bet you niggaz stop that

Real shit, plus the fact I represent  
And drop you flat on your back, walking on niggaz like  
a do' mat  
Busting like a gat, so you haters get the click-clack  
S.L.A.B. nigga did that, underground going plat'

[Jay'Ton]

I'm in a 2003, dropper  
Niggaz think I be playing, when I rolling on my  
choppers  
Everytime I open my mouth, here come the boppers  
24/7, I be running from the helicopters  
Cause I'm a thug nigga, dropping chopping  
Up on the block on the way to ATL, to holla at my nigga  
Shot  
And when you do a concert, you know the crowd gon  
rock  
It's the Jay'Ton, two thee off the lot  
With J's up on my feet, swanging down the street  
And when I find a freak, I'm pumping until I skeet  
Just give me the mic, so I can wreck that hoe  
It's Jay'Ton, in this bitch with that boy J-Mo

[T2]

I'm J'd up, you can tell by my clothes  
I'm iced up, cause my whole body froze  
16 years old, got the game on hold  
You be thinking I'm slow man, cause your whole block  
hold  
Just give me the light, cause I'm a thoed ass monster  
Car standing tall, think my car made by Tonka  
Candy coated Hummer, looking real good  
When you in your airplane, see my face on the hood  
It's all good, cause I ball like that  
My screens falling so hard, left a dent in your back  
It's like that, cause I'm a thoed guerilla  
If you make this monster mad, I'ma hurt me a nigga  
16 years young, dropping hits like bombs  
I know why you hating playboy, I got your girl sprung

[Kepoe]

Kepoe the throwed hoe, that they hate to see coming  
But I got to, cause I'm the only bitch bumping  
Black mink with Loc's, eight hundred dolla coats  
Fuck the game inside out, with no strokes  
Dark and lovely, far from ugly that's me  
Definition of, K-E-P-O-E  
First lady of S.L.A.B., cock back and jab  
Become a dangerous motherfucker, when I step in the  
lab  
And I ain't playing, when I hit the Boulevard in a Jag

Top down trunk up, banging nothing but S.L.A.B  
Before I take it out the door, I'm only letting you know  
That I'm a certified bitch, known to wreck the flow

[Hook - 4x]

Just give me the mic, S.L.A.B. is in the do-o-or  
And watch a nigga, wreck this flow

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