

**S.L.A.B.****"We Represent H-Town"**Visit "[We Represent H-Town](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(feat. Rick D, Puppy, Unique, Trae, Scooby, Archie, Lil B)

[talking]

Man, this motherfucking underground shit  
Ain't ready for S.L.A.B. baby, we in here  
It's that nigga Rick D baby, I'm in here with Trae  
Guerrilla Maab, and the Girt mayn  
Shitting on the spit mayn, it's going down 2003

[Hook]

Hey get down, lay down  
Cause we got what it takes, to make you cakes and all  
you bricks  
Lay down, hate now  
It's Girt Boys, S.L.A.B. and Trae, you know we gotta  
represent  
H-Town, whoa now  
Don't beef with the team, we mean what we say so  
Bitch slow down, whoa now  
Nigga we'll put it in your face, get it straight

[Poppy]

We Guerillas, you niggaz is chimps  
And we too tall, to deal with you shrimps  
By the way I'm a playa, boo-wow when I fill you with  
shrimp  
Respect my gangsta chick, cause you dealing with  
pimps  
Hey I'm straying off of the subject, if you don't feel  
S.L.A.B  
The Mack'll have you feeling Trae, off of your stomach  
That's Trae from the Tre pound, off of your stomach  
We go platinum, I'm hitting Trae out for the hundreds  
Some of you hate, to see us niggaz get paid  
And that's probably why we got bad blood, like niggaz  
with AIDS  
This game ain't sweet, but y'all got licorice ways  
The truth hurt, you don't want me to finish this phrase  
do you

[Unique]

Aw naw, Trae up in this bitch  
And tear the walls down, I thought I told you befo'  
Hey back down, 'fore a nigga Mack drown  
You in a pool of blood, and let me tell you something  
else  
Mack rounds, leave a nigga back down  
On the ground, cause he choose to thug  
That popcorn shit, bout to drown out  
Call me ringmaster, cause I'm calling clowns out  
On some pimp shit, smacking you sluts  
On some square shit, snatching your nuts  
And boys better, get it right  
'Fore I hit em right, in they fitted right  
Between the letters, put it on your mind you get it right  
Say, let me slow it down  
So you can keep up, Unique I hold it down  
Like Will and C-Note  
You niggaz can't tell me, you don't feel what we quote  
U-nique, bastard child  
Ignorant slow swagger, nasty smile  
Grit Boys, ain't no concern what you bragging bout  
Like MLK on Sunday, nigga slabbed out

[Trae]

I do' ran up on a nigga, and spit it sick on all you faking  
niggaz  
Hell-i-fied when I click on niggaz, that be on my dick  
ass niggaz  
I'm telling you I'm a lunatic, but my name ain't Nelly  
I be the one, to hit the block and let off five in your belly  
One deep and swanging a Chevy, Slow Loud And  
Bangin' I'm packing  
Bad ain't to know niggaz stacking, them niggaz need  
to quit rapping  
Haven't you heard of my team, with a red beam  
And it's cocked, with a four pound that I'm packing  
I make a heavyweighter drop stop and roll, trying to get  
away from the Maab  
Niggaz tripping, they think I'm slicking they ass out of a  
job  
And I know I'm too hard, so you niggaz finna see  
I'm a nigga with attitude, that these haters don't wanna  
meet

[Hook]

[Scooby]

Fuck you, and the rest that hate  
Grit Boys rep the H, got heat that'll melt your face  
You must got breath, to waste

Fuck that shit, my niggaz trying to get some cake  
Hey, Girt Boys came to win  
Got the rap game, caving in  
Nigga I ain't your friend, Scoob don't know y'all niggaz  
So, he let the chamber spin  
Then, get back to my do'  
Get stacks from my hoe, bitch crack on the low  
I'm telling y'all niggaz  
Any chit-chat, guns'll blow whoa  
Oh, can't forget B and Trae  
Y'all niggaz don't need to play, might just bleed today  
The Maab in this bitch, so drop to your knees and pray

[Archie]

We know, none of y'all niggaz want it with Arch'  
I'll have the paramedics screaming, that they losing  
your heartbeat  
Cause damn, I've been waiting a long time  
To show you cock sucker motherfuckers, I work with  
this chrome nine  
And fuck who you came with, cause all y'all faking  
You need to peep game, and realize what y'all facing  
I keep them hogs waiting, for any altercation  
I let the bullets rush through your team, like Walter  
Payton  
I get it done right, nigga MJ style  
I'll give you 42 shots, in one night  
And yeah I let the Mach spit, and make you  
Bitch niggaz back down for fucking with Arch, S.L.A.B.  
and Grit bitch

[Lil B]

You boys better move around, back-back  
'Fore I grab the black gat, busting shots that'll make  
your blood splat  
Feel that Grit, S.L.A.B. and my kin folk Trae  
Shooting game to you busters, we hustles for pay day  
Gotta get it come back with it, it don't quit  
Lay you down, 'fore you fuck around and get your wig  
split  
Young Guerillas that's after scrilla, haters you gotta  
love it  
Push and shove it, you think I'm bluffing big trucks I'm  
dubbing  
Plus fo' still known, to tack a hater toe  
Representing H-Town, whenever you hear me flow  
Lil B, also known as By-Bo  
Get out of line, I'll be busting like a crooked po-po  
Fa sho a nigga gleam, better yet a nigga shine  
Bled blocks for stocks, on the corners of Grape Vine  
When you see a nigga, chunk a deuce or move around

Third Coast finest, making you chumps lay it down

[Jay'Ton]

Make way for the Jay'Ton, he next to bat  
With a gat and a pack, that'll heat up your back  
Do my dirt and burn off, you wankstas getting tossed  
Swanging the boulevard, till the laws getting lost  
Hit the block and set up shop, for fiends that need  
rocks  
Just quick it if you wanna, then I'm knocking your ass  
off  
Like Lennox Lewis, candy blue on the Buick  
If it's fast then I Screw it, I gotta stay true to it  
It's the S-L-A-B, I got it tatted on my arm  
15's be beating, like I be busting at Sadaam  
17 years old, a gangsta I know  
If a nigga out of line, I'm wrecking him like a flow

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