

Kid Abelha

"Standing Strong"

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(Billy Cook)

Whoa no-no-no, y'all ain't ready
And if you are, then cop to this playa
Oooh, don't sleep on it
You gotta creep with it, ooooh
It's so slow and loud and banging, now you know

[Hook: Billy Cook]

Slow, Loud And Bangin'
Still in the game, and standing strong
Shining thoed, and swanging chrome
Grinding full time, trying to get it on
Haters wanna, hate a G
Like Billy Cook, and S-L-A-B
Cause we got, the game on lock
Pulling up on the block, looking so clean

[Mr. 3-2]

Still in the game, my name ring like bells
Throughout this free world, all the way to jail cells
Niggaz is jeal', cause I'm knocking down they broad
Hustling for mine, serving these boys hard
I pray to the Lord, this rap thang goes down
Keep me alive and freaky, don't have to sell pounds
Boys ain't shit, so I stay's on a chase
Fucking with jacking niggaz, got me a case
So I slowed my pace, and ride one deep
With something real jazzy, in the passenger seat
From head to the feet, I'm a hundred percent real
Hundred percent grind, I'm counting hundred dolla
bills
Cause stuffling and hustling, is all I know
Pockets full of cash, moving blocks of that snow
Spitting at a hoe, crawling down slow
The Lord only knows, how far will I go

[Trae]

Representer Slow Loud And Banger, a playa gotta get
that paper
Never be falling off of my game, and these haters I'ma
see you later

Trae that same cat on 5-4, with a throwback and black
Lac
With a trunk cracked when I bang that, slowed down Fat
Pat
They don't wanna see me wreck that, when I tip slow
and I swang wide
I struggle and then I strive, on a mission trying to keep
it live
On the underground is where I grind, forever repping
the name
I'm sick of pain, so now I'm motivated to leave a stain
From the life of the hard knocks, in a Benz with a hard
top
Flat screens and a XBox, and a top fell off the drop
On the block running from cops, late night looking for
cot
I'm a G till the heart stop, think not you better ask Shot
About this S.L.A.B. Slow Loud And Bangin', and we
forever wrecking
Give me the microphone, I can show you gorillas with
aggression
That's spitting without a question, my blessing is what
I'm stressing
For niggaz that's steady testing, I'm cocking my Smith-
N-Wesson

[Hook]

[Lil' Head]

I paid dues, and now I'm living greatly now
The bitches that use to trap me, wanna rape me now
I got a little change, wanna date me now
Call a nigga cellular phone, and page me now
You fake niggaz ain't no better and, fuck you and your
fellow men
Ask yourself think about it, now who's the better man
See I was told, that I wish I one day
If I wasn't a victim, of hood crime gun play
I done been there done that, even had a stroke
Pick the words that I quote, that's emotionally wrote
I even had a couple of girls, I thought was real
But these broads is scandalous, less and talk this year
Everything that I grind for, is all for Omaria
Lil' Rashard and the money, daddy gone be spoiling
you
So understand, that I'm caught up in this street life
And when I'm done, I promise y'all we'll be iight

[Jay'Ton]

Jay'Ton gotta make that paper, went from dropping a
old school

To driving Navigators, and I still got hated
On my dick, hating me cause I make that cash
And stack that cash, and pull up in a drop on they
asses
Sitting on glass, but nevermind that
The S.L.A.B. is all in your face, and no way you can hide
that
And still I ride fly, on eleven times two's
If your broad is a dime, she still get ran through
By the click is South Klique, repping the Southside
Pull up in something stretched, and my do's be suicide
Nationwide certified the King, Don Datta
If you think I'm tricking my money, baby I think nada

[Lil' B]

I look good feel fine, my flow is genuine
22's spinning like, it's the hands of time
They don't stop, watch em chop S.L.A.B. beating up
your block
Swanging corner to corner, letting the bumper unlock
We drop nothing but hits, you haters dismissed
Treat em like fake hoes, scratch they name off the list
Cause we grind still shine, if you try to take mine
Got something that'll drop you, like the drop of a dime
I'm Lil' B, you niggaz know we S-L-A-B
Putting it down with Billy Cook, in these H-Town streets
Standing tall on my feet, I know you gotta hate that
Wave that, we the type that make you niggaz move
back
On a track so squash that, matter of fact
I'ma grind lil' nigga, thinking about my paper stack
Throw hooks like Kojack, if you get in my zone
I'm too strong, S.L.A.B. throwing combinations to your
dome

[Dougie D]

We Slow, Loud And Bangin' these streets
Pumping pushing for paper, to stay up on feet
Some hate, and try to knock me
But I'm on top of my game, so they can't stop me
I'm a motherfucking G, apparently you lost your mind
It was destiny to shine, for me and smoke and smoke a
lot
And drink, and everything that I got in my life look I
provide for me
Got killas that'll ride for me, got bitches that'll ride for
me
Don't matter how you see it, it's Guerilla and we ride for
we
But still, they hating S-L-A-B
And Billy, so we gon shake them bitches off like fleas

But look and calculate, capitalize in these streets

[Hook]

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