

Sierra Maestra

"Slab"

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[Mr. Lucci]*Echos*

Ha, them boys don't think we can freestyle up here
huh?

Put it in they face, and make them feel something
These niggaz don't think these Dallas boys got
something
Um-huh, just don't know(know)...Tell 'em

It's me that's creepin up yo' 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 5th in him, wit some creased up denim
You 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 up mayne)
Nigga pass the flame so I can heat that(Nigga gon'
ahead shit)
Let me gon' fire up this doskey-do', oh, Kevin A. brang
the beat back
Ain't no stoppin this, soon as I'm done droppin this
man Ed and Kap down at the barn is gon' be choppin
it(Ch*ch*ch*)
wit screw versions cross the top and this
And a monopoly in the industry, is what this shits gon'
occur to me
for, all of these niggaz who ain't heard of me, or my
thirty-thirty G's
Better peep the crook, chain and the
piece(Chime!Bling!)
we some warriors from the North the D
Doin it how it's supposed to be wit the crooked azz

niggaz that's close to me

[Chorus] - 2x

Mr. Lucci be comin up the block, on slabs
Breakin bitches off and it don't stop, no doubt
Wettin up yo' spot and leavin it hot 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, wit bigger pro's, and bigger hoes
and I stack bigger dough, floss bigger fro', ride bigger
Vogues
And we pull, bigger jacks wit bigger gats and bigger
cats
and we chief, bigger sacs, ride bigger 'Lacs, hang
bigger plaques
And I cock bigger locks, break bigger glocks up off yo'
spot
and we work bigger rocks, tote red beams, wit bigger
dots
And what, plus bigger guts, and bigger wheels on
bigger Trucks
and we sip bigger cups, man 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 a
bigger bass
Wit some bigger thoughts, and some bigger bread and
a bigger vault
man wit some bigger shit - Hunn, like a bigger walk and
a bigger talk

[Chorus] - 2x

[Mr. Lucci]

Un, nigga how you feel wit twankie inches on yo'
'Lac(what...?)
Breakin bitches off wit 5th wheel up on yo' back nigga
Choppin up yo' game nigga, or poppin up yo' dane-a
dane-a
100 percent southern raiser, motherfucker on another
page

Let ya candy paint, drip and drop, and I'm off the lot wit
ya trunk pop
and ya front screens, flip and flop, down the block, and
it don't 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 sweet up blazin my
weed up
Nigga full of that G stuff, 'Hen and Reefer wit sexier
divas
Just call me the W-I-G-S-P,L-I-T-T-A
HEEEEEYYY chiefin my life away!
Won't ever change and front my style, fuck that I'm
tryna clown
I'm talk talkin bout brangin you hits you can bang in yo'
shit 4 years from now
It's trill so huh? It's goin down on the hill
reclinin and stackin mills, while shinnin in 'Lac Seville's,
playa

[Chorus] - 2x

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