

Slowride

"Things We Do"

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Yeah...

I got a rhyme for those dudes who lie about me and mine

Yo run it back, run it back

I got a rhyme for those dudes who lie about me and mine

I squeeze them nines, from behind the blinds

I leave flat in ground in the pine-

Box! I'm not a killa wit mine

But I get rid of nigga that get piece of mine

Well if you got the bar separate me from mine

I must be dope for you to steal my style

Tryin to take my sound

Yo run it back, run it back

I must be dope for you to steal my style

Tryin to take my sound

You don't want those pieces out

Better yet you better kneel in church

Don't these hurr, put a hole through your detrich fur

Your little style that you got is subminimal

Is you ready to swing, blows wit a griminal

[Chorus]2X

Things we do to you

Things we do and doing

Things we to do you

Things we doing

Things we do to you

Things we do and doing

Things we to do you

Things we doing

You heard the click, pushin excursion whips

New sherlings kicks, two words I'm sick

Run it back, I'm sick

Every verse I spit

That I cursive writ

I find the words that fit

They come together like hoes on the curb for dick

On an urge to trick, for them services

Call me sir or if...
You prefer to diss get turban twist
(Whoa)Nervousness
I curse and piss, on any nigga that's lame
Call me sick and insane
Talkin chickens for brains
Shift the stick in the range
When I click and I BANG!
Niggas pick up your frame, till you lifted in shame
They goin down quite quick like a wick when in flame
I'm in the wickedest game
Run it back, Wickedest game
Don't get stick for ya chain
It's the Slum to the Villa, your head unda the pilla
Why? (We're coming kill ya)

[Chorus]2X

*Introducing the world famous, Slum Village! Are ya
Ready baby? Let me know if ya ready! All the way from
De-(Dj scratches) Detroit!

Yeah Yeah you look and stare
I see you shook in prayer
I bust at you, (bang) they cuffin who?
What you wan do? 1 2, you wanna (girl moans)
For sho ya do, if ya hold a crew
I don't need a clip, to bust ya lip
I run ya shit, wit a swift fist
If you gon talk the shit (talk the shit)
I'm aiming quick (aiming quick)
You better run (better run)
Cause I don't miss (cause I don't miss)

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