

**Denisse Lara****"Slump"**

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[Backbone]

From front to back street, listen, we on a mission  
to get right, workin street corner in the midnight  
Picture the scene, these fiends with fire  
Ten dollar dreams, scheme, for a sack of that, believe  
that  
I'm wit whateva like Wheatstraw  
Stuck servin my cocaine raw  
Drop sixty-two off the brick, jump back  
Twenty over now that's mo' money to get  
Slick, we fin' to LICK on this corner without gettin  
caught  
But time, keep a sleepin and money gettin short  
Plus that crooked cop Brock think we blow slangin (fuck  
him)  
That why he ride through the hole with the do' swangin  
But I make moves -- shake them tricks up out they  
shoestrings  
Be more precise when we do things  
Cause life like shakin the dice, but I buck back twice  
like five-deuce, fo'-trey, okay

Chorus: repeat 2X

I'm strickly dressin dirty dirty  
Gone represent it to the t-top  
Born and bred up on the street top  
Get to the money and the sweet spot  
and forever hollerin  
"Hootie Hoo!" when we see cops

[Big Boi]

Sheyit  
Cops and robbers niggaz be bound to get them dollars  
and cents  
They get in a slump like baseball players  
when they short on they rent  
Anything goin you ain't knowin how much money YOU  
spent  
But in the real world you surrounded by these ladies  
and gents

who hang around you cause you be buyin all the weed  
and ALL the chicken  
Feedin everybody, smokin em out  
When you was broke though they was missin  
Now you ridin bout fo' deep, startin to tear up YO'  
suspension  
And your baby mamma on child support  
My fault, forget to mention  
You don't even have a checkin account  
Wasn't thinkin about no pension  
I used to work at Steak 'N' Ale, Old Gold off in the  
kitchen  
Had determination and graduated  
Now I got the whole rap world fascinated  
I wanted a piece of the pie for me and my family so I  
made it  
Continue to sell dope, it's payin the bills so you gon' do  
it  
But legislation got this new policy  
Three strikes and you're ruined.. now where your crew  
at?  
Yeah..

Chorus

[Cool Breeze]

Ay

Me and my buddy on the cut and they know we servin  
em slabs  
We better watch what we doin, and look out for Joe Nab  
And quit re'in-up and standin on this same old block  
before our gangsta ass partna get both of us shot  
Niggaz talkin cause they makin some flow  
But still ain't did nuttin that ain't been done befo'  
You can't be tryin to showcase, just put it down for your  
spot  
And improvise and work with that little you got  
So I think when I finish sellin my last sack  
I'ma take some of this money, go and give some back  
Cause people won't forget about the time you gave,  
knowsayin?  
And start thinkin bout a path to pave

Chorus

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