

S.L.A.B. f/ Mike D, W.G.**"Plex"**

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(*talking*)

Hey what's happening, this Rick D baby
You ain't think we was gon let you motherfuckers rest
huh
It's time to wake up baby, the assholes is here

[Hook - 2x]

I heard some niggaz in the rap game, hollin' out plex
Speaking on my name, like they ass won't get wrecked
Letting they nuts hang, cause I've been gone for a sec
Bitch nigga ass on, I'm about to bring plex

[Trae]

It's war, so I'm bout to get to spitting on bitches
I'll leave the weapon on the flo', so I'm shitting on
bitches
I heard some niggaz wasn't able, to keep they tongue
in they mouth
So I'm bout to put 'em in a lock, and drag they ass
through the South
T-Ray and all them kids, who be thinking they rich
Here go your second of the fame, but either way you a
bitch
You got a problem and you know it, ain't no stopping
me dog
That go for each and every one of y'all, who knocking
me dog
Better check my stats ol' nigga, I could end your career
I'm ready for drama with your click, in any time of the
year
All the way to 50 Cent and Banks, I ain't born today
Better check yourself, everytime you speak a Asshole's
name
And if the click side with ya, it don't really matter
I got a hundred and fifty assholes, that's killing the
chatter
I promise we rawer, a hundred percent than most of
these rappers
And please don't try me cause I'm bound to make your
bitch ass a factor

[Hook - 2x]

[Mike D]

It's war, niggaz better get they mind right
'Fore I aim my highlight, and fuck off ya eyesight
It's war, niggaz better know the funk coming
'Fore I run up in your house, and duct tape your woman
64 slugs, dead in your car
Blucka-boo-blucka, recognize who we are
We ghetto superstars
And y'all motherfuckers, done took it too far
Recognize G's when we in your face, put it down like it
go
Ahead of the footrace, Corleone on the mash hoe

[Boss]

I'll take over your turf, and place real G's on it
Got a hot nine for sale, but don't nobody want it
I put three bodies on it, when I was tipping and flossing
Had to take another six month break, from filling up
coffins
It's often that niggaz get lost, for dipping in my sauce
You gotta pay the cost to the Boss, with the Nina Ross
Plex is when you fucking with Trae, and the S.K
You got AK's and HK's, in your face all day
Bitch, war's with big niggaz when the streets got plex
wit ya
Can't let a certain type of nigga, try to get next to ya
I put this sticking to ya, so nigga better gaurd they ribs
Or I'm quick to pull a kickdo', so just gaurd your cribs

[W.G.]

All this beef that you talking, you can squash the
drama
A.B.N. done pulled up, it's time to start the trauma
Why these niggaz running to they cars, to get they
guns
Red beam and teflons, aiming at they lungs
Everybody ready for beef, until the war pop off
We ain't playing down here, in the Dirty South
Niggaz be getting slid, and put on they back
W.G. bring hats, making niggaz back-back

[Lil' B]

Niggaz better duck quick, when the K start busting
Or South Clique get to rushing, ain't no time for
discussion
See I click quick bitch nigga, I'm ready for war
An asshole named Lil' B, is who I are
So you can strap your laces, and put 'em up
I got hands that'll drop niggaz, right where they stand

up
Think I'm playing, ask about that nigga that ran up
'Fore I dropped him, Boss was thumping them thangs
up out the truck
What the fuck was you thinking, my click be reigning
yelling Slow Loud And Bangin'
Leaving bitch niggaz stanking, rich kids ain't banking
Trying to ride on guerillas, that'll bust and be shanking
I'm always riding with my cause, what the fuck you
drinking

[Hook - 2x]

[Jay'Ton]
24/7 I be creeping, representing the South
Niggaz think it's a game, until I'm creeping with the
sawed off
I hit a nigga with the K, and left his insides out
Nigga you know it's Jay'Ton, bitch you know what I'm
bout
I'm digging ditches for niggaz, that's steady owing me
riches
I keep it real with my niggaz, it's money over them
bitches
And I'm a Southwest nigga, plus my click roll thick
I greet a nigga with the heat, and chunk his ass to my
pit
And let genocide shake your ass down, like a cat that's
stray
Assholes we don't play, repping blue over grey
You never seen a block jump, but it's gon jump today
You might as well call me Ike, from the way that I spray

[Hook - 2x]

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