

Grant & Forsyth

"Let it Slide"

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- > It's like many knuckeheads who want to do the eye to eye contact
- > Not knowing O.C. is ready for combat
- > I tried to ignore the son with the advacant attitude
- > Stick in my face for gratitude, yeah
- > Just the other night on the train
- > Me my cousin Boo was on our way up to club Galaloo
- > I kind of had a fight so we took our 25's and that
- > We had juice with the bouncer on the inside
- > Mad Jamaicans faking nigga fronting knowing they're Americans
- > We fronted us off from the embarrassing
- > Some old poor face fellow try to star me in the eye and give a wammy
- > He almost caught a grammy
- > Just when I was about to reach for my glock
- > And saw cousin Boo whispered to me yo!
- > "O O let it slide"
- > It ain't worth smoking a minute worth of lead
- > So to break the tension I
- > Broke him in the head
- >
- > I let it slide, I let it slip on by
- > Giving you one last try to kill it with the eye
- >
- > New day same shit occured in this time
- > I was asked what I was looking at not knowing he was grassed
- > This spark the beef and
- > I was gonna finish it off but turns out
- > This nigga was soft he got
- > Afraid from the way about the stance glancing to my left and right
- > Put a basket a man insight
- > He'll see the whole thing if I decide to do a buckwild move
- > So what I turn it in shall I choose, ha!
- > Fire my steel and take the chance
- > Of being bagged and ship up north for a long long ?
- > I ain't for it so I flash the cloud
- > He saw the nickle plate

> Almost having a day to die
> I wonder why
> Chumps want to pick on I
> They be like setting it off
> And I be letting it slide
> I don't know what they be seeing
> But one time in a conflict
> I flip, turn into an unstable human being
>
> I let it slide, I let it slip on by
> Giving you one last try to kill it with the eye
>
> When I'm flowing with my girl I feel it the most
> Beef coming so close like a champagne toast
> On the train, in the city, down the way
> Down her way, I take it upon myself and say niggas is
gay
> What you trying to prove?
> Can't move him out and with a stare
> But when a brother pull a trunk and sink it ain't fair
> Two wrongs don't make a right
> But the philosophy of a fight, fella
> Used to prolong you life, I
> Rolled like it was enemy
> Why would you pretend to be
> Some motherfucker men is to fight to kill Kenney, I
> Be rappin' son's trying flamboyant and
> Put on a smurf 'cause you staring is annoying and
> No matter how much I try to avoid noise from feeling
in with bad day
> Starring in my grill again
> Or try to hypnotize with the eye starring
> Retinified be tearful, to your family lives a day
> No fronting because you couldn't stop my glock so
> Time ran out 'cause you punch your own glock
>
> I let it slide, I let it slip on by
> Giving you one last try to kill it with the eye

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