

## 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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