

Kik Tracee**"Take Ova"**

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(*talking*)

Pretty Todd baby, and you know I'm driving slow
While getting head from your broad, them Grit Boys
And Slow Loud And Bangin', see this how the real
Put it on the S.L.A.B. shit, pass that here boy

[Trae]

It's the return of a Maab nigga, sending slugs to the
jaw nigga
Applying pressure, so niggaz be praying they die
quicker
Guerilla killa that's it, at any given time known to click
On bitch niggaz and on fake rappers, constantly riding
my dick
They don't wanna go to war, Grit Boys Guerilla Maab,
Slow Loud And Bangin'
Untamed in the game, I got a perfect aim
motherfuckers better get out my lane
Trae ready for disaster, faster than a motherfucking
rocket
If you knock it I'ma stop it, verbally slapping your face
till it's out of
socket
I got my weighter with my hate, so call me a threat to
the rap game
2-45 and fucking with me, is like running a truck into a
freight train
I'm a hazard type son of a bastard, that mastered
living on these streets
With no sleep on my feet, but the heat on a mission
making it deeper
Thug a block hugger, a slugger rougher than niggaz
that's gutter
None other made to be tougher, buffer than Shaq to a
buster
Dig it when I spit it you can't get with it, my skills'll
never be leaving
Bleeding these niggaz deceiving, to the chest stopping
they breathing

[Poppy]

Shit, Grit and S.L.A.B. is sick
They spit venomous prick, we getting deep up in your
ass like enemas bitch
It's like you dreaming, everytime you pick pencils up
Victicious niggaz, stop rapping for the cinemas
And stop, talking bout ice
It ain't too many niggaz out there balling, start talking
bout life
And we can talk about price, I paid mine everyday
I shuffle my feet quick, hit like heavyweights
We on a feddy chase, moving at a steady pace
And quick to disrespect the face, of you cats that's
every face
So if you think you ready, make your move
Bet I be the first to pull, and make your head a
convertible

[Hook - 2x]

The take over, nigga the break's over
The game's getting ugly, it's time for a makeover
Fuck you fraud niggaz, bitch we killing tracks
The Grit Boys and S.L.A.B., now how real is that

[Starchy Arch]

It's them niggaz, that just learned how to spit right
They think they could fuck with Trae, Arch and Grit
right
It's not happening, dog we bust happening
It don't matter what city or state, that we rapping in
And I'm the nigga, that's moving through your
community
Moving units like what, what the fuck can you do to me
It's not hard for you to see, I'm killing tracks man
I shouldn't write raps, I should write the track in uligy
And I need it man, I'm bumper than sars
But I'm doing more better, since I'm fucking with Todd
And uh you will never hear about, how I'm changing
I'm still flossing my slab, my music's Slow Loud And
Bangin'

[Lil B]

Taking over the game ain't nothing, changing Slow
Loud And Bangin'
We bringing nothing but hits, leaving hating niggaz
pissed
I'm gutter no other nigga, can wreck it like me
L-I-L-B, still repping it for S-L-A-B
Stop up and singe like a plumber, killing drama send a
nigga through trauma
I'm throwed like Muhammad I'm cold whoa, lay back on
cruise control

Cock it we pop it, unlock it give me what you got
Cause the Grit Boys and Slow Loud And Bangin', got
this underground on lock
And a nigga don't play by the way I must say, I'm
threwed in the game like MJ
When I shake bake and I take a chump, to the backyard
scream out (mayday)
Rolling unfolding holding it down for the Southside, got
they mouth wide
Slip and we slide, it ain't no plexing nigga just repping
my side
Told you we S.L.A.B. soldiers, weak rappers getting
rolled over
By a V-12 motor getting hit like doja, this is the take
over

[Unique]

Grit Boys, it's that swagger boy
Sharp as a dagger boy
I'm the future nothing after boy, and you can tell he trill
Pimp juice in full effect, without the Nellyville
It's that Grit-tastic poster boy, I know you know your boy
I have you doing what you suppose to, putting up my
posters boy
And Unique, stay blasting scopes
Put Houston on my back, like a Astros coat
Grit the shit, you better ask them folks
Cause S.L.A.B., ride with them bastards folks
Please believe me, start breathing easy
Cause you niggaz won't be leaving, 'less you breathing
weezy

[Hook - 2x]

[Scooby]

Unique that bastard, and I'm that heathen
Bringing out the asthma, so y'all not breathing
It's time to kill, y'all not leaving
You signing deals, but y'all not read them
And you all know, Scoob the man
So stop asking, who's the man
I don't mean no harm, but I hate giving dudes my hand
Cause dudes think Scoob, they fan
And look y'all, why don't y'all niggaz go kick a freestyle
Cause none of y'all niggaz, is hardly fucking with me
dog
I'm the youngest as mother, and I stomach the hunger
Y'all niggaz doubt it, now y'all running the numbers uh

(*talking*)

Take over nigga, this ain't no fake shit

I hope y'all boys listened, this is the real
Grit Boys, S.L.A.B., Slow Loud And Bangin'

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