

Killers

"Slow Loud and Bangin'"

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(*talking*)

S.L.A.B., Slow Loud And Bangin'

Underground skating, for the new era

Feel what I'm saying, we keep making hits

Everyday all day, might as well respect the game

And give it to us, if not we gon take it

(Billy Cook)

These niggaz out in the streets

Don't know how we breathe, S.L.A.B. ha

Billy Cook Superstar, trying to bring it to you real sweet

Slow Loud And Bangin', yeeah ooooh no-no

This is the way we creep, yeah yeeah-yeah

Slow Loud And Bangin'

[Big Bee]

I represent H-Town, and the Southside

Haters talk shit, when your car sit wide

I don't give a damn, I'ma floss my chrome

With my game face on, you can call me drone

Gone in my zone, riding on 22's

Boys bow down, when I come through

I'm hard on the 'Vard, and it's plain to see

Ain't nan nother playa, that can get with me

I float like a butterfly, and sting like a bee

Like the old school boxer, Muhammad Ali

It's like whoa, when I pull the Benz out the garage

My Lorenz so pretty, like Mary J. Blige

[Jay'Ton]

I'm Slow Loud And Bangin', at the club I'm swanging

Candy paint leaving the street wet, like it was raining

Cause it's the Jay'Ton, niggaz ain't ready for me

Beating down the block, repping S.L.A.B

The only nigga 17, in the click sitting low

In a Buick looking thoed, so you know I got hoes

On my dick bopping off this shit, sitting up my slab

So I laugh at these niggaz, looking at my slab mad

Now they hate it I made it, and I ain't even graduated

From High School, acting a fool with Lil Two

At Matches or 8 Mile, pimping hoes near you

We Slow Loud And Bangin', representing for the Screw

[Trae]

It ain't no crawling on cutters, I'm glass 4's on the
Boulevard
Playing my section, with my Escalade in the garage
With genocide baby, you can't and haters be crazy
Approaching me with that bumping, cause I be pimping
they lady
In the fo' do' latest shit, when I grip unloading clips
Send em through the South, like it was SS dot Six
Loving them gadgets, so I be touch screen phone
The way I beat it the slab, dislocating they collar bone
Representing for my brother, locked down on lifetime
So I mash to get mine, full time when I grind
Slow Loud And Bangin' banging loud, but I'm slow on
the West
Plex on my chest, on top of that, I got my vest

[Hook: Billy Cook - 4x]

Slow Loud And Bangiiiiin'

[Lil B]

Still Slow Loud And Bangin', when I skate up 'Vard and
beat streets
I be sliding on buck, with 23's on my feet
Don't-stoppers riding choppers, for them boppers
I be sitting so high, you'd think I'm in a helicopter
But I'm playa lil' valeter, at the club
What you know, about a Slow Loud And Bangin' thug
Named Lil B, riding one deep through H-Town
Trying to stop my shine, the AK gon spray rounds
That's my girlfriend, and I'm not talking bout a broad
Spinning blocks so hard, I broke the steering collard
With the Mr. Pimp Skinny, we know you niggaz hate
The way we drip candy paint, with Texas on the plates

[Kepoe]

I'ma come nice and slow, Kepoe wrecking the flow
The only bitch on S.L.A.B., that can do this though
I hit the block in my drop top, with the top gone
Balling in my zone, like a black Sharon Stone
It's my basic instincts, that I get my shine on
Five karat rings, do I get my blind on
With the underground shit, we gon let it be known
Back back I advise, that these haters be gone

[Lil T]

It's Lil T my nigga, I'm putting it down for S.L.A.B
You can catch me in a Chrysler, or a Gray Park Ave
The wood grain I grab, banging nothing but S.L.A.B

I'm on my route like a cab, while y'all fighting like crabs
I keep a pistol on my side, with a cup of bar
Like H.A.W.K. and Big Poke, my nigga it's war
I hit a switch in my car, while I break the law
Throwing left and right jabs, steady breaking your jaw

[Billy Cook]

Slow, Loud And Bangin'

Billy Cook Superstar, and I'm standing strong
AC blowing cold, when you see me slabbed down
Guerilla Maab and Billy Cook, well watch so loud
See me rolling on chrome, sitting on dubs
Bangin down your block, nigga throw your sets up
Go on throw your sets up, if you don't give a fuck
Jimmy Jimmy Cocoa Puff, girl go on give me love
Slow Loud And Bangin', is all I know
Gripping on grain, while I'm smoking on dro
Crawling the block, in a big fo' do'
Come on, I'm still platinum in the ghetto

(Billy Cook)

Whoa ha, yeah yeah yeeah
Throw your sets up, throw your sets up
All my niggaz in the hood, go on throw your sets up
Throw your sets up, throw your sets up
All my niggaz on the block, go on throw your sets up

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