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Kessler Barbara "Show You How it Go"

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(*talking*) Ha-ha-ha-ha, it's hot than a bitch Now that we done got rich I'm fin to throw a home run pitch, know I'm tal'n bout

[Hook]

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When I slam candy do's, (I'ma show you how it go) When I push a wide load, (I'ma show you how it go) When I pull bad hoes, (I'ma show you how it go) Piece and chain to the flo', (I'ma show you how it go) When I crawl in a drop, (I'ma show you how it go) Make a bumper unlock, (I'ma show you how it go) Make a hating nigga stop, (I'ma show you how it go) Ha, (I'ma show you how it go)

[Trae]

I'll forever be the nigga, crawling down so thoed In a wide body tipping, and tossing on 84's With my 18's shaking and rocking, in slow-mo With my roll dogs, spitting and fucking with your hoe In the late night, we block skaters and raiders And yellow bone penetrators, with more do' than a vega

Better pray for the haters, I'm unknown like Jaga And for the common denominator, a microphone breaker

Bone hard, rolling the Boulevard

A nigga be talking down, the nigga be getting scarred Piece and chain to the flo', with a thoed Roy Jones Ten thousand in my mouth, diamonds all in my earlobe We ain't broke no mo', nigga we looking good Representing for my hood, wish a motherfucker would And would try to talk down, when I'm stepping in the do'

And if you ain't know, then I'ma show you how it go fa sho

[Cl'Che] S-L-A-B, M double A-B C-L-C-H-E, we hot in this industry We mobbing and balling, Cl'Che gon show you how it go

And if you hoes wanna hate, you can answer out the do'

Still dropping these flows, still sexy and petite Still gangsta bitch, with an attitude from the streets See a rocking show from Mello, C. Ward and Guerilla Maab

Still hanging on Hollywood Boulevard With my West Coast rider Ms. Toi, we flashing them boys

Showing 'em how it go, and how a bitch can go hard From this Dirty 3rd, but you ain't heard

But I bet you hear of me now, cause S.L.A.B. is the word Underground for my real niggaz, and real chicks That wanna listen to some raw shit

Cause that's how it go, when you stumble up on a masterpiece

You can't help but feel a bitch, like me Cl'Che

[Lil B]

I'ma show you how it go, down here in H-Town Young slim ass nigga, that'll let my top down Still swang the 'Vard, it don't stop Heater on cock, bout to pull your bop ha Body rocking and shocking it, like this 20 years old, with plenty rocks up on my wrist Sunkist up in my cup, plenty purple stuff With the Rob and Chris G, slip and sliding on buck All hoes getting fucked, on the late night Nigga feeling freaky, so you better lay right Tie your shoes tight, but take 'em off in the bed For a Hiram-Clarke nigga, that's known to turn heads Never been scared, to beam infrared On a hater that's talking down on the click, he's dead Never been afraid, but I never been a punk So you niggaz best believe, Lil B gon make you jump 12 gauge pump, letting off a shotty South Klique guerillas for real, we bout it bout it Know to get bout it, when you step out of line I'm a killer for scrilla, with drug dealers on the grind I'ma touch down, on the Grapevine With that nigga Lil D, and that Tip-Toe gon shine Bump and grind, with a thoed sugar brown I be cocking her leg back, running all in her spine

[Hook]

[2]

I'ma show you how it goes, down here we roll 4's Bumper kit screens lit, with pop trunks that glow Playa fa sho, this is how it goes down Screwed up, so you know we slowed down When niggaz plex, you know we throw down Like the wild wild West, a motherfucking show down Whoa now, I think your heart's beating too fast Better calm your nerves, 'fore I put some heat in that ass

With cocked glocks, underneath the seat and the dash In the drop top, red beam be in the Jag I pop collars, and baby I look good in a slab Like a rotweiler nigga, in the hood when I'm mad

[Dougie D]

When I pull up sitting down, low up on drop Bitches bopping and watch, as the trunk is on knock You wanna pull a bad hoe, it really ain't nothing to it Like the Nike, Dougie gon show you just straight up how to do it

Keep my gleam on glow, piece and chain to the flo' Every record I drop, from now on is going gold When I ride the track

I'm huffing and puffing, and blowing out the sack We keeping it crunk in here, from the front to back We S-L-A-B and we represent for that, and we smash for cash

So throwed with it huh, you never did figure That we could roll with it huh, we keep this bitch wired up

[Z-Ro]

I'm in the turning lane, bringing pain simple and plain Screens rain on top of thangs, surrounded by wood grain

Leaving a permanent stain, on your mind Our people coming up, and now you jackers going down

H-Town the city, no pity is being shown Like Frank Nitty I'm nifty with a Tre 5-7, so bring it on Domes are in danger, got one in the chamber When my bitch get wild, my trigga finger can tame her I can't name a nigga, that done took my nuts Get out of line if you wanna, nothing but hooks and upper cuts

To your jaw, the end won't be low in a Bentley Only real estate and property, we living rent-free On top of our game, on top of our change (like that) Touching niggaz from eighty feet, I got that aim (like that)

With blood rushing out a stab wound, that's how I flow Try to check me get a sonic boom, that's how it go Hot, gliding on a mill I made Glocks, full lit another life I take My spot, ain't nothing bout that fake I got, a lot of bitches I'm gon break I shot, this nigga for being a cake I'm hot, just like the dice I shake Think not, bitch I got money to take While wait, how many jaws I break Big break, I'ma make that real fast Put my foot up on the gas, and I'm ready to mash Haul ass now hoe, I'm ready to go Get some six from the sto', po'ing up me a 4

[Hook]

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