

S.L.A.B.

"In a Slab"

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(feat. Trae, Lil B, Jay'Ton, Cl'Che, Dougie D, DDK, Pimp)

[talking]

Yeah 2003-2004, we in a slab on you boys
Lil B in here representing with the fam
Slow Loud And Bangin', y'all boys get it right
We stingin' it in your brain, you feel me
We swangin' and dropping top on you boys
Hitting switches and making the front end
Hop on you chumps

[Hook]

In a slab, drop the drop and skate 4's
Beating up the block, and moving so slow
In a slab, peeping haters as I roll by
In a Cheve 7-5, but still I'm so fly
In a slab, I know these boppers peeping me
They peep the G, and peep the way I wreck the streets
I'm in a slab, blue when I wet the block
We wreck the lot, so now we got the game on lock

[Trae]

I'm in the zone, sitting on 20 inches of chrome
Looking like a baby plane, with bubble eye beams on
Moving niggaz out the way, when the Trae come
through
Be strutting on blue, the same nigga repping for Screw
I started the S.L.A.B., and now we got the click on fire
My inches be higher, then Mariah hit notes in the choir
I'm in a slab, and ain't no way I'm stopping my shine
I swang and recline, just like I know the game is mine

[Lil B]

Peep game, I'm peeping these haters and weaving
these hoes
That's peeping my 4's, I'm slamming suicide do's
You know I stay fly, in a hard top drop top
Cocking glocks, boys know this shit don't stop
We in a slab deliver jabs, to niggaz that'll knock
On jock, Lil B making you niggaz body rock
Trunk knock the trunk pop, and do the Southside

Do's locked the front hop, when I be swinging wide

[Jay'Ton]

I hope the block like hop scotch, skating on chrome
I swang and I roll, with twin hoes bad to the bone
Forever a G, on buck hide throw up the Southside
From block to block, to them haters got they mouth
wide

Open, keeping 'em scoping just like the laws
So amazed by the ways, I'm flipping with no flaw
So gangsta no wankstas, on my team
If you fall out of place, you catching a red beam

[Cl'Che]

Catch me in a slabed out, yeah
Jet with, a bumper grill
Floating down your block, Cl'Che gon show the skills
Steady make them boys holla (she real)
I got freestyle for days, and lyrics that'd kill
Can't hang with hoes, cause these hoes ain't real
So I roll with fellas, oops I mean guerillas
Cl'Che-Guerilla Maab nigga, all in your grill-a

[Hook]

[Dougie D]

You can catch the Dougie squatting and tipping, on
deuce-deuce
My slab is like a person, I love to change up the shoes
When I pass by the block, lil' kids say ooh
Yeah I'm like the Fast and the Furious, speeding like
vroom
I ride with the trunk up and cracked, with the seat back
Sipping purple stuff, while I'm blowing a ball bat
Dropping the top, and you bitches throwing deuce and
giving dab
Blue, black or the red don't you touch my slab

[Dok]

How I'm flipping the block, never tricking on a bop
Lying to these hoes, say I left my shit in the drop
You want a drop stick bitch, I can give you the cock
But when it comes to the money, I gotta keep it on lock
Switching lane to lane, as I grip on grain
Four wheel drive, riding out all terrain
You keep it simple and plain, I come knocking with
bang
Candy paint so wet, that it look like it rained

[Pimp Skinny]

Pull out the slab, steady beating the AVE

I peeped your pad, I already smashed your gal
Like a crab I crawl slow, low pro 84
Think a playa ball, cause I do it just like it go
Fa sho, need I say no mo'
Recognize a G nigga, till the day I go
Pimp Skinny that's fa sho, crack the trunk and it go
Beating up the block, motherfuckers say whoa

[Lil 2]

I'm in a bucket, but I'm riding it like it's a Benz
I got hubs on dubs, that look just like rims
They don't stay up, and my mirrors broke
But it's crunk and ended, it leave a trail of smoke
But I'm known to get fly, when I flip in my Houpe
Pimping my juice, nigga with the deuce out the roof
You can catch me on your block, bang and banging the
AVE
Slow Loud And Bangin', nigga that's my slab

[Hook]

[Showtyme]

Come and flip with me sip with me, swanging the butter
Call me the candy wrecker, cause my slab can pull a
Bad bitch, that wanna suck me up while I'm driving
Navigating her head, just keeping her bobbing
I'm leaving it round sticky, everywhere that I be in
59 touching 90, up and down I-10
Showtyme like Sprewells, my job is to keep moving
Leaning in my whip, Southside still grooving

[Kepoe]

You know me Kepoe, the one that come throwed
Hit so hard, when I jab the intro
Houston boy, coming up the end zones
Sitting sideways, in a double-O Benzo
Y'all ain't ready holding the wheel steady
Looking fine than a bitch, on 20 inch Perelli's
With my roll dog Trae, we headed to L.A
Or the Grammy's in Miami, so niggaz better make way

[Hook]

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