

S.L.A.B.**"We Ain't Trippin"**Visit "[We Ain't Trippin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

S-L-A-B baby, Dougie D

Hollin' at y'all, know I'm saying we ain't tripping

We bout to dose this, me and my family S.L.A.B.

[Hook - 2x]

We S-L-A-B, and we be flossing and we flipping

On a paper chase for the do', and we ain't tripping

You done lost your mind, if you think you gon catch me
slipping

Always on our note, so in and out we gon be dipping

[Jay'Ton]

SK, wrecking the game and sitting throwed

Four T.V.'s, in a big wide load

Competition, with the trunk on glow

Read it out, it say Big Mello

Representing, through the parking lot

When I beat the lot, they gotta call the laws

Stop and pause, so it's drop your jaw

Swinging a Lac, finna break the wall

You can't stop us

Showtyme flipping on choppers

I be flipping, on my glass

With leather, under my ass

When I be, stacking my cash

I gotta be on shine mayn

Playing with me, and I bring the pain

S-L-A-B all on my chain, I love it mayn

[Yung Redd]

It's like one for the money, and two is for them hoes

Three is for the drank, four pass me the smoke

You'll never see me riding, in any old Benz

Unless it's jet black, on 20 inch rims

I got more, Air Force than the government

Every color pair I'm stepping out, trust me I'm loving it

I never leave the house, without a single rubber

Plus I crawl like Ringling Brothers, hoes love us

Under the influence, catch me swerving

Balling in a number six, like Julius Irving

My watch and my chain, got me coughing and
sneezing
Still a young heathen, as long as I'm breathing
You pay for a show turn it out, then I'm leaving
The whether man told us, it's flossing season
This year I got it made, I'm shining y'all
Even though I got a deal, I'm still grinding y'all
I'm off the block, see me sitting on 20's
A red label Bentley, my tires too skinny
Chain hanging to my nuts, I wear my jersey backwards
And a gun on my waist, just to serve these actors
Catch me and Trae, macking to a dime
Easy to spit a rhyme, niggaz still try to shine
I got a Rolex, I got time on my hands
Still pulling out a grand, I'm the motherfucking man ha

[Dougie D]

Ok, what the deal do kin folk
Playing them games, not a good idea though
S-L-A-B, Dougie D all about the paper stacks
Bitch, I'm no hoe
Constant grinding, hard on a mission
In and out, the click be dipping
Motherfucker, what the laws tal'n bout
Thinking I'm off my note, look here bitch y'all tripping
Mashing gas, and smash on cockroaches
In the midst of a kind, I'm still smoking
Ah come on, don't be so shallow
Fucking around, I'll leave your chest wide open
Bitch made, mark niggaz can't see me
Swallow 'em up, and shut 'em out like feces
Sold do' in a motherfucking mayn
Keep it funky, in the place that we be

[Hook - 2x]

[Pimp Skinny]

Recognize, bitch this S.L.A.B.
We gon beat up, and down your AVE.
Steady commits, to acting bad
Just like a bat, we'll beat your ass
You haters better, do your math
The lyrical wizard, with a staff
Is ready to split, your shit in half
I love to see these, haters mad
I got to get it, the mill ticket
The S.L.A.B. family, gon make you feel it
Pimp Skinny sho, love to spit it
The G shit, you hoes get it
Whenever when they, wasn't with it
Cause the thug shit, I love to live it

Just doing my thang, bring the pain
Step to the side, while I make the change

[Kepoe]

K-E-P-O-E

Fin to wreck, S-L-A-B

Y'all know me, the one with the screens

Four 18's, and a triple beam

Call me Jada, four skate fader

Bitch like me in a Navigator

That's now or later, I'm here to stay

Me and Trae, in excelerators

The key to the city, like P. Diddy

From here to Philly, I'ma pop a wheely

Like Ruff Ryders, through Nevada

Show my ass, you know I gotta

I'm a cause a, lot of drama

Spinning heads, like Wonder Woman

You hear me coming, from a mile away

Whoa bitch, get out the way

Like Ludacris, 24 karats all on my wrist

I'ma roll out, till I make a hit

Please believe, I'ma damage this dismantle it

When I handle it, Lil' Kepoe fin to go split

None of y'all, gon fuck with this

Cause I spin your head, like Exorcist

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

Love to shine, on the grind to get paid

Clear 'em out on blades, I'm a down South baller

Shot caller, and a block brawler

Swing, when I'm in a platinum Impala

Two more to follow, when I ride the freeway

With lil' J-Dog, pulling out the G way

Bubble eyed up, talking on a three-way

Say Trae, no time for the he-say she-say

2-2, when I'm on my B-Day

Each and every day on the block, will be a P-Day

T-Day'll be the day, you get a relay

Relapse, what I'ma clap with a SK

You got the plex, I'm shut the shit down

Strapped on nuts, swinging on the Grapevine

Showing my ass, when I let my top down

Break a nigga off, when I'm on that four line

Four cars, ahead of ya

Wanna stop my shine, but I ain't letting ya

Better move around, 'fore I'm wetting ya

With a BB vest on my chest, wrecking ya

Checking ya, on the slab on the AVE

Wood grain I grab, in a baby Nav'
Alligator on my toes, it's so throwed
Piece and chain, and on the center fold

[Lil B]

I'm a S-L-A-B representer
With paint dripping, right off my fender
Number one contender, heavy weight winner
Eating tracks, like they bread dinner
Kicking down your do, with a 4-4
Or calico, that'll tag your toe
S.L.A.B. gon go, to the top
Can't get caught slipping, I'ma cock the glock
And when I pop the glock, all hoes gon move
Lil B on note, I done paid my dues
Wanna run with a nigga, better lace your shoes
Cause I be pulling more stunts, than Tom Cruise
When the spit is over, yes I'm colder than North Dakota
S.L.A.B. soldier, already told ya
From the Southside got they mouth wide for a pound of
doja
You niggaz know ya, better quit
Playing games, cause we the shit
When I get mad it's wig split, on pen and pad we
rocking it
No stopping it, so stop hating
Wide body, we navigating
In mash mode, no procrastination
Being number one, is my destination

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