

## Ketama

### "We Ain't Trippin"

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(\*talking\*)

S-L-A-B baby, Dougie D  
Hollin' at y'all, know I'm saying we ain't tripping  
We bout to dose this, me and my family S.L.A.B.

[Hook - 2x]

We S-L-A-B, and we be flossing and we flipping  
On a paper chase for the do', and we ain't tripping  
You done lost your mind, if you think you gon catch me  
slipping  
Always on our note, so in and out we gon be dipping

[Jay'Ton]

SK, wrecking the game and sitting throwed  
Four T.V.'s, in a big wide load  
Competition, with the trunk on glow  
Read it out, it say Big Mello  
Representing, through the parking lot  
When I beat the lot, they gotta call the laws  
Stop and pause, so it's drop your jaw  
Swinging a Lac, finna break the wall  
You can't stop us  
Showtyme flipping on choppers  
I be flipping, on my glass  
With leather, under my ass  
When I be, stacking my cash  
I gotta be on shine mayn  
Playing with me, and I bring the pain  
S-L-A-B all on my chain, I love it mayn

[Yung Redd]

It's like one for the money, and two is for them hoes  
Three is for the drank, four pass me the smoke  
You'll never see me riding, in any old Benz  
Unless it's jet black, on 20 inch rims  
I got more, Air Force than the government  
Every color pair I'm stepping out, trust me I'm loving it  
I never leave the house, without a single rubber  
Plus I crawl like Ringling Brothers, hoes love us  
Under the influence, catch me swerving  
Balling in a number six, like Julius Irving

My watch and my chain, got me coughing and sneezing  
Still a young heathen, as long as I'm breathing  
You pay for a show turn it out, then I'm leaving  
The whether man told us, it's flossing season  
This year I got it made, I'm shining y'all  
Even though I got a deal, I'm still grinding y'all  
I'm off the block, see me sitting on 20's  
A red label Bentley, my tires too skinny  
Chain hanging to my nuts, I wear my jersey backwards  
And a gun on my waist, just to serve these actors  
Catch me and Trae, macking to a dime  
Easy to spit a rhyme, niggaz still try to shine  
I got a Rolex, I got time on my hands  
Still pulling out a grand, I'm the motherfucking man ha

[Dougie D]

Ok, what the deal do kin folk  
Playing them games, not a good idea though  
S-L-A-B, Dougie D all about the paper stacks  
Bitch, I'm no hoe  
Constant grinding, hard on a mission  
In and out, the click be dipping  
Motherfucker, what the laws tal'n bout  
Thinking I'm off my note, look here bitch y'all tripping  
Mashing gas, and smash on cockroaches  
In the midst of a kind, I'm still smoking  
Ah come on, don't be so shallow  
Fucking around, I'll leave your chest wide open  
Bitch made, mark niggaz can't see me  
Swallow 'em up, and shut 'em out like feces  
Sold do' in a motherfucking mayn  
Keep it funky, in the place that we be

[Hook - 2x]

[Pimp Skinny]

Recognize, bitch this S.L.A.B.  
We gon beat up, and down your AVE.  
Steady commits, to acting bad  
Just like a bat, we'll beat your ass  
You haters better, do your math  
The lyrical wizard, with a staff  
Is ready to split, your shit in half  
I love to see these, haters mad  
I got to get it, the mill ticket  
The S.L.A.B. family, gon make you feel it  
Pimp Skinny sho, love to spit it  
The G shit, you hoes get it  
Whenever when they, wasn't with it  
Cause the thug shit, I love to live it

Just doing my thang, bring the pain  
Step to the side, while I make the change

[Kepoe]

K-E-P-O-E

Fin to wreck, S-L-A-B

Y'all know me, the one with the screens

Four 18's, and a triple beam

Call me Jada, four skate fader

Bitch like me in a Navigator

That's now or later, I'm here to stay

Me and Trae, in excelerators

The key to the city, like P. Diddy

From here to Philly, I'ma pop a wheely

Like Ruff Ryders, through Nevada

Show my ass, you know I gotta

I'm a cause a, lot of drama

Spinning heads, like Wonder Woman

You hear me coming, from a mile away

Whoa bitch, get out the way

Like Ludacris, 24 karats all on my wrist

I'ma roll out, till I make a hit

Please believe, I'ma damage this dismantle it

When I handle it, Lil' Kepoe fin to go split

None of y'all, gon fuck with this

Cause I spin your head, like Exorcist

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

Love to shine, on the grind to get paid

Clear 'em out on blades, I'm a down South baller

Shot caller, and a block brawler

Swing, when I'm in a platinum Impala

Two more to follow, when I ride the freeway

With lil' J-Dog, pulling out the G way

Bubble eyed up, talking on a three-way

Say Trae, no time for the he-say she-say

2-2, when I'm on my B-Day

Each and every day on the block, will be a P-Day

T-Day'll be the day, you get a relay

Relapse, what I'ma clap with a SK

You got the plex, I'm shut the shit down

Strapped on nuts, swinging on the Grapevine

Showing my ass, when I let my top down

Break a nigga off, when I'm on that four line

Four cars, ahead of ya

Wanna stop my shine, but I ain't letting ya

Better move around, 'fore I'm wetting ya

With a BB vest on my chest, wrecking ya

Checking ya, on the slab on the AVE

Wood grain I grab, in a baby Nav'  
Alligator on my toes, it's so throwed  
Piece and chain, and on the center fold

[Lil B]

I'm a S-L-A-B representer  
With paint dripping, right off my fender  
Number one contender, heavy weight winner  
Eating tracks, like they bread dinner  
Kicking down your do, with a 4-4  
Or calico, that'll tag your toe  
S.L.A.B. gon go, to the top  
Can't get caught slipping, I'ma cock the glock  
And when I pop the glock, all hoes gon move  
Lil B on note, I done paid my dues  
Wanna run with a nigga, better lace your shoes  
Cause I be pulling more stunts, than Tom Cruise  
When the spit is over, yes I'm colder than North Dakota  
S.L.A.B. soldier, already told ya  
From the Southside got they mouth wide for a pound of  
doja  
You niggaz know ya, better quit  
Playing games, cause we the shit  
When I get mad it's wig split, on pen and pad we  
rocking it  
No stopping it, so stop hating  
Wide body, we navigating  
In mash mode, no procrastination  
Being number one, is my destination

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