

Mr. Lucci "Slab"

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Mr. Lucci
Texas Freestyle Massacre
Slab

(Mr.Lucci) *Echos*
Ha, Them boys don't think we can freestyle up here
huh?
Put it in they face, and make them feel somethin
These niggaz don't think these Dallas boys got
somethin
um-huh, just dont know (know)..Tell' em

It's me that's creepin up ya' block without no tops,
spark and glistenin
with the number one niggaz, our side is D-TOWN is
bringin these hits wit him
Hmm, and is keepin a sliff wit him
plus a fifth in him, wit some creased up denim
Yu could catch me limp in, right cup sippin, well then I'm
sho' nuff pimpin, playa
Well i thought ya knew the truth when we drop Mr. Pook'
up on you boyz,playa
Haters claim the fool, so we let loose, Mr. Luc' wit
ghetto noise, say what?
Need to watch that
Cuz ain't nothin' but platinum plaques comin up out
Kevin A. cat
I guarantee's that, and ya best believe that
Hold on dawg where my sweet at?(Sew it mayne)
Nigga pass the flame so I can heat that(Nigga gon'
ahead shit)
Let me gon' fire up the doskey do', oh, Kevin A. brang
the beat back
Ain't no stoppin this, soon as we don droppin this
Man Ed and Kap down at the barn gon' be choppin it
(Chh*Chh*Chh*)
with screw versions cross the top and this
And a monopoly in the industry, is what this gon' occur
to me
Better peep the crook, chain and the piece
(chime.Bling)
We some warriors from the North The D

Doin it how it's suppose to be wit the crroked azz
niggaz that's close to me

(Chorus)-2x

Mr. Lucci he be comin up the block, on slabs
Breakin bitches off and it don't stop, no doubt
Wettin up ya spot and leavin' it hoe on swoll, nigga
How the hell you feel, we pimpin hoes in tight clothes

(Mr.Lucci)

Well i'm thankin bout bigger thangs(what?)
Bigger chain dawg bigger rings
Pimp wit a bigger grain
off a side of a bigger frame down a bigger lane
I'm a bigger mayne. nigga wit a bigger name
spittin bigger game
(what you is?) True pimp wit a bigger caine as I step
through wit a bigger swang
I smoke bigger mo's with bigger pros, and bigger hoes
and I stack bigger dough, floss bigger fro's, ride
bigger vouges
and we pull bigger jacks wit bigger gats and bigger
cats
and we chief bigger sacs, ride bigger Lacs, hand
bigger plaques
and I cock bigger locks, break bigger glocks up off ya
spot
and we work bigger guts, and bigger skills dawg
bigger nuts
and I'm on a bigger chase wit a bigger lake on a bigger
place
Hmm, my team? Bigger taste, bigger beats wit bigger
bass
Wit some bigger thoughts, and some bigger bread and
a bigger vault
man wit come bigger shit- Hunn, like a bigger walk and
a bigger talk

(Chorus)-2x

(Mr.Lucci)

Un, nigga how you feel wit twinkie inches on ya
Lac(What...?)
Breaki bitches off wit fifth wheel on ya back nigga
Choppin up ya game nigga or poppin up ya dane a
dane a
100 percent southern raiser, mutherfucka on another
page
Let ya candy paint, drip and drop, and im off the lot wit
ya trunk pop
any ya front screens, flip and flop, down the block, and

it dont stop
Drop, 4 G's wit ease, down at 4 li's wit g's down at
and soon as I leave, auto crank the car wit my keys
And bet, anytime I see ya i got my seet up blaxin my
weed up
Nigga full of that G stuff, Hen' and Reefa wit sexier
divas
Justt call me the W-I-G-S-P, L-I-T-T-A
Heeeeeyy chiefin mt life away
Won't ever change and front my style, fuck that I'm
try'na clown
I'm talk talkin bout brangin you hits you can bang in ya
shit 4 yaers from now
I't s trill so huh? It's goin down hill
Reclinin and stackin mills, while shinnin in 'Lac
Seville's, Playa

(Chorus)-2x

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