

Kilbey Steve**"Got Mine"**

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S.L.A.B., yeah..

[Hook - 2x]

Why they wanna hate a G, and steady talking down
It don't matter, cause I'm still gon get mine
Now I'm on top of my game, and so I gotta shine
For the hood, cause I got out and got mine

[Archie Lee]

That nigga Archie Lee, gon get his cash regardless
You can hate on a playa, but you still the fraudest
Nigga I paid dues, to get this cash
It ain't fall out the sky, in no Giftwrap bag
Shit, I use to have them Ziplock bags
Full of O.Z.'s from whole ki's, I flipped that fast
I hit the block with that hard balling, pitch that crack
Now I'm in it straight winning, don't forget that black
Ask my nigga Knock-Knock, he can vouch for that
We move bricks on ships, for you nonbelievers
At the end of the day, we stay focused homie
Better hating from a distance, I got my toaster on me
come on

[Jay'Ton]

It's the Jay'Ton, I steady be dropping bombs
On niggaz that be hating me, cause I'm setting off
alarms
Through the lot, working the block until it's hot
Then I burn off to that next spot, with the trunk popped
On a hater who ain't heard of a G, S-L-A-B
Across my glass, so they know who I be
I tell these nothing-ass hoes, I'm a P-I-M-P
And I got the magic stick, and it ain't for free bitch

[Pimp Skinny]

Bust for mine, represent it everytime
And bump a nigga off, if he get out of line
Drop it on a dime, it's my reason for a rhyme
Nothing but the G shit, till I'm laying in the ground
Me and my click gon show spine, stuck on the grind
Pimp Skinny that's fa sho, you niggaz already know

1-9-7-4, break a bitch break a hoe
Do it like it G-O, so quit hating on S.L.A.B. hoe

[Big Bee]

It's the Woss Ness representer, they gotta check these
broad's
They knock me, cause I'm a ghetto star
I'm talking bout these bullshit niggaz, smile in your
face
Talk behind your back niggaz, I'ma keep mashing
niggaz
It give you hoes, something to talk about
Like how Big Bee, staying with S.L.A.B
And stay hot with Lil Head, that stand 4'3
With connections with Trae and Dougie D, to collect the
currency

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

When I was broke in the game, I know these haters
would diss me
Now I'm pulling up in a bumper slab, that make boppers
wanna kiss me
These niggaz ain't got no love for a G, when I was
showing it back
Now I'm on a mission in a Buick, and ain't got no time
to look back
They really don't wanna see me doing good, but now I
be representing for the hood
Stepping out like Trae a superstar, and these niggaz be
wishing that they could
Be like a Southside, Slow Loud And Bangin'
underground
Flipping seven figgas out of the Maab, ready for any
contender

[Lil C]

Pay close attention to me, I'll tell you what you need to
know
From extracts to snow, I'll show you how to get this do'
First thang, it takes money to make money
I trick off of myself, and give these broads my fake
money
Don't be a dummy, trying to buy it when you can't
afford it
Cause you got lil' ones coming up, that need to be
supported
I'm just saying man, shit I'ma get mine regardless
I came up broke, eventually it made me heartless

[Agg]

See I'm a Mob Figga, and I be known to get mine
Boppers claiming they love me, cause they know I
speak rhymes
I'm getting dimes, me and my hoes get round
You say I'm your homie, but girl you need to quit lying
We in the mix now, it ain't no stopping our tape
You wanna knock a nigga hustle, I got the glock and I'll
spray
I know you hate to see me in the Bentley, chopping up
weight
The first hater finna fall, but shit he dropping today
And you might catch me in a 6-4, hitting switches with
Trae
And we ain't worried bout niggaz yapping, cause he
strapped with a K
I'm bout my money now nigga, motherfuck what you
say
Guerilla Maab and Mob Figgas, we be in it to stay

[Lil Sha]

I'm a Southern gangbanger, with one up in the
chamber
Niggaz can't see me, on the first set of swangas
Bitch nigga mangler, stupid bitch strangler
The only thing to hang you, the 4-4 will shame ya
When a nigga says danger, all on my route
I'ma try to put the whole glock, all in your mouth
I'm easy to locate, I'm all on the South
At the club at the mall, plus I'm all by your house
When I catch you ladies good, it's going all in they
mouth
He's weaker than weak bricks, so he softer than soft
Send his family a message, buy off in your boss
I know what your problem is, the bang got you lost

[Dougie D]

These haters they flock around me, and they come
dime of the dozen
All shapes sizes and colors, them dirty motherfuckers
They ain't never stopping my shine, never gon see me
slip
Never gon take me off of my game, cause I'm too
thoed to get
You go hard or you go home, you can't handle it leave
it alone
This some grown man shit, S.L.A.B. bitch we on our own
Got no time for you bustas, you bitches boppers or
wankstas
This your nigga Dougie D, swanging off on all haters

[Lil B]

Now tell me why you wanna hate Lil B, bitch ass nigga
I'm still that hustler on the grind, trying to stack six
figgas

But when I turn around, this nigga be all in my face
Fuck being your friend, I'ma fuck around and catch me
a case

Talking down on my name, fake playa ass nigga
Sha grab the K, I'ma fuck around and spray this nigga
It ain't no love, a nigga still will push and will shove
You ain't no gangsta you a wanna-be, old fake ass thug

[E]

My name ain't got no love, so now I'm riding alone
Swanging on chrome, late night when alone
I'm a playa old school, and on the block
Every single day, I love school
I know the game done got shife, but I'm living life for
Now I'm running up the twins, like Michelle Phifer
In a Viper with the slab, you know I gotta keep it
gangsta
2K3, ain't got no time for no wankstas

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