

8ball "Slab Rider"

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[Intro: MGJ]

Huh, yeah, 'Ball you could dig this one pontá
Got that boom, huh, boom-boom, boom, boom

[Chorus x2: Children]

He is the Â Slab Rider
Orange Mounder, Third-Coast Sider
He is the Â Slab Rider
Big hydro, fifteenth riders

[verse 1: Eightball]

Who wanna ride wit the big 'Ball
I'm fo' do's, I got room enough for all of y'all
If you don't know me I'm the one they call the "Fat Mack"
I'm givin' instructions on, "How to Lace a Phat Track"
I come from hard times hopin' I'm never goin' back
Never thought that all of this would come from writing raps
Big money, big grills, big cars
Women used to trip, now they wanna know who we are
I stayed the same Â while everything around me changed
My old pontá's locked up Â fuckin' wit them thangs
It's not a game, really it's a damn shame
'Cause if I wasn't here I'd probably be wit them mane
Thank the Lord I'm not, knock on wood baby
This whole world crazy, everybody livin' shady
And I'm stuck in the middle stayin' true to myself
I can't be nobody else, tell' em who I am...

[Chorus x2: Children]

He is the Â Slab Rider
Orange Mounder, Third-Coast Sider
He is the Â Slab Rider
Big hydro, fifteenth riders

[verse 2: Eightball]

From Lamar Cove and Orange Mound
To Bill St. where the legendary put it down
Memphis, Tennessee is where I got my home training
In the streets instead of sittin' at home complainin'

Mississippi, Arkansas, and everything in-between
I know it's real, but it all feels like a dream
In New Orleans Â smokin' out wit my dogg Woo
When done seen so much shit between me and you
Nashville I'ma holla at my nigga C
All my niggas, oh yeah rest in peace P
Dallas, I'm wit Rally at Phenomena
Houston Â I'm everywhere, holla at me Ma'
But it ain't nothing like them thick-ass Georgia
peaches
Sweet fruit and they never are out of season
It don't matter if you in the ghetto or the 'burbs
Ask somebody, who's that... and they'll say...

[Chorus x2: Children]

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[verse 3: Eightball]

My nigga G in V.I.P, in St. Lou'
Duke and Coo' runners in Miami Â can't forget you
Jacksonville, Tallahassee, Sapp smokin' wit me
Me and Moss in Minnesota smokin' green-sticky
Dave and 'Toine got my back when I'm in the Apple
My cousin Forty got me drinkin' E&J and Snapple
Louisville, Money Mike what's the deal baby
All my Alabama niggas keep it real baby
O.H and the Dime always on my mind
Cleveland to Cincinnati hoes so fine
Detroit all the way to Flint, Michigan
I spanked this broad but I really wanted to spank her
friend
Nappy City where the thugs keep it real gritty
Chi-Town Â where you might loses yo' life quickly
From the streets, to the clubs, to the stage
Ask about 'Ball, and they all gone say...

[Chorus x2: Children]

He is the Â Slab Rider
Orange Mounder, Third-Coast Sider
He is the Â Slab Rider
Big hydro, fifhtteen riders

[Children x2]

Keep ridin', ridin', ridin', Eighball just keep on
ridin'
Keep ridin', ridin', ridin', Orange Mound and
Third-Coast Sidin'

[Outro: Eightball]

Yeah, yeah Fat Boy... representin' you know what I'm talkin' 'bout

Like always baby, stay shocked out, to all my real niggas stayin' down

Stayin' true, ya know what I'm sayin'

We gone get this money baby, we gone do it how it go, yot know what I'm talkin' 'bout

Yeah, we gone grind, we gone hustle

All them boys that didn't think we could do it, the doubters, the haters we gone do it for them

We doin' it for the doubter and haters, the one that think we can't do it, yeah this for you

Straight from them slab riders, them niggas that be grindin' for real, them niggas that be hustlin' for real

Them niggas that be on the streets

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