

## Kilcher Jewel

### "In a Slab"

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(\*talking\*)

Yeah 2003-2004, we in a slab on you boys  
Lil B in here representing with the fam  
Slow Loud And Bangin', y'all boys get it right  
We stingin' it in your brain, you feel me  
We swanging and dropping top on you boys  
Hitting switches and making the front end  
Hop on you chumps

[Hook]

In a slab, drop the drop and skate 4's  
Beating up the block, and moving so slow  
In a slab, peeping haters as I roll by  
In a Cheve 7-5, but still I'm so fly  
In a slab, I know these boppers peeping me  
They peep the G, and peep the way I wreck the streets  
I'm in a slab, blue when I wet the block  
We wreck the lot, so now we got the game on lock

[Trae]

I'm in the zone, sitting on 20 inches of chrome  
Looking like a baby plane, with bubble eye beams on  
Moving niggaz out the way, when the Trae come through  
Be strutting on blue, the same nigga repping for Screw  
I started the S.L.A.B., and now we got the click on fire  
My inches be higher, then Mariah hit notes in the choir  
I'm in a slab, and ain't no way I'm stopping my shine  
I swang and recline, just like I know the game is mine

[Lil B]

Peep game, I'm peeping these haters and weaving these hoes  
That's peeping my 4's, I'm slamming suicide do's  
You know I stay fly, in a hard top drop top  
Cocking glocks, boys know this shit don't stop  
We in a slab deliver jabs, to niggaz that'll knock  
On jock, Lil B making you niggaz body rock  
Trunk knock the trunk pop, and do the Southside  
Do's locked the front hop, when I be swinging wide

[Jay'Ton]

I hope the block like hop scotch, skating on chrome  
I swang and I roll, with twin hoes bad to the bone  
Forever a G, on buck hide throw up the Southside  
From block to block, to them haters got they mouth  
wide  
Open, keeping 'em scoping just like the laws  
So amazed by the ways, I'm flipping with no flaw  
So gangsta no wankstas, on my team  
If you fall out of place, you catching a red beam

[Cl'Che]

Catch me in a slaved out, yeah  
Jet with, a bumper grill  
Floating down your block, Cl'Che gon show the skills  
Steady make them boys holla (she real)  
I got freestyle for days, and lyrics that'd kill  
Can't hang with hoes, cause these hoes ain't real  
So I roll with fellas, oops I mean guerillas  
Cl'Che-Guerilla Maab nigga, all in your grill-a

[Hook]

[Dougie D]

You can catch the Dougie squatting and tipping, on  
deuce-deuce  
My slab is like a person, I love to change up the shoes  
When I pass by the block, lil' kids say ooh  
Yeah I'm like the Fast and the Furious, speeding like  
vroom  
I ride with the trunk up and cracked, with the seat back  
Sipping purple stuff, while I'm blowing a ball bat  
Dropping the top, and you bitches throwing deuce and  
giving dab  
Blue, black or the red don't you touch my slab

[Dok]

How I'm flipping the block, never tricking on a bop  
Lying to these hoes, say I left my shit in the drop  
You want a drop stick bitch, I can give you the cock  
But when it comes to the money, I gotta keep it on lock  
Switching lane to lane, as I grip on grain  
Four wheel drive, riding out all terrain  
You keep it simple and plain, I come knocking with  
bang  
Candy paint so wet, that it look like it rained

[Pimp Skinny]

Pull out the slab, steady beating the AVE  
I peeped your pad, I already smashed your gal  
Like a crab I crawl slow, low pro 84

Think a playa ball, cause I do it just like it go  
Fa sho, need I say no mo'  
Recognize a G nigga, till the day I go  
Pimp Skinny that's fa sho, crack the trunk and it go  
Beating up the block, motherfuckers say whoa

[Lil 2]

I'm in a bucket, but I'm riding it like it's a Benz  
I got hubs on dubs, that look just like rims  
They don't stay up, and my mirrors broke  
But it's crunk and ended, it leave a trail of smoke  
But I'm known to get fly, when I flip in my Houpe  
Pimping my juice, nigga with the deuce out the roof  
You can catch me on your block, bang and banging the  
AVE  
Slow Loud And Bangin', nigga that's my slab

[Hook]

[Showtyme]

Come and flip with me sip with me, swanging the butter  
Call me the candy wrecker, cause my slab can pull a  
Bad bitch, that wanna suck me up while I'm driving  
Navigating her head, just keeping her bobbing  
I'm leaving it round sticky, everywhere that I be in  
59 touching 90, up and down I-10  
Showtyme like Sprewells, my job is to keep moving  
Leaning in my whip, Southside still grooving

[Kepoe]

You know me Kepoe, the one that come throwed  
Hit so hard, when I jab the intro  
Houston boy, coming up the end zones  
Sitting sideways, in a double-O Benzo  
Y'all ain't ready holding the wheel steady  
Looking fine than a bitch, on 20 inch Perelli's  
With my roll dog Trae, we headed to L.A  
Or the Grammy's in Miami, so niggaz better make way

[Hook]

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