

## Free Murda

### "Shorts and Slippers"

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[Chorus: Free Murda]

Shorts with the slippers on, white tee, fitted on  
Shorts with the slippers on, white tee, fitted on  
Shorts with the slippers on, white tee, fitted on  
White tee, fitted on, shorts with the slippers on

[Free Murda]

Low shorts, slippers on my feet, gold diggers wanna creep  
Nah, this nigga don't wanna be  
One head in the Chevy, man, I don't want your teeth  
Next week I'm vegetarian, I don't wanna 'meat'  
Cuban on my neck, Jesus is the piece  
Keep it moving, all that tech'll leave you resting in peace  
Rest in peace to the homey Jeff Row  
Mess with Free then that forty will blow  
Nigga already know, that I'm, the same ol' pimp  
Free, ain't nothing changed but my chips  
That's me, still getting brain from your chick  
Not just these dames, cuz these lames on my dick  
Me, Free Murda, shorts with the slippers on  
White tee, fitted on, Fort Greene, get it on  
Me, Free Murda, shorts with the slippers on  
White tee, fitted on, Fort Greene, get it on

[Chorus 2X]

[Free Murda]

Dark is on my face, sparking up the haze  
Chalking up the space, once I departed from my waist  
Hand in my pocket, blonging off your braids  
Better tuck and roll like Blanca on the game  
Keep fronting, I'mma bang, lay a hand on this chain  
That nigga ain't crazy, Gnarl's Barkley ain't your name  
Your know how that purp do, I'm around like a circle  
Have me higher than the pants, that's on Urkel  
Plad shorts sagging, down to my slippers  
Bad whores bragging, how they unzipped the zipper  
She want me to whip her, and pull her g-string  
I love T-Pain, make kid fall in love with a stripper

Sip bub in that liquor, until I feel saucey  
Hand on my forty, damn if it cost me  
What bail, nigga? Say, fuck jail, nigga  
Ain't doing time, I tell 'em, go to hell, nigga

[Chorus 2X]

[Free Murda]

Look gangsta in my fitted cap, desert in my white tee  
Take and wont give it back, deaded or you might see  
Yourself out your slippers, take the soul from your body  
No help out to get ya, when I unload from that shotty  
Shorts, slippers, white tee, boss nigga, like me  
Get it popping in the hood, don't force a nigga like me  
Cuz he'll let one go, nigga, just to show ya team  
Ain't Young Dro, but that four'll make my shoulder lean  
Bagging up dirt, they don't even dig a smell  
Bagging up purp, you can weigh it on the Richter Scale  
Force, let that chicken hail, cuz I let that chicken swell  
That be money, niggas funny cuz they missing sales  
My nig, what you grinning for, ain't no faggots here  
Diggin' up in them shorts, pockets all rabbit ears  
Think you leaving lavish here, like Yung Joc, call that  
dope boy magic there  
Dope boy, magic here...

[Chorus 2X]

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