

Z-Ro & Trae f/ Lil B, W.G., Reggoe "SK"

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[Hook - 2x]

I'm in the parking lot, with my AK
Fin to be retaliation, today
I got the hammer cocked back, and I'm finna spray
Murder me a nigga, if he ain't claiming SK

[Z-Ro]

Misery City's finest, and I don't give a fuck
About nothing, but smoking on that dro and getting
bucks
I love nothing and slug something, if something is illing
I got something that'll make something, act right and
stop tripping
I'm a gangsta, but I ain't flagging today
Cause some of my own niggaz, been plotting to blow
me away
So I'ma go outside, pop the trunk
And run up in they houses, with my one and I'ma dump
And make they whole family, hit the god damn flo'
And put the rest of they people, in black on front rows
You might not like the way, I refer to a homicide
But it was head busting, ten out of ten I gotta survive
I be rolling, with my motherfucking strap on the side of
me
Can't fuck with the South, K-L-I-Q-U-E
M double A-B, S-L-A-B
The Don of Mo City, and Donny B

[Trae]

It's automatic we pistol gripping, you niggaz ain't
getting from me
I dump on a chump, and have me singing this for they
homie
We S.L.A.B. Slow Loud And Bangin, SK like everyday
This here for the block niggaz, and my dogs that's
locked away
Donny, these niggaz bout to see what I'm talking bout
Set tripping, and watch how fast, I clear out the parking
lot
Twin towers, now watch how I devour these cowards
Have me ducking like Howard, now these niggaz

peeping my power
Don't you try to be cool with me now, I done peeped
your type
Get caught up in a hype, until a nigga ready to fight
But I got something for you, let me introduce you to
Trae
If you ain't ready, you gon see me on the block with a K
ya punk bitch

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil B]
SK representer, putting it all on the table
Peeping these video thugs, the one that's stuck on
cable
Walk through a public place, and I see nothing but thug
models
Wearing throwback jerseys or pink, trying to follow
Real recognize real, well I'm peeping the fake
Won't pull no kind of trigga, ain't moving nobody's
weight
I never do it be of they closed, or make a nigga feel
hard
All up in my face (what's up B), you niggaz still fraud
That's why I roll, with G-Maab Entertain' mayn
S.L.A.B. known to swang, leaving one in your brain
mayn
I'm still the same, on the hunt for some change mayn
Killing parade niggaz, that ain't repping the name it's
South Klisque nigga

[W.G.]
Niggaz running up, talking this and that
Until I pull out the gauge, and bust you in your back
Claiming SK nigga, better be for real
Before I break your ass down, like a handlebar pill
I ain't tripping with your set nigga, I'm repping mine
I'm in the parking lot of Max, nigga it's going down
About to whoop a nigga ass, have his brains hanging
Got a five deuce nigga, that love to bang
Much love to my nigga, named Baby James
Can't rep the set, and I ain't saying no names
Real recognize real, and that's how that go
See me flamed up, at a sold out S.L.A.B. show

[Reggoe]
Macks and K's, cutting chopping these niggaz
These snitches I drop em, and then I blast goodbye to
you bitches
Man so chill, niggaz don't wanna test the South sign
side

Murder me a motherfucker, and just hop in my ride
So nine times out of ten, niggaz respect who it be
On T-H-C, really though busting my B-I-T
C-H motherfucker, you better get ready for war
Quit acting like a lil' kid, you's a grown man boy
Real shit is real, nigga I'ma see you face to face
Aggravated with a black bag, and a 4-4 in your face
Sore thumb poking out, yeah nigga it's me in the flesh
Southwest when I fuck you nigga, I've got plex I've got
plex

[Hook - 2x]

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