

## Killing Joke

### "What You Niggas Know"

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(\*talking\*)

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

This Sil from the West, mayn

Just doing a bunch of chilling, gon keep in playa mode

[Hook]

What you niggas know, about pulling out slow

Missing the top, riding glass 84's

What you niggas know, about a playa like me

Better cuff your hoe, cause I'm a P-I-M-P

What you niggas know, about a hater that'll hate

Knocking my fame, we moving units like weight

What you niggas know, about glocks and AK's

When it's time for the plex, they cock and they spray

[Trae]

What you niggas know about a hot shot, tossing a drop  
top

Flipping with hot glocks, when he tipping a hot block

A playa slash a Guerilla, that's mobbing for scrilla

They fake and I'm realer, and plus these niggas be  
sweeter than vanilla

I think they hate me, cause I'm Slow Loud And Bangin'

They really better keep they distance, before they see

Trae get to swanging

And I can recall, riding an Impala, '78 to be exact

With no AC radio, and the tires on flat

But that was the past, and now you see me in a slab on  
glass

My drop's first class, and now these hoes be giving up  
they ass

To tell the truth, I really don't need em they just  
something to do

I'd rather be crawling late night, while I'm thinking bout  
Screw

[Hook]

[Lil B]

Now tell me what you know about, swanging lanes on  
4's

Stay in my pimp mode, cause I don't love none of these  
hoes  
I throw em back like throwbacks, and hit em for a G  
Got niggas cuffing they broads, so they won't fuck with  
Lil B  
Still I crawl up the road, so slow knowing they hate  
Thinking I'm fake just wait, I'ma let this AK spray  
But I be stuck on my hustle, my pockets must gain a  
muzzle  
I had a couple of tussles, that's why a nigga will rush  
you  
I don't love you or your gal, I'm too in love with my slab  
And the way a nigga be throwing these hands, steady  
giving you jabs  
You crabs that's biting, like an infested STD  
I can flaunt it if I want it, repping S-L-A-B

[Jay'Ton]

What you niggas know, about a teenage Southsider  
With fifth wheels and grills, T.V.'s on the outside  
Of my car in my side view, peeping the haters  
I'm something like a superstar, when I pull out that  
Navigator  
1 to the 7, and now you niggas know my age  
And if you disrespect a G, then you fin to know my  
gauge  
I got game like a motherfucker, or baby Don Juan  
And if you boppers wanna see me, go to Jay'Ton.com  
Talking down beneath your arm, I ain't playing with you  
cats  
I done came from being broke, and I don't plan on  
going back  
So I mash full speed, for my cash to get paid  
I use to want ice, now I'm on a ice-capade

[Hook]

[Dougie D]

Can I have everyone's attention, front and center listen  
to reason  
This is my reason for what repping, and tipping  
through seasons  
Sliding down with a bad breezie, sipping smoking and  
leaning  
When I stop at the light, other people be watching my  
T.V.'s  
Lil' kids they wanna be me, or have a daddy just like  
me  
I'm the Don-Datta, Dougie but fuck it just call me papi  
What you niggas know, about riding on chrome  
And dropping the drop on the belly, high-siding on

hoes

In the cockpit, I keep a cocked pistol for cock suckers  
Mashing on all haters, and utilizing my hustles  
You think you know, but you really have no idea  
Dougie D 2000 and 3, it's your boy right here

[Hook]

(\*talking\*)

Yeah, we keep in playa mode baby  
S.L.A.B., Slow Loud And Bangin'  
Trae, Dougie D, Lil B, Jay'Ton you know it go down  
What you niggas know, about being real  
What you niggas know, about keeping it gangsta  
What you niggas know, about keeping it street  
Fa real, follow us we'll show you the way, straight up

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