

S.L.A.B.**"Intro: We Back"**

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(*talking*)

S.L.A.B., Slow Loud And Bangin'

These motherfuckers, act like we was gone somewhere

Bitch we still in the game, and we still running shit

It's bout time I set it off round this motherfucker, Boss

[Boss]

I tell a motherfucker, check out the grill

Check out the steel, check out the fifth wheel

Scope out the belts and bumpers, on back of the black

Lac

I got a black Mac, in a backpack

Lil' nigga, known to bang to the tip-top

Zip a nigga, in a six foot Ziplock

Make a talking ass nigga, get a lip lock

I've been rapping for the cash, fuck hip-hop

Bitch niggaz, don't get far

Boss bout to make a nigga, get a big scar

Are you ready, for the big war

Got big G's, hopping out of big blue cars

Big blue stars on our feet, nigga don't slip with the heat

Niggaz go to sleep, with the heat

With a toe tag, on his feet

When we creep, ain't a damn thang sweet

[Trae]

Better watch out, 'fore you open your mouth up

Cause niggaz out the H, might beat your block up

Dropped on the block, with the top done popped up

Fell back the trunk, and unlock the knocked up

Look at the grill on my car, look at the grill in my mouth

Look at the grill, on top of the big truck

Cuts in my mouth, it's invisible stuff

Get back bitch, 'fore a nigga get rough

I got a 4-5, and I bet I don't bluff

I got a bad bitch, but a nigga don't cuff

Seem real high, but a nigga don't puff (a nigga don't puff)

Not on the weed, but I'm riding hydro

Might get killed, for everything that I know

But I got way mo' tips, than hollow

To make a nigga don't want drama, no mo'
Don't get blessed, run in your mouth
A click of guerillas, might run in your house
On top of that, we might run in your spouse
The same way, that a nigga run through the South
We G-A-N-G-S-T-A
Running from the laws, from around my way
Ain't no way, to get around my K
Deep down South, is what I rep everyday

(*talking*)

This is just the beginning of this shit
Assholes By Nature nigga, Slow Loud And Bangin'
Motherfuckers running round here, really smelling
theyself
I outta put you hoes back in place, back and touch your
toe self
So you know the real, and you know what's not
Nigga S.L.A.B. been in this shit, we been in these
streets
We running this shit nigga, simple and plain
Screwed Up Click, Assholes By Nature, Slow Loud And
Bangin'
Ain't shit changed round here baby, we gon keep it
gutter a hundred percent
We been on this pain shit for real, peep game
recognize
Look at the grill, bitch ass motherfuckers

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