

S.L.A.B. f/ Z-Ro, H.A.W.K., Mike D, Bun B, Paul Wall

"Tha Streets"

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[Bun B]

Well it's that Texas representer, from Port Arthur the
Land
Coming straight out of that South, with my nuts in my
hand
Let 'em hang all over this track, and all over the block
Cause the S.L.A.B. they got my back, when them boys
wanna knock
It's U.G.K. for life, still I miss my dog in the game
But even from behind the walls, he's still hogging the
game
Big Bun B ain't nothing changed, get use to the fact
And holla when you see me, chunking double deuce
out the Lac

[Jay'Ton]

I'm moving slow up the block, 22's sitting cocked
I'm from the South, so it's automatic haters getting
dropped
See me standing, in my five deuce stance
I might seem young but you gon respect me, with this
glock in my pants
It's Jay'Ton a young guerilla, certified with them hands
You thought of stopping Slow Loud And Bangin', you
better kill all those plans
That go for you and your man's, I'm 18 and well known
through the H
I run with G's, so you better pump your breaks

[Paul Wall]

I'm coming from the city of drank sippers, and glock
grippers
We flow tippers and pimp strippers, we hit licks cause
we go-getters
I'm Slow Loud And Bangin', them 4's swanging my nuts
hanging
My piece and chain stay dangling, from South Main all
the way to Mangum
I'm on that Southlea, with Gu-U and that Cabbage Head
I'm with that Bowdy Black, and that Big Mix we breaking
bread

Stay to FED I hold it down, for all them boys in the 7-0-1
It's H-Town stay down, the streets made us from day
one

[Hook]

We come from (the streets), collect our funds in (the
streets)
Empty out our guns in (the streets), it ain't no fun in
(the streets)
You can get done in (the streets), ain't no shining sun
in (the streets)
Ain't nothing but dark in (the streets), better have heart
in (the streets)
If you a mark, you need protection from God in (the
streets)
Cause we got Crips and we got Bloods, that love to
mob in (the streets)
Packing pistols and AK's, ready for war in (the streets)
Duck down our block, and get your ass snatched out
your car in (the streets)

[Z-Ro]

H-O-U-S-T-O-N, T-E-X-A-S
M-O-C-I-T-Y-D-O-N, in the flesh
I'm feared and respected, walking the streets of
Bejave and Ridgevan of South Park know
Proolly in a wife beater, but razor blade creases in my
jeans plus hydro smoke
Fat Pat told y'all back in the gap, that the Southside was
holding
22's-24's, Blades Elbows and yeah we rolling
A couple of bi-bad bitch, holding our gun for us
Just in case the law pull us over, they got no love for us

[Boss]

I'm from the Southside of Houston Texas, relentless
and reckless
Making out-of-towners respect us, Boss shine beams
like projectors
I get boys up in the intersection, for representing your
direction
You can get a lead infection, better go get your head
protection
Plus these cowards slipping on the G.P., the H is my
home
I pop and unlock the trunk, then I'm out on the roam
Fo' swangas under the Lac, you know I'm riding the
brome
I was swanging the lane too hard, bout to break my two
chrome

[Mike D]

I run the town down, gunner town down
And won't leave, till I shuffle a brick and a pound
It's Don-Dadda, Michael Corleone
Ain't no breathing this summer, bitch I'm back home
I'ma supply ya block, give it what it need
I got five different hustles, whatever you need
This H-Town Texas, city of codeine
Without no heart and smarts, you'll be dead in these
streets

[Hook]

[Trae]

I'm fresh off the block and when I spit, it's already
known and respected
You can catch me hopping out the Cheve, when it get
hectic
See me posted on the block, like it's the first of the
month
24's and Lamborghini do's on that Back, I'll teach 'em
to stunt
Now who that mad about the city that I claim, it's
Houston Texas forever
Whether we on a different side, we still gon mob it
together
Bitch I've been gangsta from the birth, better check the
blood of my brother
Slow Loud And Bangin' is the truth, and it'll never be
another

[H.A.W.K.]

Ready or not, here comes the Southern juggernaut
Thugging out, some might say I'm bugging out
Phenomenon, 40 Cal. under my arm
Run me warm, I'ma have to do you harm
Not of the norm, I'm that smashing feature
Abnormal creature, that's what these streets'll teach ya
I will defeat ya, punish ya like a cake I'll eat ya
Say the name of your block, and I'll come and meet ya

[Hook]

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