

Eightball "Slab Rider"

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[MGJ Intro]

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

[Chorus Children] 2x

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

[Eightball verse 1]

Who wanna ride wit the big Ball
Im fo dos, I got room enough for all of yall
If you don't know me Im the one they call the "Fat Mack"
Im givin instructions on, "How to Lace a Phat Track"
I come from hard times hopin Im 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 while everything around me changed
My old pontas locked up fuckin wit them thangs
Its 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 Im not, knock on wood baby
This whole world crazy, everybody livin shady
And Im stuck in the middle stayin true to myself
I can't be nobody else, tell em who I am...

[Chorus Children] 2x

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

[Eightball verse 2]

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 smokin out wit my dogg Woo
When done seen so much shit between me and you
Nashville Ima holla at my nigga C
All my niggas, oh yeah rest in peace P
Dallas, Im wit Rally at Phenomena
Houston Im everywhere, holla at me Ma
But it aint 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, whos that... and they'll say...

[Chorus Children] 2x
He is the Slab Rider
Orange Mounder, Third-Coast Sider
He is the Slab Rider
Big hydro, fifthteen riders

[Eightball verse 3]
My nigga G in V.I.P, in St. Lou
Duke and Co runners in Miami 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 Im 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 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 Children] 2x
He is the Slab Rider
Orange Mounder, Third-Coast Sider
He is the Slab Rider
Big hydro, fifthteen riders

[Children] 2x
Keep ridin, ridin, ridin, Eighball just keep on
Ridin
Keep ridin, ridin, ridin, Orange Mound and
Third-Coast Sidin

[Eightball Outro]

Yeah, yeah Fat Boy... representin you know what Im
Talkin bout
Like always baby, stay shocked out, to all my real
Niggas stayin down
Stayin true, ya know what Im sayin
We gone get this money baby, we gone do it how it go,
Yot know what Im 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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