

**S.L.A.B. f/ Z-Ro, Mr. 3-2, Yung Redd, Archie Lee, Kiotti, Big Pup,  
J'Ronimo  
"Spittin' Fire"**

Visit "[Spittin' Fire](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(\*talking\*)

Gangsta, Trae say man  
Some niggaz gon get fucked up, on this song man  
Know I'm saying, ay this Archie Lee baby  
You already know, know I'm saying  
Nothing but the real nigga, S.L.A.B.  
We in your motherfucking face, turn it up nigga what

[Archie Lee]

Four rocks in the hand, two glocks in the van  
You niggaz make way, cause ain't no stopping this clan  
S to the L-A to the B  
None of these niggaz, fucking with Archie Lee  
Before I drop my solo, you niggaz doubted me  
How he gon switch labels, without that nigga Lil' Ke  
But like the underdog, I was suppose to lose  
Made profit like a motherfucker, showed you fools  
Now everywhere I go, bitch niggaz so cool  
Man your shit jamming, let me hear you flow fool  
Hell naw, but I appreciate the love  
You better appreciate a thug, or appreciate a slug what

[Hook]

You can't deny us, we be spitting fire  
(and you know, we strapped with heat)  
We some real slab riders, please don't try us  
(everybody know, talk is cheap)

[Z-Ro]

What it do I'm coming through, you better move back  
Strapped with artillery, not scared to use that  
Cause I'm bad to the bone, got beef with me then bring  
it on  
You ain't ready, for all these pieces of plastic and  
chrome  
Must be tired of living ready, then headed to early  
grave  
Known for sending niggaz, to hell or the pearly gate  
Ain't nobody taking me, I ain't worried bout nothing

Hate me today tomorrow, I come back like a rewind  
button  
Ain't friendly, stay to myself for no reason at all  
Get up off of me, 'fore you be bleeding not breathing  
at all  
I'm connected, nation wide respected and known  
Z-Ro the Crooked, I'm original so watch for the clone

[Kiotti]

Watch for the clone, see me better watch for my  
chrome  
If you jacking, you better watch for your dome  
And I'm on your block, and yep the talk is cheap  
When I lay you on the ground, you know that talk is  
cheap  
Ask Trae, or A. Lee  
In uh H-Town is where we be, it's easy  
We three mo', slow the beat and bring it back  
Guerilla Maab with the S.L.A.B., in a Jag they love that  
Anybody who be bumping or talking down, fin to catch  
some slugs  
Better run, I mess with gorillas killers and thugs  
And we all raw, I swing for heads to break jaws  
And we got money for bail, ain't worried bout the laws  
uh

[Big Pup]

Big boy sick boy, yes I'm the wig splitter  
Make way, it's the Ridgemont's 4 big nigga  
Go getter for the cash, I'ma have it if I want it  
Calicoes we gon blast, at you niggaz acting fony  
I'ma get it cause I'm hungry, and ain't stopping till I eat  
I give a fuck how cold you is, cause I'm about to bring  
the heat  
With the Guerilla M double A-B, and Hershelwood's  
Archie Lee  
Who am I, Big Pup repping them Pud Park streets  
All that bumping obsolete, put your money where you  
speak  
I got gorillas that'll creep, and leave you dead where  
you sleep  
A damn fool on these beats, in these streets I bring  
trouble  
Big Pup and them S.L.A.B. niggaz, means E.R. on the  
double

[Hook]

[Mr. 3-2]

Talk is cheap, I bring heat to the track  
I deliver pimp slaps, and steady setting traps

For these hoes and niggaz, you can't figure me out  
Still the Gov of the South, that'll burn up your house  
You and your son, I do this kinda shit for fun  
Make bets with me, bitch I'll have your ass done  
Lying and trying, to disrespect a boss  
You ain't got enough money, hoe I'm hot like hot sauce  
Stinging like a wasp, of course it's me  
Fucking with my property, you'll get fucked off properly  
Ain't no stopping me, and your ass gon see  
Who to play with, cause it damn sho ain't me

(\*talking\*)

Be what you want me to be  
Next time I see your ass, you gon see  
Reality, in front of me the G.O.V. what's up Trae

[Trae]

That's the way the game go, is what they steady yelling  
out  
But I'm about to cut they lights out, and make em  
respect my mind when I'm strapped with a big red dot  
You niggaz can't get with the worst of us, and ain't  
never gon fuck with the best of us  
My mouth piece cocked and about to bust, for a nigga  
that's thinking they better than us  
Fuck that fuck y'all, Trae fin to get my point across and  
I'ma call it out  
Fin to come out the do' running up head on, let's see  
which one of us falling out  
One of them thug fire mob niggaz, a gorilla raw dog  
nigga  
Hatch back when I wanna fall nigga, snitching ditching  
from the laws nigga  
Broken jaw till they call nigga, body bag when they haul  
niggaz  
Mob niggaz wanna squab niggaz, weaving and then  
I'ma bob nigga  
Naw nigga you ain't fucking with this, Guerilla Maab  
and untamed  
Who's to blame, I dont know but you bout to get a hot  
one for the pain

[J'Ronimo]

Dipping and dabbing, hustling the streets you flipping  
your slab in  
I know bitches, who shoot more dicks then Madden  
They dick biters, I'm on illegal shit like pit fighters  
And if you ain't know, then the shit's right here  
Flow into my vocal box, drip like beers  
The world is my click, like Cheers  
You can call me Steve Francis, popping pills with bills

And all this ice, got my wrist on chill  
The block's on heated, got your man tell him to wait so  
You be in on my recipe, Redd get the rope  
And my rims cause pain, cause I'm spinning hurricanes  
I understand girls cheat, my main chick is Mary Jane

[Yung Redd]

Now this is what happens, for thinking I'm capping  
Pulling out the mack 10, don't make it a challenge  
Aiming at your Cadillac, making it back spin  
Action, I been real since way back when  
I was wicked ever since, I jumped over the picket fence  
I hang on the block, like I'm paying rent  
And I'm like the Terminator, I'll be back  
To get you for all your stacks, and all your crack  
I'm back for the first time, ain't no canceling me  
Let's see, Redd'll cut down your family tree  
Catch me shooting the breeze, smoking too many trees  
Right now, ain't nan nigga fucking with me

[Lil' B]

I'm a slab rider, provide a nigga your ear  
Never been a punk or no queer, therefor I have no fear  
For a hater, I penetrate a slug holding a grudge  
Cause I'm a thug nigga, that get down and dirty in the mud  
Round for round and pound for pound, just like this  
Gorilla that's untamed, when I ball up my first  
Now that I'm pissed, you niggaz better get it together  
Squashing the cheddar it's whatever, when I aim my baretta  
I'm sending slugs through your sweater, and you don't really like that  
After hearing Lil' B, you niggaz gon recite that  
Bite that, like a big mac killer that will attack  
The prey cause I'm the predator, wrecking ya staying two steps ahead of ya  
Smith'n Wess'll be blessing ya, when these niggaz be testing a nigga  
You ain't stressing a nigga, with all that plexing my nigga  
I'm thoed, explode like hot fire  
Sticky like barb wire, I'm a slab rider

[Hook - 2x]

Visit [S.L.A.B. f/ Z-Ro, Mr. 3-2, Yung Redd, Archie Lee, Kiotti, Big Pup, J'Ronimo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

