

S.L.A.B. f/ C-Loc, W.G**"We Been Fly"**

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(*talking*)

S.L.A.B., Slow Loud And Bangin' know I'm saying
We been on this fly shit, yeah we keep it gangsta
You know we been dropping tops, pulling out 4's
Spinning on boys, straight out Ike or Jet
Since Pat and Screw was around

[Trae]

What's cracking lately my nigga, must ain't heard of
the news
The way I dropped a '60 Cheve, plus he grew in his
shoes
I guess I'm fly, cause these boppers steady calling my
phone
But I don't really wanna be bothered, when I'm tipping
my chrome
And I don't really wanna be bothered, bitch I'm feeling
my zone
Slow motion banging my song, four 15's to the dome
Yeah, I think you kinda feel the point that I'm stressing
Like a jacker that's running up, gon feel the black
Smith-N-Wesson
Off with top shocks on the drop, these jocks on cock
Clearing out the block, hearts gon stop when I set up
the shop
Popping off with them thangs, still the same but
changing my lanes
And as soon as my attitude change, I'm change up
your frame
The name Trae bitch get it right, 'fore the Maab get to
clicking
Like a TV in '86, back when the color was missing
So if you hating fuck you, 'fore a nigga buck you
To tell the truth I give a fuck, bout what you going
through

[C-Loc]

Now pure playa when I pass, play the game with
precision
So fly when I ride, girl go on take a picture
Got a swag so serious, you'll mistake it for a dance

Got a strap so swell, knock 'em clean out they pants
These hoes love Loc, they know Loc a real man
Baby mama want me back, but that hoe had a chance
Went from selling blocks of crack, to selling verses for
grands
Real recognize real, that's why Trae is my man
Look Big Loc forever fly, till I'm resting in peace
I'm so cold that my blood temp, about zero degrees
I'm so fly like Outkast, so fresh and so clean
Make the game look so easy, but I'm just doing my
thing

[W.G.]

I'm so fly, hopping out of my car with the rims spinning
Dubs up, looking like I just won a million
I ain't tripping, it took a little time but me and my team
cashing checks
Hopping out of planes, at L.A.X
Houston Tex what I rep, when I hit the West
Got a big ass Dub, hanging off my chest
Seeing niggaz cuffing they chicks, run up bitch
And see how long it take my niggaz, to blitz

[Boss]

I'm fly, but niggaz still will get beat up
Every 24/7, got my motherfucking heater
Never leaving the house, without my pistol grip what
I'm fin's to grip
They tell me to calm down, but Lil' Boss Hogg is fin's to
trip
I advise you niggaz, to catch hold of your brain
Cause 17 hollow points, might shower down like rain
Off the chain, fresh off the dock tipping a yacht
I bang like 5 Deuce Scott, tipping a drop
Bucking at cops I'm over the law, I'm over your jaw
Couped up in the kitchen, and I'm working with raw
Ain't too many niggaz, that can G like me
I keep about 16, B.G.'s with heat

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