

S.L.A.B. f/ Billy Cook**"Back at it Again"**

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[Trae]

Back at it again, and I feel like I'm in my prime
Fuck rhymes, I'ma wreck this motherfucker for Dinkie
doing time
Slow Loud And Bangin' for life, niggaz know it's
understood
How the fuck niggaz think they down, and they ain't
even from the hood
Too many niggaz in my section, so I had to make a
change
Plus niggaz be disrespecting, so I had to take my aim
It ain't no friends inside this game, niggaz switching
like the drop of a dolla
So catch the fuck you out my window, as I flip my
Impala
Dogging the road, plus even on mo' got niggaz in
shame
And they can't touch me in the '84 Range, I'm raw and
untamed
See Trae is self explanatory, and my attitude show it
On the way to fuck up they career, nine times out of ten
niggaz know it
So gon get ready for the crown, to be announced to my
team
If you don't think we hard, then watch this Nina Ross
with this beam
We back at it, automatic static for you niggaz who
hating
Who say they really wanna do me, bring it on cause I'm
waiting

[Hook: Billy Cook]

They telling me, that we ain't gon make it this time
They telling me, that S.L.A.B. don't hustle and grind
We back again, to prove you niggaz wrong this time
Mistakes have been made, niggaz know that you
crossed that line

[Jay'Ton]

Before you hate up on the S.L.A.B., get your weight up
bitch

So move around bitch nigga, 'fore I empty my slip
I'm a young guerilla in these streets, trying to make me
a profit
Six figgas ain't enough, cause I done had that shit in
my pocket
A nigga G'd up, Boss chunking them C's up
Jay'Ton up in this bitch, with the T-O-P up
Swanging down the block with my heat cocked, for
them cops when I set up shop
Ain't no way in hell, that I'ma stop
When it was sad cause I'm ahead of my time, plus I'm
head of the line
See the heated 3-80, pointed dead at your spine
30 karats round my neck, cause I'm head of my shine
Now the click come again, to put it dead on your mind

[Hook]

[Boss]

Back at it again, Boss done grabbed his pad and his
pen
Cutting corners cocking the Coupe, with automatic
again
Lacing my stars in the morning, creasing my rag in the
den
Khakis sagging under my ass, I'm fin to drag em again
Niggaz ain't never seen the corrupted rebel, riding in
progress
Set me up a corner, full of hustlers and watch it
process
I'm fifty two hundred deep, when I'm dipping on the
solo
Swooping up in the low-low, 17 slugs for the po-po
It's Slow Loud And Bangin', tearing the top off your
microphone
Blacks gloves and black ski masks, when I'm in my
sniper zone
I did this for my niggaz, doing time in a cell
Putting they foot in niggaz asses, dropping dimes in
the jail
This for my C'd and my B'd niggaz, over to my B-D
niggaz
Fo' Tre's and ITC's, my TTP niggaz
Boss gon floss for the house, with a Nina Ross
Keep my pockets full of green, and my hand full of
green mounts

[Hook]

