

## Assholes By Nature

### "S.O.S"

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(Little Boy)

This a Nitti beat!

(Chorus - Z-Ro + Trae)

Please don't get out of line, I'll slap a nigga  
owe me money - better give me mine, I'll slap a nigga  
and if you cross over that line, I'll slap a nigga  
I'll slap a nigga, I'll slap a nigga, I'll slap a nigga, I'll  
slap a nigga  
If you disrespectin my zone, I'll slap a nigga  
if you right and I think you wrong, I'll slap a nigga  
if a nigga speak out of his tone, I'll slap a nigga  
I'll slap a nigga, I'll slap a nigga, I'll slap a nigga, I'll  
slap a nigga

[Verse 1 - Z-Ro]

We don't pop, lock, and drop it - we cock the glock to  
pop it  
go ballistic on (?)niggas and have e'm screamin stop it  
ain't got no patience so it's not a good ideal to get on  
my nerves  
I'll fuck around and clip yo ass, and keep bangin yo  
face up against the curb  
homie let me give you a suggestion, gon'and let me  
make it  
you might as well tighten up ya jaw, and gon'and let  
me break it  
wipe down, wipe down - I'm bout to wrap ya jack  
johnson right now  
and if a woman run up on me wreckless and go to  
runnin her mouth  
I'm a rear back and try to knock the bitch lipstick off  
all I'm simply tryna do is just get my cash  
but if you own a pair of lips you can kiss my ass  
Tony Maroni when I catch you bitch you know what it is  
better ask Sam if I'm righteous I been a gangsta for  
years  
but fuck him too cause he can get it just like you  
and that's a fact run up on you and knock ya shadow  
off track...

(Chorus - Z-Ro + Trae)

[Verse 2 - Trae]

I still fuck with the hoodrats, and then pop models  
get crunk off a superman and slap yo ass with a bottle  
go on crank it up, I'll make ya dance  
lean back and slap the swagga out ya whole stance  
I'm a asshole nigga we don't talk about it  
we go inside ya mouth and have ya front teeth walkin  
out it  
my attitude shot to shit it ain't no doubt about it  
get out my business 'fore I beat ya ass the fuck up out  
it  
tell the DJ give me a sec, I'll wire the whole place up  
connect with a open hand and try to wire ya whole face  
up  
lock and load on ya jaw and try to fire that hoe's face  
up  
try to take out ya feelin, in everything from the waste  
up  
I give a fuck if you don't like me  
I got the whole hood tryna keep it gangsta like me  
now am I rollin? Yeah bitch I might be  
not on a pill but in my zone is where I might be

(Chorus - Z-Ro + Trae)

[Verse 3 - Z-Ro]

I'm in ya nieghborhood, I'm bendin down ya block  
why don't you and everybody on the cut, come close to  
the curb and stick ya face out  
ya'll ain't no men, ya'll some women and ya'll deserve  
a backhand  
I wear one right hand at the club cause that's my  
favorite snap hand  
you in the presence of a boss, I'm nothin less then a  
king  
slap you to sleep, turn around and slap yo ass straight  
out of ya dream  
I graduated from Slap - A - Bitch University on the  
honor roll  
piss on the tree and mark my territory, now it's time to  
roll

[Verse 4 - Trae]

Never been the one to run from drama, bitch I'm plexin  
instead  
slap you like I'm a slap a bitch, you ain't gon pay me my  
bread  
you can call me Trae - Holiday I'm bout to put you to  
bed

with a couple of extra large hickies posted on top of ya  
head  
now everytime I come around - they say I'm comin to  
bang  
I'm a swat yo ass to the left, like I was ready to swang  
ain't no use to givin it thought I'm a forever play it raw  
let me show you what these five fingers, said to the jaw

(Chorus Till End)

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