

**S.L.A.B.****"What You Gone Do"**

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(feat. Mike D, J-Doe, 311, Big Pup)

[talking]

S.L.A.B., Slow Loud And Bangin'  
Niggaz thought we was missing in action  
But now we back in they face  
Tell me what the fuck they gon do, now that we

[Ludacris]

We bout to take off, so F what you heard  
Because my side mirrors flap, like a fucking bird  
And for the fools we gon clock one, and we'll pop one  
Cause my folk riding shot gun, with a shotgun [x2]

[Hook x4]

Tell me what you gon do  
When, I'm coming for you

[Jay'Ton]

Who a nigga 17, that you know with a strap  
It's Jay'Ton, coming from the lower part of the map  
Watch what you say bitch, cause your phones is tapped  
I'm riding in my Buick, creeping with my heat in my lap  
When you see me coming move, 'fore you get ranned  
over  
Can't you see, that the Down South is taking over  
If you don't believe me bitch, I'ma have to smoke you  
You gon be that next witness, meeting up with Jehovah  
Tell me what you gon do, when I grab my tool  
And I cock that bitch back, fin to (act a fool)  
So tell me what you gon do, when I swoop the block  
And kick your do' with thugs, that'll (act a fool)

[Lil B]

You a chump ass nigga, that I really don't bar  
That's why I'm grabbing a Mack, letting off shots  
through your car  
Who I are, Lil Beezie fa sheezie I leave em greasy  
When you get out of line, I promise you gon have to see  
me  
Believe me, I bust rounds until my clip is empty

You tell me fuck around and rush with a pitbull attitude,  
not friendly  
You rookie, that's sweeter than a fresh odor spanked  
Ma cookie  
Better duck before I bust, and leave you wetter than  
some hot pussy

[Mike D]

Give a fuck, nigga  
Pulling up slow-mo, ready to buck nigga  
I'm out the rooftop let out duck nigga, too late you got  
stuffed  
That's what they get for playing with me, I don't give a  
fuck  
Mike D Corleone, bitch I'm back home  
Playing spot back, so nigga bring that shit on  
That glock your own, gon be hurting tonight  
Hit it ghetto-burg yellow tape, working tonight  
I'm like good yay dog, if you serve it right  
But don't play my nerves nigga, I'm the nervous type  
I got a itchy itchy itchy, itchy trigga finger  
Let the K drop out, a hundred shots in you

[Trae]

Hit your block, in a black mask  
On they ass, flipping in a Nova  
Coming out, strapped up like a soldier  
When I hit the lights, you know it's over  
Ain't no drivebys, on you wise guys  
On the low, coming and slide guys  
In a Maab, labeled no guide lines  
In all black, with no bean pies  
Tell me what you gon do, when I'm coming  
They be coming the rhythm, I ain't bumping  
And I bob and I weave, and a left  
And a right quick blow, till your head be lumping  
And it ain't, no Baretta  
When I'm face to face, coming to get you  
Hit you with Guerilla Maab, and that S.L.A.B. squad  
With red dots, so we don't miss you

[Hook x4]

[J-Doe]

I'm so tired, of being humble (humble)  
I'm fins to hit your block, in that Matchbox black  
Hummer  
Hit the lock, and let it rumble (let it rumble)  
'Fore it's missiles twist and turn, plus them hoes tumble  
Hold the rock, we never fumble (never fumble)  
When it hit, you feel the burn scream and just mumble

It's S-Dub Vaulters (Vaulters)  
Walking around, with two toasters on the holsters  
And if it's drama, I'm the closest (I'm the closest)  
Don't need to invite us, bitch we the hostess  
It's Dub-V and S.L.A.B. (S.L.A.B.)  
Somebody call Sound Scan, cause these tracks getting  
S.L.A.B-ed

[311]

Y'all already know, we the cream of the crop  
Whatever bitch that's throwing his gums, then that's  
the bitch we gon drop  
We keeping it hotter than a sauna, your whole click fin  
to get rolled over  
Like a stick of dro when I blow you, left-right uppercut  
when I fold you  
S-L-A-B repping, betting none of you niggaz can come  
and bump with it  
Holding it down throughout H-Town, all the way back to  
Tex-City  
3 let it get loose again, S.L.A.B. hitting hoes choosing  
and  
Running these old turtle ass niggaz, back up in they  
shells again  
We bout to blow you to the table, crush the tension  
We done had enough of the small talk, and enough lip  
from you bitches  
So keep your smiles and kisses, friendly shit out that  
bitches  
I'm the type of nigga that'll turn a so-called gangsta,  
back religious

[Big Pup]

Here I come, coming to get you  
You niggaz don't get the picture, till 40 rounds come  
hit you  
I'm the hard nigga, in this bitch with Maab niggaz  
And we disregard niggaz, cause we taking charge  
nigga  
You was running your mouth uh, now that's gon  
Make a nigga run in your house, and put the gun in  
your mouth  
I see the fear in your eyes, bitch  
If I so much as see a tear in your eyes, I'm gon  
materialize  
You better realize, me and my niggaz we be Guerillas  
Some go-getters, so if I want you I'ma go get you  
I'm bout to go nigga, nothing else matter  
When the 40 hit your brain, won't nothing else splatter

[Hook x4]

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