

Cook Barbara

"Slump"

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[backbone]

From front to back street, listen, we on a mission
To get right, workin street corner in the midnight
Picture the scene, these fiends with fire
Ten dollar dreams, scheme, for a sack of that, believe
that
I'm wit whateva like wheatstraw
Stuck servin my cocaine raw
Drop sixty-two off the brick, jump back
Twenty over now that's mo' money to get
Slick, we fin' to lick on this corner without gettin caught
But time, keep a sleepin and money gettin short
Plus that crooked cop brock think we blow slangin (fuck
him)
That why he ride through the hole with the do' swangin
But I make moves -- shake them tricks up out they
shoestrings
Be more precise when we do things
Cause life like shakin the dice, but I buck back twice
Like five-deuce, fo'-trey, okay

Chorus: repeat 2x

I'm strickly dressin dirty dirty
Gone represent it to the t-top
Born and bred up on the street top
Get to the money and the sweet spot
And forever hollerin
"hootie hoo!" when we see cops

[big boi]

Sheyit
Cops and robbers niggaz be bound to get them dollars
and cents
They get in a slump like baseball players
When they short on they rent
Anything goin you ain't knowin how much money you
spent
But in the real world you surrounded by these ladies
and gents
Who hang around you cause you be buyin all the weed

And all the chicken
Feedin everybody, smokin em out
When you was broke though they was missin
Now you ridin bout fo' deep, startin to tear up yo'
suspension
And your baby mamma on child support
My fault, forget to mention
You don't even have a checkin account
Wasn't thinkin about no pension
I used to work at steak 'n' ale, old gold off in the
kitchen
Had determination and graduated
Now I got the whole rap world fascinated
I wanted a piece of the pie for me and my family so I
made it
Continue to sell dope, it's payin the bills so you gon' do
it
But legislation got this new policy
Three strikes and you're ruined.. now where your crew
at?
Yeah..

Chorus

[cool breeze]

Ay

Me and my buddy on the cut and they know we servin
em slabs
We better watch what we doin, and look out for joe nab
And quit re'in-up and standin on this same old block
Before our gangsta ass partna get both of us shot
Niggaz talkin cause they makin some flow
But still ain't did nuttin that ain't been done befo'
You can't be tryin to showcase, just put it down for your
spot
And improvise and work with that little you got
So I think when I finish sellin my last sack
I'ma take some of this money, go and give some back
Cause people won't forget about the time you gave,
knowmsayin?
And start thinkin bout a path to pave

Chorus

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