

Guardian

"Slo Mo"

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[Louieville Sluggah]

God damn, look at missy missy
She actin hot and sigie, I'm gonna catch them titties
Oh come kitty kitty, I'm in the store with Bell
I asked her if she miss me
I need change quickly, Papi can you split this fifty
She started small talk, like "Where you been"
I cut her short, it's where I'll be with you and your
friends
You see girl, I ain't you average man, runnin a million
On an island, puffin spliffs with Gilligan
Set on the hot rocks, sendin my tube socks
I'm wonderin, is this what it's like, if the clock stop
And at a slow speed, cool breeze, blue trees
Higher counts we had, BBQ on nude beach
Your word becomes a V, you crack a smile now
Then find out later, bitch, it ain't shit funny
Me all about me sunny, money and keep it cunnin
Movin wit my niggas and best to Playboy bunnies

[Starang Wondah]

Aiyo, ya see me the bed, countin ends
Yo, I know you have a man, can't you have friends
Wanna look me up and down, sayin "It depends"
Aiyo, I treat you like a queen, til I hit the skins
Cuz I look good, like your man wish he could
Push a phat ride, parkin right in front of the hood
Big muthafuckin Will, from the M.F.C.
I roll a Bob Marley up, and pass the hennecy
Nigga cough, never smoked before, yo weed it up
Got chills goin down ya spine, I heat it up
Gotta get where I'm goin, and fast
Speed it up, I feel a hotel elevator beam me up
I take you home, lie you down, so you can dream me up
Get your all your friends through and double team me
up
I can't call it, smoker, never alcoholic
Hittin it doggystyle, while you leanin on the toilet
O.G.C. put it down like this
From the foot to the gas while the spark burn up

[Louieville Sluggah]

Niggas be charged, spit like cards, it's just too easy
Bouncin where you hearin my shit, niggas you feel me
All up on your TV, blastin in your CD
Hits like damn, the world love them niggas G.C.
Let's get together, if Da Storm, change the weather
Don't wanna make it hot, you can send me 4 page
letters
I won't tell a soul, stay strapped like Velcro
Ya nana yellin, that's one hell of a fellow
Pumpin ya driveway, playin somethin mellow
Your pops hear me, call and say, girl hell no
See I can understand, that's what the average do
So later on, out the window to the Avenue

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