

## Killradio

### "What I Represent"

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[Hook: Wayne Bell]

S.L.A.B., that's what a nigga represent  
Four do's, behind the tint  
You know, I still got love for my  
S.L.A.B., swangin' wide and looking thoed  
That's how them S.L.A.B. niggaz roll  
You know, we still Slow Loud And Bangin', S.L.A.B

[Lil Head]

Now why won't they pay me, Lakeisha and Brenda  
See Brenda was the girl, that stayed across from  
Tammy  
See Tammy told Lekeisha, I was up to no good  
And all I did was sold dope, and grip on the wood  
See Lakeisha never knew a thing, about Lil Head  
All she knew the slab I'm flipping, shit it use to be red  
She was amazed, from the orange over gray  
I got your number I'ma holla back, now listen to Trae

[Trae]

Hopping out my slab, paint be shining like I was Puffy  
A bad boy to the fullest, you nothing niggaz disgust me  
Trae a gangsta and a pimp with a limp, more flyer than  
a blimp  
With Dougie on the side, as he roll in the back with a  
clip  
With me and Warren swangin' a four, and like it's a  
Houpe  
On the highway for the loot, and D-Bo hanging out the  
roof  
To for them niggaz not knowing, we be on that other  
shit  
Pop the trunk and banging shit, fo' do' tinted up type  
shit  
Whether blue or red, we still proceed to turn a head  
Introduce 'em to the sound, of a nigga that's bout his  
bread  
Rep a nigga till he dead, everyday I gotta get it raw  
This how I spit it, till a nigga see a mill ticket

[Lil B]

Creep and crawl in my fo' do', I let my ass end up  
As I recline slide on buck, with drank in my cup  
My screens digital, showing nothing but raw naked ass  
Click the remote, and watch a hater as he bypass  
With the automatic camera, secured by Viper  
Give my bitch three feet, 'fore I become a sniper  
A close street fighter, you don't want it with me  
So it be best, you stay away from my S-L-A-B  
When I creep it's late night, picking up your hoe  
Bending corners in Hiram-Clarke, banging S.L.A.B.  
Volume 4  
A pro that you know, by the name of Lil B  
When I ride, I hide behind T-I-N-T

[Hook]

[Jay'Ton]

I creep the block late night, on a mission for cash  
'93 road master, when I mash the gas  
With Lil B and Lil T, when I'm flipping the South  
What you know about them thugs, with karats up in they  
mouth  
It's the S.L.A.B. Slow Loud And Bangin', representing  
for Texas  
For haters that got plexes, we leaving you niggaz  
chestless  
No games gon be played, if you fucking with me  
It's the nigga Jay'Ton, from S-L-A-B

[Warren G]

Candy red Impala, it be my slab  
Coming down the Boulevard, throwing deuce and dab  
I ain't tripping just sipping, when I'm crawling slow  
Blowing on the killa dro, I don't want no mo'  
Gotta watch out for my car, cause it's my main  
See my down the I-10, on them Euro's mayn  
Me and the click getting raw, like Chi-Town and Utah  
We the best you ever seen, like Rockets and Yao Ming  
Don't stretch the slab, cause somebody will top you  
Even if it's Shae, in that candy blue  
Can't forget about BJ, he wet up too  
South Klique and S.L.A.B., got niggaz sicker than the flu

[Dougie D]

Slow Loud And Bangin', up and down your block  
Smoking sipping, and flipping flossing and dropping  
the top  
Leaving the Boulevard wet, when I be pulling out  
That there, ain't nothing but candy mayn  
Fifth reclined, spiders be spinning up out my 4's  
Screens lit, huffing and puffing and blowing dro

Lane to lane, swang and popping the trunk on you hoes  
That's the way it goes down, in the Dirty you know  
Slip and we sliding, riding high yeah we looking good  
Like UGK, I got's to keep diamonds against the wood  
Cutting corners and bending blocks, up in every hood  
Behind tint, so you can't see what I'm doing

[Kendro]

S (S)-L(L)-A (A)-B (B)

Fo' do's behind tint, roof lift I'm getting bent  
Hit the switch the trunk release, on them 4's  
I play it you leave stuck, my slab as I flow  
Bending corners against the grain, cracking the frame  
Nigga bang or snooze, as I cruise on the block  
My screens lit, time to clear the club parking lot  
I'm one deep, so I got enough room for the bops

[J-Dub]

From a Houpe, back to a drop  
J-Dub I'm getting shine on, through a school zone  
Ain't no stopping for boppers, cause I got money on my  
mind  
By the way that I blind, you can tell I ain't lying  
Only 12 and a playa, and he running the family  
You a hater move around, cause you ain't no kin to me  
J-D-U-B, nigga F-U-K me  
Baby edging, and ain't no way you can fade me

[Hook - 2x]

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