

S.L.A.B. f/ Lil' Head, A3, DeLo, 2

"It's That S.L.A.B"

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(*talking*)

What's happening, Yung Redd-H.S.E.

I'm in here with that S.L.A.B., Slow Loud And Bangin

My nigga Trae, we's not playing know I'm saying

[Hook]

Ay, it's that S-L-A-B

Beating down your block, in the Hu-Humvee

Nigga please, we riding on 33's

With a yellow bopper, that's watching my TV's

Ay, it's that S-L-A-B

Beating down your block, in the Hu-Humvee

Nigga please, you don't wanna see me

Spitting at your bitch, as a P-I-M-P

[Trae]

Body rock in a houe, swanging droppers no time for boppers

I'm rolling on in a Escalade, on a escapade

Slip and sliding on cascade, button blades

When I get crunk I'ma do the wave, with S-L-A-B for my team

Duck your head I'm finna drop my screens, nigga we out of sight

Showing my teeth and I'll light the night, and he get locked I'd fly the kite

Pull me a bitch when I'm on a bike, not a motorbike but a beach cruiser

Pay attention 'fore a nigga lose ya, verbally abuse ya give me a mic and I'ma do ya

Touch my drop and I'ma shoot ya, from the Southside of Texas

On down to Austin Texas, swanging swanging I'm reckless

Ain't no time for the plexers, me D.B. and the Jay'Ton

With T.O. and the Shaedron, DeLo, E when B wrecking

I be down with the Jamaicans, we be flipping a Yukon

Pushing bricks that weigh a ton, bumper clot nigga

you'll be gone

Didn't know I could wreck like this, thoed off when the mouth spit

On the block with a thoed bitch, too legit for me to quit
bitch

[Hook]

[Lil' Head]

Look, Lil' Head I'm on fire like that Weezy-Wee
I got hoes in every city, that stay pleasing me
Everytime I hit the block, it's a sight to see
20 inches Sprewells, with that DVD
I got bitches on my pickle, this shit is kinda simple
Candy orange, the color of my luxury vehicle
I'm hungry like a hippo, eating shrimps and stuff
With a bad yellow bitch, with wide hips and butt
See I'm a pimp by blood, it's all in my nature
Fuck a hoe leave a hoe, sorry can't save ya
See I'm quick to tell a bitch, don't you touch my car
See that styrofoam cup, don't you touch my bar
I'm a Houston hot boy, flipping a hot toy
No fiends that spend cream, so I pistol rock boy
From Hiram-Clarke to the Brae', it's a must I say
That we all about our chips, like that Frito-Lay get at me

[DeLo]

Slow Loud And Bangin, in a drop with screens
PS2 with a DVD, let Ro K free when I'm at PB
Ain't no tint so you hoes see me, showing up gripping
wood
Po'ing up looking good, Hiram-Clarke is still my hood
Run up if you think you should, got AK's that'll rip your
flesh
With hollow tips that'll rip your vest, automatic finder
won't cease to rest
That's Superman you better cease the plex, got head
busting when you least expect
Got head suckers from East to West, S-L-A-B we be's
the best
Swang on a vine and I beat my chest, me Tarzan you be
my Jane
Don't want sex just give me brain, bone Clark Kent Ms.
Louis Lane
I'm a 007 by the name of James, on a mission to stack
the change
South Clique's my claim to fame all the rest respect the
name, leaving niggaz feeling ashamed

[Lil' B]

Game spitter wig splitter, yellow bopper go getter
P-I-M-P, trying to stack mob figgas
Gorilla killer better feel a nigga, I'm thoed in the brain
Push a button let me screens rain, I'm L-I-L-B you feel

me mayn
Laid back and I'm on the road, Benjamin Franklins I'm
gon fold
Spinners off the wood grain mo-mo, pop the trunk and
then let it glow
Southside fa sho yeah we gon swang, Hiram-Clarke is
where I leave my stain
Till I swang and swang then set up shop, dare a nigga
to try to touch my block
Cause the glock is cocked, ready to release
I'm young and raw with a mouthpiece that's thoed so
cold, you don't wanna see a nigga explode
Cause I'm heavy crawled out in a Cheve, these niggaz
better let me be me
That's all I can be, for S-L-A-B

[Hook]

[2]

You got the hand I got the dro, you got the money I got
the hoe
You got the crowd, I got the show
You get the bid I got the flow, real niggaz ready to hit
the Pen
Drop down Volvo in the wind, serving these hoes from
nine to ten
Doing this here since way back when, all about hitting
the skins
Drop her off hit the wind, back on the block now it's on
again
Charge on pussy trafficking, P-I-M-P'ologist
Got the green phsycologist, now you niggaz wanna
ride to this
S-L-A-B at you punk, hit the switch pop the trunk
You niggaz really don't wanna fuck with us, like
dangerous can't slang with us
Matter fact you niggaz can't hang with us, in a right
hand wheel done tang with us
We done taken this game to a whole 'nother level, Slow
Loud And Bang with us so it ain't no claiming us

[Jay'Ton]

Ay, it's that boy Jay
Tipping up the block, in a Hu-Humvay
Nigga please, we repping S-L-A-B
Body rocking and dropping, and flipping glass 3's
White tee, starched down in my Sean jeans
So clean, with a mouthpiece that'll go bling
My team pulling up for the spotlight, and I know that it's
not right
But dropping a stretched bike, from Ike

Blue over grey, with Trae and the Big Bice
My chain be full of ice, and no it ain't nothing nice
Keeping you looking twice, like hoes at a stop light
It's S.L.A.B. that they recite, on a block in a late night

[A3]

A3'zy I bring hat, seven screens fall in a Cadillac
One false move I'll break your back, hull a nigga like I
hull a track
Leave a nigga out just like a mat, wrestle track when I
bust a gat
Catch me in the lot with the trunk cracked, swangas on
fifth wheel it's laid back
We slip and slide stride and glide, trunk kit committing
suicide
Lean in the Benz with the bubble eyes, everything we
own is customized
S.L.A.B. trick'll leave you hypnotized, upside is on the
rise
Gorilla nigga don't be surprised, Dead End till the day I
die

[Hook]

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