

## Cassidy

### "Slab Rider"

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[MG] Â Intro]

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

[Chorus Â Children] 2x

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

[Eightball Â verse 1]

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

[Chorus Â Children] 2x

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

[Eightball Â 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 Â smokin' out wit my dogg Woo  
When done seen so much shit between me and you  
Nashville I'ma holla at my nigga C  
All my niggas, oh yeah rest in peace P  
Dallas, I'm wit Rally at Phenomena  
Houston Â I'm everywhere, holla at me Ma'  
But it ain't 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, who's that... and they'll say...

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

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

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

[Eightball Â Outro]

Yeah, yeah Fat Boy... representin' you know what I'm talkin' 'bout

Like always baby, stay shocked out, to all my real niggas stayin' down

Stayin' true, ya know what I'm sayin'

We gone get this money baby, we gone do it how it go, yot know what I'm 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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