

S.L.A.B. "When We Pull Out"

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(feat. Mr. 3-2, Pimp Skinny, Lil Head, Warren G, Thib,...)

[talking:]

S.L.A.B., Slow Loud And Bangin'

This E-Money, coming at you live and direct

Finna take you on a trip through the Southside

[Hook x2]

When we pull out

You know we looking thoed, still Slow Loud

And Bangin' I suppose, on the Southside

You know we gotta hold swang left right, left right

[Dougie D:]

Yes it's I, the D-O-U-G-I-E

From the South-a-side

I'm representing it real, till the day I die

Forever constantly, Dougie be getting high to ease my
mind

As I crawl down, still knocking and beating blocks

Well I suppose, I should prolly keep glocks cocked

Cause these boys hating, nevertheless I'm still skating

Looking good when I do, cause I ain't got time for the
faking

Ain't no crawling copies, never gon be another like me

One in original, hundred percent Dougie for life

And cause we Slow Loud, And Bangin'

Bitch that mean that we gon hold it down, up on our
grind

[Trae:]

Still Slow Loud, and representing my click

With a gun shot, for niggaz riding my dick

If I step out, my dropper you better skate

'Fore I pull out, my heat and I start to spray

I'm a natural type of playa, on gators and bending
corners

Like niggaz in California, my top'll be dropping on ya

My paint wetter than whether, that's rainy leaving a
storm

My trunk causing a catastrophe, like Vietnam

We slap shots, dumping a stash spot on switches
Like hop scotch, with niggaz that pop lock
In a blue or the red drop, with a iced out mouth piece
A gangsta high baller, for the 21st Century
With genocide nola, fifty thousand we over
From whipping our baking soda, from Texas to
Pensacola
Roll a 4 and I'ma stop it and drop it, body rock it and
cock it
Red dot it and lock it, hit the stage and I rock it

[Hook x2]

[Jay'Ton:]

It's Jay'Ton, steady flipping
And flossing, with the Mo City Don
Steady pimping these bitches, like I'm Don Juan
When I be stepping out I'm rocking Sean John, Sean
John
Cause I'm playa baby, 16 flipping Mercedes
With a yellow lady, when I'm tipping it through the Cady
Bubble eyes on, when I'm living it in my zone
22's surrounded by chrome, in front of my home
4 do' garage, I gotta set the twins is ready for the
menage
But if you ask me they look like Mary J. Blige
If I ruled the world I'm feeling like I was Nas, feeling
like I was Nas

[Big Bee:]

Swang hard, on the 'Vard dog
It's Big B double E, I was born hog
I cause traffic, when I ride in my orange car
I'm looking for some attention, I'm a superstar
Straight out of Hiram-Clarke, on the Southside
We roll on 84's, and we swang wide
Blowing on hydro, with the paint po'd
I'm sitting on buck skin, in my playa mode

[Mr. 3-2:]

Slow Loud Bangin', in the deck
Everybody think I'm tripping, and I'm gone off that wet
But I check ya ass, like my brand new sneaks
And put a dot on your eye, if your mouth ever leak
Now take a peak, at the big Boss 3-2
Everytime you see me, I'm sporting something brand
new
What it do what it done, bitch you know where I'm from
I keep a big old pistol, for them niggaz talking dumb

[Warren G:]

Candy red we flossing, we po'd up
Southside how you feel, we ain't riding on horses down
here
Nothing but Lac's and trucks, and purple stuff on buck
Swanging left-right, slow up your block
On chops won't stop, won't quit
South Klique on bumper kits, with screens on lit
With the boppers and shoppers, that be bopping a
nigga drop
On glass choppers be chopping, while they looking like
helicopters

[E:]

Won't stop, rolling on chops
It's K all day nigga, the cream of the crop
It never end, a youngen with a smile on his ends
And dividend, Sprewells keep spin in the wind
Now here I go, I crawl down low on 84's
Draped down in Gucci clothes, and macking to all these
hoes
With the killer piece and chain, banging Slow Loud And
Bang
As I grip up on the grain, headed to South mayn

[Hook x2]

[Lil B:]

Pulling out, nigga you know we thoed
In a heavy wide frame, with J-Dog and the Ro
On the Southside, you know we gotta hold
Piece and chain gon swang, with a mouth full of gold
We swang left-right, knowing I don't play
If the jackers try to come, AK gon spray
Fewquay is where I swang, the lane and swang 4's
Niggaz be tripping I'm sipping, and hitting fly hoes
Chickens in kitchens we mixing, and flipping my do'
Expedition and wishing for competition, on my flow
Who the nigga that be By-Bo, Lil B gotta crawl down
See breaking mics when I'm on the sight for, S-L-A-B

[Pimp Skinny:]

Wrecking the block with the trunk open, the bumper
cocked
Let my shit knock, I got my hand on my glock
While the haters watch, I see these bitches on my jock
I got my mug on mean, as I pass I can't stop
Steady beating blocks, I gotta let the top drop
It's just that nigga Pimp Skinny, representing and never
stop
I leave these haters knocked, but them 4's can't stop
nothing

But believe I'm gangsta strutting, and ain't gotta touch
nothing
Just pushing buttons, on the face of my remote
As I ride cough and choke, cause I'm gone off that killa
smoke
But on my note, so you haters watch your back
Best believe I got that gat, and I'll rat-ta-tat-tat

[Thib:]

When I pull out, corner bend a trendsetter
With my top down, baby Benz Gucci leather
On chrome feet, and I'm ready for whatever
With the chrome heat, you gotta have your shit
together
Just to compete, cutting concrete spinning
While the trunk beat, everywhere I go hoes grinning
Like they want me, now I'm independent if they hear
me
Then I won't be, collab with the S.L.A.B. hit the lab get
funky
We strapped with weapons and guns, ready to stun
Pack a competitive tongue, second to none
Educated etiquette Don, is ready for fun
Regulating everyone, get ready to run
Dedication whether the storm, now we perform
Exclamation no time form, pay me or mourn
Swang foreign changing the lane, feeling the breeze
Popped up loving the game, blowing my trees

[Lil Head:]

I let the top down on 20 inches, AMG's
With yella's mixed with Japanese, they hair blow in the
breeze
Bitch please, you mean to tell me you ain't impressed
Candy orange STS, T.V.'s in the head rest
Go on confess, you love the way I'm customized
Paint so wet when you look, you have to squint your
eyes
You look surprised, how I swing and barely missed him
83's recline bumper, with the Northstar system
Hard top out the shop, time to break off a fake
Four 12 J-L, trying to make the trunk shake
It's no mistake it's Lil Head, and you already know
Surround from Mobile 1, I raise my trunk up and show it

[Hook x2]

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