

Destiny's Child F/ Timbaland

"Slam"

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Slam! (duh duh duh, duh duh duh - Let the boys be boys!) x 2

[Verse One]

Well, it's another (What!?) In the gutter (What!?) Ghetto
runnin' 'em

Troublesome - Extra double dum; I come to beat 'em
Defeat 'em and mistreat 'em - so what if that I'm
cheatin'?

Now everyone wanna say I'm grimy (Yeah, I know!)
I'm-a show ya' how; Come on! (All in together now!)
Yeah, ooh, yeah - YEAH! - That's how it's gotta be, so
Stop tryin' to be loud as me, 'cause you can't do that!
Think about it! Playin' Russian roulette with an
automatic,

I put my ass against the line, the last bullet is first - on
line

Toughest step, and I rep and I run; Packin' a weapon is
wild!

Peace to the brothers on Ryker's Isle - Toughen up; A-
tremble-em-ba-lin

Like a crimin-a-million puffs I took: I - ooh, my god, I'm
so high!

Just they say, "Hey, Rodney," say, "You look like a -
- Grem-a-lin!" A What!? Just they say to make a kid
Make a million children slam! Slam! SLAM!

Slam! (duh duh duh, duh duh duh - Let the boys be
boys!) x 4

[Verse Two]

I'm the mean 'n nasty, greedy-smashing, ever-slow-
gasser (Ooh!)

Strictly swift blast of the raspy-rasp basher (Aah!)

That I provide - I provide that you was cheap!

Beside the ghetto vibe make me flip like Jeckle and
Hyde (Of Course!)

I come across with the pure, for sure

Un-adult-a-rated, un-conformed

Disgusted! Busted! You wanna touch it! Too hot!

You forgot, you're not ready! Your head could get

ruptured!
Hit between the eyes; I plan to vandalize
I supply the static (I roll with the bad guys!)
The villians (Yup), Crooks (HA), biters and the fighters!
See the big wreck? Could ya' if ya' look inside of
My mind: It's graphic. Expressed it. Grasp it.
So, kill the copy cat - I can't: It's all mastered!
Directed it. When ya' least expected it
And thought it was safe, ONYX hit you in the face, so
SLAM!

Slam! (duh duh duh, duh duh duh - Let the boys be
boys!) x 4

[Verse Three: Sticky Fingaz]

I'm a b-boy
Standin in my b-boy stance
Hurry up and give me the microphone before I bust in
my pants
The mad author of anguish; my language, polluted
Onyx is heavyweight (Sonsee: And still undisputed!!)
He took the words right out my mouth and walked a
mile in my shoes
I've paid so many dues, I feel used and abused
And I'm.... so confused
umm, excuse me, for example
I'm the inspiration, for a WHOLE generation
And unless you got 10 SSSssticky Fingers
Its straight immitation
A figment, of your imagination
But but but but wait it gets worse!!
I'm not watered down so I'm dyin of thirst
Comin thru wit a scam, a foolproof plan
B-boys make some noise, and just, JUST SLAM!

Slam! (duh duh duh, duh duh duh - Let the boys be
boys!) x 4

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