

S.L.A.B. f/ H.A.W.K., Kee Money, Big Dex

"Keep it Gangsta"

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(*talking*)

Southside (Southside), we keep it gangsta
Keep it gangsta, Northside (Northside)
Keep it gangsta, what-what-what
Keep it gangsta, what

[H.A.W.K.]

I'm not on the squad player, I'm on the squad nigga
Quick to pull a trigger, and I'm raw like Jigga
How the hell you figga, you could step to a gangsta
I shank ya spank ya, and won't even thank ya
I'm on the cut, t-shirt and black Chuck's
Selling clucks for bucks, hitting hard like numchucks
I fill gaps like chaps, with these hardcore raps
And Blacks Whites and Japs, all give me dap
You'll never catch me stalking, or doing too much
talking
When I might keep it gangsta, and start to Crip walking
My dogs start to barking, cause they ready to scratch
I release the latch, watch my killers attack
Now fire up a fat strack, if you wanna do it
But don't jump naked, on embalming fluid
Nigga stay true to it, if you take that chance
And my gangstas, won't you do your dance

[Trae]

Thug living I'm bonified, and running with mob ties
Niggaz knew I was on the rise, pulling stunts like Fog
Eye
Fore the green we mashing, while we colliding for the
South
And if you hating close your mouth, cause I'm gon ride
for the house
I got thugs on every block, with a glock that stay
cocked
In a land of hard knocks, so we known for bleeding
blocks
And niggaz be hating me, and making my pressure
rise
Because I'm bubble eyes, on a GS customized
We Interstate weight gliders, from H-Town to Nevada

Going off like rotweilers, and pitbull fight scholars
Throwing bows like Roy Jones, while bleeding with
every zone
And even hear a tune, that'll make a bad bitch sing
along
Like my name was Dru Hill, keeping it known that I got
skills
When it's time for me to drop, then we gon straight up
make a mill
For real it's like that, the Trae gon squash that
So when it's time to plex, then we gon straight up break
backs

[Lil' B]

I'm a young ass nigga, that's always down for whatever
Shooting slugs through your sweater, my nigga I'm
bout my cheddar
Together cause we united, don't bite it because it's
venom
Starched jeans that's denim, 600's we in em
And filming these hoes on video, acting seditty though
When all they want, is a nigga to take em home or to
the Mo'
Freak hoes, you ain't getting shit
Keep my screens lit, sideways watching flicks
Admit that I'm a G, Lil' B from H.C.
Tipping down Fewquay, with Trae and Lil' T
We be some young playas, big bodies we valeters
Poetry rhyme sayers, sipping drank with the Mayor
Pay'a close attention, weak niggaz flinching
Step in the kitchen, I'm S.L.A.B. representing
And gritting my teeth, my pressure's reached it's peek
And to you hoes talking down, I'll sweep you off your
feet

[Keep Money]

Now bounce-bounce to this, when you hear it in your
city
While motherfuckers levitating, we leaving boys shitty
Trying to get a ticket, while on our way to the top
Steady crawling and balling, you know we can't stop
One touch and recline the top, home of S-L-K
And no inches up under 20, we consider them by the
way
3rd Coast the bay, down South we ain't tripping
Pop a clip in while sipping, on a money making mission
Game tight with precision, trigger finger steady itching
While time keep on ticking, we in the kitchen forking
chickens
These boys they finna listen, we ain't playing with this
game

So pop a tape in your deck, and go on do your thang

[Big Dex]

I'm in your eardrum like bass mantliss, I got bad habits
From smoking weed, to popping tablets
Get out of line, you'll come up missing like the Florida
baddest
I put niggaz in death beds, then fire cabinets
You got a nine playboy, then you better grab it
I'm serving niggaz like fiends, I gotta let em have it
I got AK's and glocks, all automatics
That have your face on a carton, that say missionary
bastard
Don't get me wrong, I see right through you like Judge
Mathis
That's why I have to wet your shirt, like a water
mattress
Like Elmer Fudd, I got a sock I aim at you rabbits
And I be spraying out pellets, like deodorant arid
I got spice on my shirt, for slap a bitch nigga merrets
I put a regal round your neck, like I propose a marriage
And I ain't talking to you bitch, but if the shoe fit wear it
And that's what happened to them niggaz, that talking
like Paris I let em have it

[Jay'Ton]

I'm only 15, and love to county my green
You see the bitches wanna ride, cause they love my
screens
And keeping niggaz on the run, cause they hate my
beam
I got twenty five niggaz, running on my team
It's Jay'Ton the young one, that's all about stacking
cash
Fast on the gas, for the grind I gotta mash
You feel what I'm saying mayn, we Southside thug
niggaz
That's down to pull triggers, and all about stacking
figgas

[Dougie D]

I'm a 3rd Coast wrecker, H-Town slab rider
You can catch me crawling, and dropping the top on
the prowler
Prolly even see me in a houda
One thang fa sho, I gotta keep em moving like Menuda
It's the Dougie the daddy, I be known for stacking
dollas
Chunking the deuce up to my niggaz, and bitches and
partnas
Down in the Dirty South, is where motherfuckers'll find

us

Keeping em crunk shocking and rocking, and moving
they body

Now what it is about Texas, you wanna know about

Don't be mislead, ain't all bout horses and dip in our
mouth

We sip on drank, with fat blunts puffing smoke out our
mouth

And this the way we keep it crunk, up on my side of
town it's going down

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