

The Corruptor Movie

"Slow Down"

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Song by Jane Blaze f/ Sauce Money

[Jane Blaze]

Uh-huh

Yo if I let you tell it, your rhyme style safe enough to
sell it

But your weak flows, make me the bomb relic

Rap with Magnums like Tom Selleck

Spray a pumpkin, they don't call me Jane Blaze for
nuthin

Now save your bluffin for one of them model chicks

Droppin our modest hit, to prove I'm the hottest bitch

Go all-out like an Islamic clique, I'm on

some Jeffrey Dahmer uncut drama, like when a llama
spit

Release hammers to protect my trophies and banners

To be as nice as me, need a whole lot of manners

Unadulterated grammar, femenine stash

In layman terms, mean I'm swimmin in cash

Baby got back, means I'm winnin in ass

Got cameras with no bulbs, lookin to flash

So when I breeze through with more metal than R2-D2
and see you on the low like the D's do, say cheese boo

[Chorus: Sauce Money (repeat 2X)]

Get dough now, all about stacks of cake

and flow now, if it's hot like Jane, let it go now

Still movin with speed, when you Slow Down

nuttin left to do but blow now

[Jane Blaze]

Yo I got somethin that'll split your coconut

I know what you hopin but, Jane remains raw like an
open cut

I ain't no New York floozie

Let every baller walk through me, suck a dick just to
talk Gucci

Could care less about his 600

I focus on tricks who fronted, that track shoes, bitch run
it

My words slaughter, rap's preferred daughter
Go on a spurt like the Bulls in the third quarter
Got niggaz masturbatin every day though
Hopin I'll move my tongue around they head in a circle
like a halo
Now get closer, cause in a minute baby it's over
I come off at the clothes like strip poker (strip poker)
You just let a chick smoke ya (chick smoke ya) what's
my name?
Blid-aze (Blid-aze), point blank range, I'll make ya
brains Swayze
(Your brains Swayze) Yo weak poets, wanna test me or
what?
Shit on they click so sick and still be sexy as fuck

[Chorus]

[Jane Blaze]

I keeps it real cuz, you know Jane name is still buzz
Suga what? I disinfect tracks and kill cuts
I'm live type, lot of cats front like
they like to prizefight, I settled the beef with five mics
Play your hand right, I'm trump tight, slip up
get lumped up, see me when the guild points the bums
up
CD come with a Phillie in it (word?) witty fillie
and silly widdit while you sound like Milli Vanilli did it
Pity you pitted your weak flows against mines
Since mines sound fifty times better, ten times
Visualize my speech, get a glimpse of the rhyme
Drop a hit with a shine, y'all know it's time
Rap's my duty, platinum acts better know I could
CLAP a cutie, or just kill him with natural beauty
(beauty)
Who you trustin? The one who gets strong burns
from dustin MC's, or the one who gets strong burns
from pussin

[Chorus 2X]

[Jane Blaze]

Blow now..
Slow down.. prestige
Sauce Money here, my nucka
Jane Bond, what?
Q-U
My click
Double oh-dimes
I'll be dere
Yo, slow down baby
I don't think they ready for this

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