

K.G.B.

"Gimmie the Mic"

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(*talking*)

Yo, it's T2 and S.L.A.B

It's a remix, yes sir

[Trae]

They say that I'm not wrecking, I'm about to teach 'em a lesson

How niggaz get fucked over, when stepping off in my section

More graphic than X-Box, on Fox

With a red fox with red socks, and tank tops

Fucking with a fat bop, thoed huh the way I throw my shit together

On static, fanatic leather Gucci defining my letters

I'm bad like P. Diddy, on rapper spitting it shitty

In any city I'm gritty like the state, how you feeling

Now really, who you think gon be fucking around with that Trae

With my screens lit, swanging and banging on MLK

In a fo' do', tipping with Shae and the BJ

It's the G way, living it up in the SK

While bitches be on my dick, like a rubber that's blocking sperm

They gon learn, I can make it till where they wet as a sherm

My game straight as a perm, they never gon see it coming

Unless I be in a dropper, with the trunk flying bumping

[Lil B]

Give me the mic, and I bet you I go hard

When you plexing in Texas, I be pulling your hoe card

In the booth or in the Coupe

It really don't matter, we hitting hard like May Moop

While niggaz be bragging, about the diamonds on they tooth

These underground punks, putting out trash that's the truth

On for do-lo on low-low's, I stay up

Doing cats like Petey Pablo, we making 'em raise up

Think of jacking if you want me, it's best that you pay

up
B'der smoking bullets sparking, I'm choking you haters
(haters)
Play us if you think that you can, without a plan
Take a stand, watch I make a motherfucker say man
Can't stand how I'm wrecking a G, I'm Lil B
Ride or die for my people, S-L-A-B
The family who be dropping the bombs, leaving 'em
stunned
Rocking steady for jelly, like Nelly we're number one

[Dougie D]
Who's stacking shit my nigga, give me the mic I bleed
it
Pulverize it annihilate it, and punish and eat it
Slow loud and we banging, motherfuckers you know us
Disrespecting my click, we running these hoe niggaz
over
Niggaz respect my gangsta, cause I come real with it
I could hulk a hell of a hully lugie, give a lyric
We ripping the track, shit nothing for Dougie
Soon as I touch it it explode, combustible functions
Everytime that you hear me, you rewinding and spin it
Keep it pumping up in the speakers, you crunk and you
feel it
Down in the Dirty Dirty, motherfuckers we soldiers
S.L.A.B. bitch, we locking and taking it over

[Warren G]
These niggaz, out of line get plugged
Stray in they chest, like a red beam slug
Don't give a damn to mean mugs, get slugs
Shae in the six riding, on dubs
Body rocking, shocking and dropping up in the club
Pass me a pint, so I can po' up a cup
Niggaz in my face, so I'm hollin' bitch what
I never give a fuck, about a Chi-Town thug (fuck that
thug)

[Pimp Skinny]
Niggaz jumping fly, like they really want some
But you bumping your gum, ass niggaz don't want
none
Pimp Skinny, bust that ass and leave you finished and
done
Cause we S.L.A.B., H and haters getting hit with the
bomb
Lyrical red rum, making Tweety Birds run
I'm a G ass nigga, and you can see it when I come
And fuck a contest, we done already won
Everytime that we drop black, bet you niggaz stop that

Real shit, plus the fact I represent
And drop you flat on your back, walking on niggaz like
a do' mat
Busting like a gat, so you haters get the click-clack
S.L.A.B. nigga did that, underground going plat'

[Jay'Ton]

I'm in a 2003, dropper
Niggaz think I be playing, when I rolling on my
choppers
Everytime I open my mouth, here come the boppers
24/7, I be running from the helicopters
Cause I'm a thug nigga, dropping chopping
Up on the block on the way to ATL, to holla at my nigga
Shot
And when you do a concert, you know the crowd gon
rock
It's the Jay'Ton, two thee off the lot
With J's up on my feet, swanging down the street
And when I find a freak, I'm pumping until I skeet
Just give me the mic, so I can wreck that hoe
It's Jay'Ton, in this bitch with that boy J-Mo

[T2]

I'm J'd up, you can tell by my clothes
I'm iced up, cause my whole body froze
16 years old, got the game on hold
You be thinking I'm slow man, cause your whole block
hold
Just give me the light, cause I'm a thoed ass monster
Car standing tall, think my car made by Tonka
Candy coated Hummer, looking real good
When you in your airplane, see my face on the hood
It's all good, cause I ball like that
My screens falling so hard, left a dent in your back
It's like that, cause I'm a thoed guerilla
If you make this monster mad, I'ma hurt me a nigga
16 years young, dropping hits like bombs
I know why you hating playboy, I got your girl sprung

[Kepoe]

Kepoe the throwed hoe, that they hate to see coming
But I got to, cause I'm the only bitch bumping
Black mink with Loc's, eight hundred dolla coats
Fuck the game inside out, with no strokes
Dark and lovely, far from ugly that's me
Definition of, K-E-P-O-E
First lady of S.L.A.B., cock back and jab
Become a dangerous motherfucker, when I step in the
lab
And I ain't playing, when I hit the Boulevard in a Jag

Top down trunk up, banging nothing but S.L.A.B
Before I take it out the door, I'm only letting you know
That I'm a certified bitch, known to wreck the flow

[Hook - 4x]

Just give me the mic, S.L.A.B. is in the do-o-or
And watch a nigga, wreck this flow

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