

**S.L.A.B. f/ AB, Dyno****"We to Real"**

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(\*talking\*)

S.L.A.B., Slow Loud And Bangin know I'm saying  
Texas style nigga feel that mayn, it's going down down  
here mayn  
Pulling out everything mayn, chrome nigga

[Hook - 2x]

On the cool, I know a lot of niggaz hating us  
But we too real, to let a nigga come and fuck with us  
On the cool, I know a lot of niggaz hating us  
Fucking with Slow Loud And Bangin, and you'll be in the  
dust

[Trae]

It's a known fact I got a mouthpiece contaminated,  
niggaz hate it knowing they can't fade it  
Innovated by most of the real niggaz on these streets,  
so we gon make it  
You taking it oh no never, too clever and I got em in  
debter  
Your t-shirt is finna get wetter, on the mic it don't get  
no better  
For Screw I'm finna mash the gas, passing niggaz up  
moving slow  
Nigga don't know I can't take no mo', running up on me  
you finna hit the flo'  
From Trae to Lil B, J-A-T, Dougie D and AB and Jay'Ton  
Be street niggaz with a heart, you should of heard of  
me from the start  
But my time coming up, better peep my game and  
learn something  
Before your body's we be dumping, that's on my life  
and I ain't bumping  
On blue over grey swanger on 4's, running over foes  
Letting out ten shots with a calico, just so a nigga don't  
want no mo'  
Southside Texas forever, representative in they face  
Paper chasing on a steady pace, so block bleeding is  
my case  
And I'm gon smash that, trying to get my last stack  
And if you live that, nigga you gon feel that black

[Hook - 2x]

[AB]

Man you niggaz, don't even understand  
Fucking with us, have a scientific plan  
Don't hate the playa, hate the motherfucking game  
You niggaz mad, cause you can't do the same  
We work hard, for the things that we do  
Niggaz unlike you, we steady paying our dues  
We creeping and crawling, your city getting riches  
Posters and cards, and money over bitches

[Lil B]

I'm a nigga that struggle and hustle, my pockets must  
gain a muscle  
These bitch ass niggaz I tussle, and then break em up  
like a puzzle  
They bubble up and then bust, steady put they ass in a  
hearse  
I'm a young ass nigga that's cursed, with the life of a  
thug walking on turf  
Lord have mercy these niggaz gon bleed, cause Lil B  
gon give em what they need  
S-L-A to the motherfucking B, we gon ride out till we D-I-  
E  
Do you see you gon get ranned over, fucking around  
with a Southside S.L.A.B. soldier  
We the realest and I done already told ya, stealing the  
name when you know that we colder  
Yes the rap game we gon take over, ready to go just  
like a V-12 motor  
Like a flip phone we might just fold ya, last one  
standing now nigga who's bolder  
And colder in the game what's the name, you better  
peep that nigga Slow Loud And Bangin  
Won't ever change cause we hog the lane, running  
through all tracks still gripping the grain

[Hook - 2x]

[Dyno]

Niggaz hate to see me turning on they corner, blowing  
marijuana  
Paint red California, now candy green iguana  
Valeted at Daytona, it be screens in my shutter  
Smushing butter kush, and sipping drank out a funnel  
Riding glass on a Caddy, deuce-deuces on a Navi  
Honk my horn watching porn, and see which ethnic I'll  
snatch me  
Half black and Puerto-pachi, hoes be on my balls

Soft X in they life, just to tighten they jaws  
Silent beam on the glock, making all punks pause  
P-A Benz with no top, got em saying aw naw  
S dot W dot, gorilla nigga all out  
To kill a nigga, spit a verse and peel a nigga

[Hook - 2x]

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