

S.L.A.B.**"Who Next to Plex"**

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[Trae]

It's game time, everybody better go play they position
Because the captain of the team, about to make his
decision

For those who never heard of Trae, I bet you will in a
second

I'm bout to take over the game, with a black mask and
a Smith-N-Wesson

Raw dog, 24's be tipping and cutting

The top lost, raise up the trunk and proceed with the
strutting

I'm lyrically busting, like 4-4's dumping on chumps

And when it be best to move around, 'fore I click on you
punks

I'm like a running back, rushing with a hell of a slab

So many woofers in the trunk, it's like a hell of a jab

I'm running the game, you other cats ain't running a
thang

Unless you running from a G, that just got off of the
chain

[Hook - 2x]

Who next to plex, I told ya I be ready for war

17 in the clip, when I hop out the car

I'm busting for mine they hating, so I'm guarding the
lane

I bet these motherfuckers, know my name (it ain't
changed)

[Jay'Ton]

It's like man, I promise you niggaz don't understand

How I suicided do's, on the drop and painted it tan

Back in the days, I use to be wishing that I was paid

Now them 32 karats of diamonds, giving 'em rays

So gangsta, give me fifty feet mayn

'Fore you see me letting 17, out the heat mayn

It's like that, 22 inches be sitting flat

On the Lac, you think I only make money from rap

Hell naw, I'm known to bleed blocks for change

Plus I'm known to get fly, when I'm whipping the wood
grain

It's Jay'Ton, the young one serving niggaz heat
One hell of a hitter-quitter, that'll put you to sleep

[Boss]

Boss on a mission, making boys take out they laces
Put niggaz necks in braces, and dodging the cases
Bandanas on the wrong side, make niggaz wanna hide
Since they locked my nigga Ro up, I been ready to ride
Right hooks to the face, will get you ready to slide
Drop the frame of the Lac, and then I'm ready to glide
Six shots from the K, will make you flip your whip
I'm bout my chips as I dip, on a solo tip
It's still Slow Loud And Bangin', on a bitch nigga'z ass
A buck-six on the dash, showing ass on glass
Hit niggaz up, making niggaz tuck they nuts
Hit a couple of hard heads, that go hard on cuts

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

Who next to plex, I told ya I'm ready for the drama
Slow Loud And Bangin' is the shit, and I put that on my
mama
I'm in a '67 Cheve, on the dub of the South
And about to spit the realest shit, that ever came out
my mouth
Me and Q, the heavyweight tag team of the year
And they don't wanna fuck with us, half of them niggaz
is queers
And I don't pay you no mind, so I could be doing my
thang
Like in the turning lane, dropping in the drop wide
frame
My diamonds all against the grain, when I'm gliding the
whip
The other hand on the clip, in case them haters wanna
trip
So I'm fully equipped, to let 'em know who I be
It's South Klique, when I be repping S-L-A-B

[Hook - 2x]

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