

S.L.A.B. f/ Shyna, K "Droppin Tha Tops"

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(*talking*)

S.L.A.B., Slow Loud And Bangin'

This Young Chris from the West, we pulling out baby

We in a platinum line ha, beating your trunk off

Go on turn your knock up, and if you got plex

Nigga catch a square, anytime any place anywhere
bitch

[Hook: Shyna]

We dropping the tops

Tipping on glass, crawling up the block

We hogging the lanes, yeah

24's spinning, and they ain't gon stop

I'm riding my slab

Waving my trunk, while I'm gripping grain

I'm doing my thang, yeah

Slow Loud And Bangin', niggaz know what I claim

[Lil' B]

When I pull out drop the top, won't park cause I roam
the lot

Hit BJ tell him meet me at the spot, just in case a jacker
want what I got

I'm in a 6-9 Cheve old school, platinum with the pop
do's fool

Chrome grill on the nose fool, with 4-4's wrapped up
and vogues too

I'll hit the Av' banging S.L.A.B., in a slab crawling like a
crab

Niggaz don't wanna give me dab, cause my 12's hit
hard like a jab

Niggaz know it when I show it, pop the trunk and neons
glow it

Lil' B from H still holding, with the belts fifth wheel and
bumper folded

[Boss]

See me in my wide ride, everything to the left side

HGC on my plates right, inside got do's suicide

Engine power gliding on monoxide, flo' master

Run up on the 7-deuce Boss gon blast ya, better have a

prayer with a hell of a pastor
Pull up and pop the trunk like Fat Pat, roll one deep with
a fat black gat
Platinum with DJ Screw blue in the back, eight switches
with the top on crack
Swanging the lane on the swangas I swang, banging
the trunk in the slab with the grain
Flipping through hoods you can't flip through again,
smashing my gas then I'm off in the wind
Off in the wind they like the Lincoln I ride the Cheve,
banging slow loud and tipping heavy
I didn't pull it out till the car was ready, Southside still
holding steady
Cat fish on 4's in the Buick, jamming Slow Loud And
Bangin' music
Black swangas on a black Eldorado, enough to make
niggaz lose it

[Hook]

[Jay'Ton]

I'm gripping grain up in a Lac, 20 inches six 12's in the
back
My name stitched all on the seats, like 8 Ball we sitting
fat
Ain't no T.V.'s got mirrors falling, for the 2K5 you gon
see me balling
When I hit West state you gon see me hauling, in the
platinum Fleetwood slab that I'm crawling
Pulling up dubs raised, from the way I dress you know I
stay paid
Game so thoed I'm pimping mayn, from the way I spit
you know I stay laid
Half of karats all around my neck, slow and loud when I
bang my set
Haters chill 'fore your ass get wrecked, six digits when
I cash my check

[Trae]

Right now shit be smooth sailing, fo' 24's everytime I'm
bailing
Gotta watch what these hating ass niggaz telling, every
single one of us known felons
Asshole bitch and that's what I'm repping, fo' do' Cheve
with a loaded weapon
White tee's and kicks everytime I'm stepping, I'm a G
and a pimp and a thugging veteran
Why these hoes be steady bopping, why my rims ain't
never stopping
Why my slab be oh so wide, with a reclinable fifth that's
known for dropping

Bleek on black and I bet he chopping, Boss on juice
then I bet he hopping
Ro on the passenger side of my truck, if a jacker
running up then I bet he popping

[K]

Pulling up at the light trunk on lock, got the 12 gauge
ready with the 4-5 cocked
Hogging the lane, black on black with six twelves
A six pack nigga did that, swanging hard in a wide
frame
Steady banging Slow Loud And Bang, pop the trunk let
the fifth wheel hang
Hoes steady wanna know my name it's K, all I like to do
ball and parlay
On the paper chase with the nigga Trae, South Klique
everyday all day
With the Warren G, Lil' B, Jay'Ton and J2
Chunking the deuce up out the roof, in a seven deuce
on 22's

[Hook]

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