

S.L.A.B.**"What I Represent"**

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(feat. Lil Head, Warren G, Kendro, J-Dub, Wayne Bell)

[Hook: Wayne Bell]

S.L.A.B., that's what a nigga represent
Four do's, behind the tint
You know, I still got love for my
S.L.A.B., swanging wide and looking thoed
That's how them S.L.A.B. niggaz roll
You know, we still Slow Loud And Bangin', S.L.A.B

[Lil Head]

Now why won't they pay me, Lakeisha and Brenda
See Brenda was the girl, that stayed across from
Tammy
See Tammy told Lekeisha, I was up to no good
And all I did was sold dope, and grip on the wood
See Lakeisha never knew a thing, about Lil Head
All she knew the slab I'm flipping, shit it use to be red
She was amazed, from the orange over gray
I got your number I'ma holla back, now listen to Trae

[Trae]

Hopping out my slab, paint be shining like I was Puffy
A bad boy to the fullest, you nothing niggaz disgust me
Trae a gangsta and a pimp with a limp, more flyer than
a blimp
With Dougie on the side, as he roll in the back with a
clip
With me and Warren swanging a four, and like it's a
Houpe
On the highway for the loot, and D-Bo hanging out the
roof
To for them niggaz not knowing, we be on that other
shit
Pop the trunk and banging shit, fo' do' tinted up type
shit
Whether blue or red, we still proceed to turn a head
Introduce 'em to the sound, of a nigga that's bout his
bread
Rep a nigga till he dead, everyday I gotta get it raw
This how I spit it, till a nigga see a mill ticket

[Lil B]

Creep and crawl in my fo' do', I let my ass end up
As I recline slide on buck, with drank in my cup
My screens digital, showing nothing but raw naked ass
Click the remote, and watch a hater as he bypass
With the automatic camera, secured by Viper
Give my bitch three feet, 'fore I become a sniper
A close street fighter, you don't want it with me
So it be best, you stay away from my S-L-A-B
When I creep it's late night, picking up your hoe
Bending corners in Hiram-Clarke, banging S.L.A.B.
Volume 4

A pro that you know, by the name of Lil B
When I ride, I hide behind T-I-N-T

[Hook]

[Jay'Ton]

I creep the block late night, on a mission for cash
'93 road master, when I mash the gas
With Lil B and Lil T, when I'm flipping the South
What you know about them thugs, with karats up in they
mouth
It's the S.L.A.B. Slow Loud And Bangin', representing
for Texas
For haters that got plexes, we leaving you niggaz
chestless
No games gon be played, if you fucking with me
It's the nigga Jay'Ton, from S-L-A-B

[Warren G]

Candy red Impala, it be my slab
Coming down the Boulevard, throwing deuce and dab
I ain't tripping just sipping, when I'm crawling slow
Blowing on the killa dro, I don't want no mo'
Gotta watch out for my car, cause it's my main
See my down the I-10, on them Euro's mayn
Me and the click getting raw, like Chi-Town and Utah
We the best you ever seen, like Rockets and Yao Ming
Don't stretch the slab, cause somebody will top you
Even if it's Shae, in that candy blue
Can't forget about BJ, he wet up too
South Klique and S.L.A.B., got niggaz sicker than the flu

[Dougie D]

Slow Loud And Bangin', up and down your block
Smoking sipping, and flipping flossing and dropping
the top
Leaving the Boulevard wet, when I be pulling out
That there, ain't nothing but candy mayn

Fifth reclined, spiders be spinning up out my 4's
Screens lit, huffing and puffing and blowing dro
Lane to lane, swang and popping the trunk on you hoes
That's the way it goes down, in the Dirty you know
Slip and we sliding, riding high yeah we looking good
Like UGK, I got's to keep diamonds against the wood
Cutting corners and bending blocks, up in every hood
Behind tint, so you can't see what I'm doing

[Kendro]

S (S)-L(L)-A (A)-B (B)

Fo' do's behind tint, roof lift I'm getting bent
Hit the switch the trunk release, on them 4's
I play it you leave stuck, my slab as I flow
Bending corners against the grain, cracking the frame
Nigga bang or snooze, as I cruise on the block
My screens lit, time to clear the club parking lot
I'm one deep, so I got enough room for the bops

[J-Dub]

From a Houpe, back to a drop
J-Dub I'm getting shine on, through a school zone
Ain't no stopping for boppers, cause I got money on my
mind
By the way that I blind, you can tell I ain't lying
Only 12 and a playa, and he running the family
You a hater move around, cause you ain't no kin to me
J-D-U-B, nigga F-U-K me
Baby edging, and ain't no way you can fade me

[Hook x2]

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