

Hans Dinant**"Oh No"**

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[Hook]

Oh no, there go them Texas boys banging in a fo' do'
Top fell out the drop, crawling on 84's
Think of taking my slab, baby I don't think so
My heat under my seat, and I don't love you hoes
Living it like a G, but still I gotta lay low
Five percent or ten, but still my screens gon glow
These haters be in my mix, and these boppers be on
my dick
Everytime I come round the corner

[Paul Wall]

I'm from the land of opportunity, in God we trust
But haters in my mix, got me paranoid and disgust
I'm scoping out my side mirrors, when my car's in park
It's after dark, and my slab is fresh meat to these
sharks
Boys thinking I been drinking, so I'm off my note
But I got seventeen surprises, tucked inside of my coat
See me strut through the parking lot, on 22's plus
It's a must I make all haters, eat my dust
Them jump-out boys, waiting trying to catch me
slipping
I ain't tripping, grain ain't the only thing that I'm
gripping
Boys jacking with these tow trucks, thinking they slick
But take a trip to South Lee, and end up in a ditch
They got my purple people eater once, the next day
I bought a Range Rover cash, and a new set of fronts
I've been on feet for months, I'm taking haters to lunch
Paul Wall and Trae, hit em with that one-two punch

[Hook]

[Trae]

When I flip in my slab
I'm fin to beat they back off, like I was legs
Sitting low and tinted on chrome, gangstafied till I'm
finished
I'm bout to diminish these haters, when my trunk start
waving

Blue over gray, side of my drop with six T.V.'s I'm
displaying
They hate that I'm shining, with the fifth wheel falling
flying down the block
But if one of these haters, wanna jack me
Slugs gon be flying, out the glock
I click for no reason, this season my slab is staining
they brain
And I be known for getting reckless in Texas, gripping
on grain
Forever be pimping, 84 tipping all through the South
Grilling boppers all through my tint, with diamonds all
in my mouth
They all in my mouth, looking stupid when I burn right
past em
Cause some of these broads be living shife, and
setting up for the jacking
But not today, cause Trae gon be flipping on top of his
game
We guerillas I'm mobbing with, ain't no stopping me
mayn
When I'm in my fo' do' solo, the slab is bound to get
tossed
And if you trying to be competition, then you bound to
be getting lost

[Hook]

[Trae]

Make way for the team, when the fo' do' be coming
round the corner
These haters are goners, cause I'ma drop the top when
I wanna
I know these jackers, better think before they reach out
and touch
Cause in back of the car is the Excursion, full of thugs
that'll punch
I know they wanted to get me, but they don't know what
I'm bringing
I pop the trunk and swing the block, while jamming
Slow Loud And Bangin'
Trae and Paul Wall on a mission, and ain't no stopping
it mayn
With my hand on my heat in my seat, and the other on
grain

[Paul Wall]

Mo' money mo' problems mayn, the legend is true
You better stay up on your toes, when you ride 22's
I'm rolling strapped, everywhere I go I'm watching my
back

Cause on my block, them jackers don't give a damn if I
rap
People see me being friendly, and they think that I'm
soft
But the truth is, my best friend is a sawed off
These haters in my mix, got me losing composure
But if they take one step closer, it ain't gon be kosher
naw

[Hook]

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