

Grand Corps Malade

"Slingin' Bass"

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Verse 1:

On the streets doin' crimes is no joke
But you ain't get no choice when you go broke
It's either poverty or this a gun in your fist
And to survive in the streets you gotta take risks
They say you lose some you win some
But I don't lose none cause I want income
And I ain't workin' for the nickel and dime
So I say fuck that turn to crime
Tryin' to figure a way to get rich fast
Snatch a pocket book and bust the bitch ass
But yo that still ain't enough for me
I need doe so I can live comfortably
So I pulls enough stick up hold another vic up
Till I got enough to make a pick up
It started out for self with an eighth a key
My momma says street life ain't safe for me
But I ain't tryin' to hear none of that
Cause pushin' a motherfuckin' broom for the man ain't
where it's at
So I set up shop on the block
Gave a knucklehead a job on the corner sellin' rock
Flip the eight six times and got a whole key
Now every nigga in town wanna roll with me
But I runs a tight shipment and won't slip
A worker fuck up a dime he gets pistol whipped
I'm in the game for all it's worth
Havin' shoot outs and bouts for clout and blocks of turf
But I ain't got no "S" on my fuckin' chest
Huh so instead I wear a bullet proof vest
A nigga tests and I'm a check the fool I'm from the old
school
I take respect with a tool
Do what I gotta to survive as long as I'm alive
Cause I ain't fuckin' with no nine to five
I'm slingin' bass

Hook:

"Bass" "More bass"

Nickles, dimes, ounces keys

20, 50 100 G's (x2)

Verse 2:

Yo shit is rollin' money comin' in thick
Bitches like magnetics clingin' on my fuckin' dick
But I'm after something greater
Give me the money the power and the pussy come
later
Rollin' for self with wealth on the D.L.
And now live well cause D.R.U.G. sell
Hard as stone takin' over the projects
Cashin' in multi million dollar mob checks
The don of all dons
A straight up brut quick to shoot with loot like Nicki
Bonds
Last punk that tried to stop me
Went straight to the morgue motherfuck the autopsy
You know what it was a slug in his mug
But the punk niggas people told the Feds
Now they knockin' at my door (get the fuck up c'mon)
I'm butt naked in the bed with a whore
Grab my drawers ran straight for the safe
I flushed the drugs and threw the doe in the pillow case
Grabbed my nine and broke for the window

Girl:

Naw I ain't jumpin'!

Grand Daddy I.U.:

Then turn yourself in hoe
Cause I ain't goin' out like a chump
I'm three storeies high but fuck it I gots to jump
So here I come head first through the glass
Hit the ground and bust my whole fuckin' ass
Landin' hurt but still I kept runnin'
I opened the car door quick and threw the gun in
Drippin' blood from my hands and my knees
Look under the seat for the fuckin' spare keys
Cranked her up and peeled off
Leavin' a fat trail of smoke as I broke the fuck north
That's when I heard a gun blast
Took a look back and seen the coppers dead smack on
my black ass
Rollin' two cars deep no time to sleep
They had the bitch I was with in the backseat
And you know the hoe tellin'
Just got humped tryin' to front with her cunt smellin'
I get vex and start to let off
Three in a row tryin' to blow the old dirty snitch head
off
I caught the driver instead

And opened his head went through the glass
Car crash now they all dead
Still one car behind me
I got the doe in the back and my hand on my nine G
So I starts to unload
I put a slug in the engine and watch the whole shit
explode
Now that's the end of the chase
You know where I'm headed to the motherfuckin' block
slangin' bass
Motherfucker

Hook

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