

S.L.A.B. f/ Z-Ro**"The H"**

Visit "[The H](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook - 2x]

You got a problem with my city, get the fuck out
Ain't got nothing good to say bout Houston, get the
fuck out
We ain't trying to deal with no mo' haters, we already
got enough
Get the fuck out our city, before you end up in the dust

[Z-Ro]

H-O-U-S-T-O-N, T-E-X-A-S
We got Crips and Bloods and crooked cops, that'll open
up your chest
Think I'm lying, HPD'll pull over on a dark road
Then snatch your ass out the back seat, and let they
pistols unload
Even though I'm out on bond, when I'm out in public I'm
armed
Plus I'm rolling with them lil' ignorant niggaz, Boss and
Jay'Ton
And Lil B, out of R-I-D-G-E-M-O-N-T
And y'all know I'm packing that artillery, that can crack
the concrete
Micro down South folks post, smoking on that good dro
smoke
Either in my Crentley or my Fleetwood, letting 83's poke
Holding the wood grain sturning wheel, South Main the
kill burning still
Go under the six and left, and hop on six-ten I got a
soda I'm put a six in
And a cold ass doggy style, I'ma put a bitch in
Some of y'all niggaz are busters, but garunteed we
real on this end
If you don't know, ya better ask somebody
Give it up for Houston bitch, or we gon blast somebody

[Hook - 2x]

[Jay'Ton]

Now you can see me in my city, sitting low on swangs
With the trunk popped glock cocked, waiting for haters
In my city we play no games, South Klique what I claim

And if a nigga disrespect us, you'll get one in your
brain
So just sit back and chill, 'fore your ass get grilled
By a guerilla nigga that's only 18, worth a mill
Banging my music slowed down, wrecking shows out
of town
Niggaz talking that bullshit, and get you put
underground

[Lil B]

H-Town is where I hang change lanes, and grip on
grain
Bo'guarding intersections in Texas, we po' up mayn
You got a problem with my city, then address it
17 shots, from the glock'll be your blessing
I'm sick of you haters talking down, cause we be
wrecking
Ain't nothing but hustlers down here, we feddy fetching
so get to stepping
I'm letting you know, it ain't no games being played
Lil B the main reason, y'all roaches getting sprayed

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

Houston we have a problem, where a asshole pissed
the fuck off
Born and raised out the city, where the street life'll get
you fucked off
And lately these niggaz getting beside theyself, like
they can
Until I greet 'em with the heat, to make 'em understand
It ain't nothing weak around here, cause it go down
around here
Buck the H if you wanna, you'll never get found round
here
I promise you other niggaz, got the game out of line
Houston Texas until I die, we ain't hard to find

[Boss]

See we be swanging through these neighborhoods, on
these swangas we swanging on
Can't see us in foreign bitches, Perelli we gliding on
Maab affiliated, so me and my niggaz riding on
Get the fuck out my city, cause hating'll get you flying
home
Sliding home, out of town plexing'll get you boxed up
Niggaz get put in six foot Zip-locks, for trying to box us
I'm from the H, I keep it E to the B
H to the G, till you see me in these streets with my heat

[Hook - 2x]

Visit [S.L.A.B. f/ Z-Ro](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.