

S.L.A.B. f/ Kyleon**"Gotta Get It"**

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[Trae]

They say there's a price on my head, but it ain't nothing
Everyday I'm still on the block, gangsta strutting
Got a brick in the six, on the way to Luffin
Trying to turn this 15-5, to something
Flipped it quick, and I brought it back
I got a briefcase full of cash, in my Lac
A whole bunch of hundred dollar bills, in my stack
I've been broke, I ain't going back to that
This the 2K4 2K5, times are hard but I'm still gon strive
Not '99 but I'm still gon rise, two deep with Z-Ro right by
my side
Maybe even fo', with Lil' Boss and Jay
Still tipping in a drop, that's blue and grey
I represent Southwest, on the block of where I stay
Plex, that'll be where your chest lay
Only words that I hear is mine, only way to get paid is
grind
24 with no sleeping time, ducking laws cause I don't
want no time
Some niggaz out here wanna rap for fame
Me myself, I wanna rap for change
Put some'ing in a safe, when I rock the frame
Now-a-day's, everything be off the chain

[Boss]

Currency is a must have, if a nigga see cash then he
must grab
Trying to juice the block for this cream, I ain't slept in
three days know what I mean
I've been on the block trying to hustle and get it, flip my
funds in six figga digits
Pockets looking like full figure midgets, everybody
wanna know what the fuck is it
I've been trying to get cash mayn, put a little in a stash
mayn
I don't wanna live in trash cans, picking scraps with my
bear hands
So I spit my lyrics to get good do', what you think a
nigga still up in the hood fo'
Is that good to try to get hood do', out here risking the

spots you won't go
I got a brick and I'm letting you get use to it, I'm all in
the neighborhood selling niggaz the fluid
I got hard soft X pills I'm true to it, hustling zones away
nothing new to it
I try to stay in the game with steady hands, sitting back
peeping the game of how it's ran
Some of these niggaz don't seem to understand, to get
the green you gotta have a plan

[Kyleon]

I got birds of caine I got gallons of drank, I move
weight like eight sealed gallons of paint
So fuck what you think and fuck what you heard, Kyleon
hit the blocks with the rocks and the syrup
I know it works your nerve to see me balling, got 4's on
my low when you see me crawling
Candy do's low pro's and the TV's falling, and a bad
yellowbone that hear me calling
It's my time to shine cause the Lord allowed it, gotta
rise to the top cause the bottom too crowded
It's J.K. but he bout it bout it, these niggaz gon hate no
doubt about it
It's Southside for life that's where I stay, 11-9-11 that's
where I play
MLK where I stack my pay, I know you boys know about
D.E.A
Me and Trae to S-L-A-B, H-Town Tex' and the S.U.C
Better have a check when you fuck with me, I'm super-
glued to the do' so it's stuck with me
Grind and hustle with my mind and muscle, keep
getting money cause it's time to hustle
You need to get off ya ass and start trying to hustle,
and go out there and try to find a hustle

[Jay'Ton]

G's by my side they ready to ride, I put 4's on 4's so I'm
ready to glide
I'm out the West of the South niggaz know my side,
paint wet like rain so you know I slide
I'm a wade body Lac finesser, 25 deep sitting on my
dresser
Don't talk too fly FED's might arrest ya, these snitch ass
niggaz might help 'em catch ya
S.K.G. niggaz know I claim it, this red beam niggaz
know I aim it
Who next for the plex better go on bring it, chose on
mix I'ma go on slang it
I'm a asshole riding with the Trae and Ro-da, can't spit
like me so you know I'm throweder
Got a 3-5-7 like a Cheve motor, I'm the shit round here

so I know they told ya

[Lil' B]

Niggaz already know I'm a grinder mayn, plenty raps in
my binder mayn

Won't get caught slipping in the turning lane, by these
niggaz hating cause I got some change

I'm really finna get my cash on, put that right back to
my stash zone

Clap that gone-bread niggaz that tell on, a young black
cat trying to get his mash on

I bleed the game while you niggaz lose, just to walk in
my lil' old blues

Ain't no way that Lil' B gon lose, cause I've been out
here too long paying dues

These niggaz better get they mind right I'm in the
limelight, quick to bust mine in the line of gun fight

Time to grind rhyme cause I'm thoed on the mic, and
the streets know S.L.A.B. gonna rep for life

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