

Kickback

"Slabs on the Rise"

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(*talking*)

Yeah, these niggaz better brush their game up Trae
Know I'm saying, this Yung Redd, 7-1-3
Hustlers Stackin', and I'm S.L.A.B. riding know I'm
saying
Front back side to side, it's Yung Reezie y'all
I got my money right, know I'm saying
Where you at Trae (right here), Guerilla Maab (fa sho)
Yeah-yeah, (you know it go down mayn, that 2K3
It's bout time we put it in they face
S.L.A.B. SLow, Loud And Bangin', on this underground
shit
You feel what I'm saying, we been doing this shit for
years
Over and over, you can't fuck with us, Redd holla at
me)

[Yung Redd]

Nevermind the fact, I was born to rap
I'm this and that, I'm riding in a Cadillac
With a gat in my lap, and a extra strap
To leave these haters, flat on they back whoa
Tell the bitch, come ride with a star
Cause I got rims poking, out the side of my car
I could never get enough, of they bras and card
That ain't all, I love to ball
It's over mayn, some of these niggaz out here
Done fell out, on they game
When I call your name, and snatch your chain
Nigga please, money ain't a thang
So I ride on the block, in a black Impala
Pop my collar, can't stop and holla
Better take notes see I'm a scholar
I'm a leader, these hoes follow
See I don't, swang and bang
Playboy, that ain't my thang
You need to quit, making songs about us
And get your change, we cook it we cut it
We hustle and think nothing of it, the way I hit the block
With them rocks, boy you gotta love it
It's Yung Redd y'all, still I'm a Hustler Stackin'

We got em mad, with no record I went platinum
Most of these niggaz rapping, ain't seeing no action
I'm one deep in the streets, with my heat let's get it
cracking

[Lil' B]

Watch a nigga swang wide, when I'm riding solo
Pick up your hoe, when I'm in my fo' do'
Diamonds glisten, on the wood mo-mo
These underground weak rappers, style is hobo
4-4 dumping off in your Polo, logo making you haters
go-go
Solo, under the ground like do-do
S.L.A.B. hitting hard like Sammy Soso, let the top down
in a drop
Lil B the type, to make a nigga breathing stop
Call the cops, kick up rocks
Cause you niggaz know, we got this underground on
lock
With a pen and pad, and a grind zone
Steady shining, like rhinestones
Keep number one haters, minds blown
Slow, Loud And Bangin' to the day I'm gone
Steady checking and recking, and going off in the
booth
Slow, Loud And Bangin' is the group
Beat the tracks right up, like hot chicken soup
Y'all niggaz don't wanna go to war, with a troop
For loot we cock glocks, beat up blocks
And then set up shop, we still living the life of hard
knocks
Grind 24/7, all around the clock

[Trae]

When I pull up on the block, I glock the 4-0
Never ever been a hoe, lace up and let's go
Whether friend or a foe, I weave and the throw
Hella-blows to the nose, so niggaz be getting hold
Me and Redd on a mission, and spitting it for position
Till a nigga come up missing, and praying somebody
listen
Like a pitcher that was pitching, I'm throwing a strike
out
Lights out, bitch nigga you fin to be sliding out
Riding out two deep, with my baby mama
I got a pump in the trunk, ready for the drama
These fake ass niggaz, biting like piranhas
Everything that I do, so they peep my line up
Like diamond faces, and grill bars
Off in the game, like superstars
Whatever you do, don't touch my car

I'll have your click bunny hopping, like the entourage
Coming out the garage, like I'm a first round draft pick
Hoes on dick, cause I'm running with a South Klique
Throwing my fist, everytime I spit
Quit T-R-A-E, now what's your business
You know me, I'm that nigga
Talking down, and I'm the grave digger
Send a 17, through your liver
Now tell me, who you think realer

[Hook - 4x]

I got my grind on, when I slab ride
Chrome spin, when I swang wide
Fuck you haters, we certified
Everybody know, that S.L.A.B. is on the rise

[Jay'Ton]

It's Jay'Ton dropping bombs, on a nigga that's talking
down
You better get back, 'fore your body hit the ground
I'm a Southside nigga, representing the H-Town
If you want that paper, better get on the grind
Cause we some real niggaz, thoed niggaz
When I weave to the left, I'ma fold at niggaz
These haters in the game, trying to hold a nigga
So I reach way back, fin to roll a nigga
When I'm up in the game, I be out of control
And late night on 4's, I be fucking with hoes
And when I pull out the cap, nigga be leaving them
holes
In the chest and the neck, knocked out on the road
S-L-A-B, a G you can't see
In a Lac screened up, with T-I-N-T
With a trunk raised up, you know who we be
On BET, with AJ and Free

[A3]

Give me the mic, and I'ma smash
Nigga come through, roof up on glass quicker than
flash
My niggaz, we mash for cash
Fucking with killas, we putting holes in your ass yeah
it's like that
We stand up, for the grasp
Clear out the lot, cock back the glock blast
Unlock the shotgun, there go the cops fast
Heat to the stash, greens flipping up out of my dash
Yeah bitch, you like my switches
I know you hoes, wanna get my riches
Recognize trick, bow before a G
Ain't nobody fucking, with S-L-A-B

Upside, we about our change
Bubble lights, four screens in the Range
You don't wanna see, the slab in the rain
Candy looking like, a nigga just got slained
My slab, got 22's
My rims, do what they choose
It ain't hard, for a hoe to get bruised
Don't fuck with me, I won't fuck with you
A3, off top I'm trill
This year, I'm fin to grab me a mill
All these niggaz, worried bout a major deal
Independent, the game's been sealed

[Showtyme]

It's Showteezie baby, don't be surprised
From behind the scenes, right before your eyes
From a conversation, right between the thighs
Bopping off the way, my Sprewells glide
Drop top, on a SUV
It's a Third Ward nigga, recognize a G
Got my tech in my lap, so you niggaz could see
Don't think I'm off note, cause I'm smoking a tree
Got my niggaz in the back, and the side of me
Booted up suited up, ready to ride for me
Got six 18's, knocking highs and down
22's swanging wide, sitting low to the ground
Breaking boys off, in and out of town
I'ma dim my whole truck, around Kappa town
I'ma come through, hit the C-Wall and clown
They gon say, (look at that old funky ass nigga
Showtyme)
Y'all go on hate me, if you wanna
Got your baby mama, waiting round the corner
I'ma let her drive, cause she really wanna
Make love to her face, then I'm a goner
Fill her full of lies, tell her I'ma phone her
Give her number to my partner, so he could bone her
He gon pass it to the click, and burn out on her
Leave the pussy soaking wet, hotter than a sauna

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