# S.L.A.B. "Put Yo Bets on Me"

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(feat. Kendro, Trae, Lil B, and 311)

[Intro x2]

Slow Loud And Bangin' we Slow Loud And Bangin' we Slow Loud And Bangin' we Slow Loud And Bangin', for you hating ass niggaz

# [Kendro]

See I plan to rip out ribs, and cut up shins Twisting a couple of spines, since we still out on the grind

I came up from a sink, and worked my way up to a hund'

I'm throwing these chicks, have 'em spending like a ton Now they feeling the boys, and two stepping a sorority I treat 'em like Baby, rub it all in they face I got a angry manage problem, dude I'm so rude And crude and yet smooth, and they love how I move And I went off backwards, pause and fast forward I got the track on lock, and clown with one broad From a distance I'ma spot em, ring 'em and bring 'em in

It's your boy Dro signing out, with two trends sweet

## [talking]

It's the young coon, using his vocabulary Adding mo' yemps to his chick-tionary Putting it down with them S.L.A.B. boys If you didn't know, it's the year 2 double 0-3 holla

## [Hook x2]

Slow, Loud And Bangin'
You niggaz, better put your bets on me
Fuck what you thinking
Cause we be, the S-L-A-B

#### [Trae]

For them haters, I'm on another vibe Cause these trash niggaz, wanna slip and slide they ass out they place Like they don't know, get off the block I'm in a fo' do' Mind gone top blown, slow and loud and I'm in the zone Still Dirty South representing, with the dub up and I'm corner bending

On hating hoes with a bad temper, attitude like fuck a nigga

I'm forever Maabing with my guerillas, grinding on for the scrilla

I gotta be paid I can't be broke, ain't no taking me for no joke

Hop in a Benz burning past hoes, if they can't fuck then they can't go

I ain't capping baby I'ma keep it real, like forty diamonds off in my grill

If a nigga slip caps peel, then they wanna know why I pack the steel

M double A-B for L-I-F-E, you can't see me no more G I think it's cause of T-I-N-T, pop the trunk T-R-A-E In your face with a mug on, on the West where the thugs roam

Duck low you in a slug zone, full speed and we getting it on

Stick and move like left and right, this 16 I done spit it tight

Like a virgin feel me dog, the rap game I hog

# [Hook x2]

# [Lil B]

Swang wide when I'm on the block Do's open, cause I pop the lock Niggaz quick to jock, when they see a thug Riding double deuces, on a set of dubs Mink on my rug, candy do' With Pimp Skinny, on a optimoe We glide and ride, on the Southside But some of these niggaz, just qualified I'm certified, when it comes to rap Fuck around, and catch a bitch slap When I flip my tongue, dropping bombs Tweety bird niggaz, don't want none Better stay calm, when I work my mouth S.L.A.B. is coming, to break you off From the Dirty South, and that is a fact Lil B, gon lead the pack Place a bet on that, or gon move around Like Rock, I'm giving out smack downs We the peoples rapper, paper stacker Never ever, will I be a high capper Just a hoe macker, and a ass capper Hitting hard, like a line backer

I'm a bad actor, crawling like a tractor Slow Loud And Bangin', we a major factor

[Hook x2]

# [311]

Crawling from banging on corners, and still I made it order

Come from a family of killers, block bleeders and side holders

Under pressure I learned to walk, 311 don't do no bumping

From jumping I'm stomping, to your chest is where I'm dumping

Click coming like Armageddon, young hungry and famine

S-L-A-B keep on jamming, fuck with one you get the family

Spare me all the conversation, when you see me dog Either out on the block or up in your spot, you still gon jam to this song

We Slow Loud And Bangin', if anything else is stated It better be on the low, so a nigga don't find out you said it

Calicoes, Barettas and Rugers we got 'em all Texas style I point you out, the crowd'll beat you down

[Hook x2]

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