

Sleepy Sun

"Stay Out My Way"

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[Verse One: Lil B]

We back killin roaches and rats
Like bugs these niggaz skat
From a trap I come but they ain't ready for combat
We the pest control spraying every crack
Clap black wit black mags and black macks
They don't really wanna see the whole click do that
(nigga who dat?)
I thought you hatin niggaz knew the slow loud and
bangin
Be makin a nigga move back really not a koo kat
I stay ready for war, Lil' B the G nigga that will rush ya
car
Before I break ya jaw, like I break the law
Niggaz on the street know we untamed and raw
I'm down to get down for my cousin Trae, Lil Boss
Hawg and my Nigga
Jay... ton
Leavin a hater flat wit a brace on
We be the niggaz that rollin tall, nothin but chrome
I'm a renegade never perpertrate
Niggaz hate but like Boss I'm a scrape the plate
Congragulate a nigga we?
We can go to war nigga jus pick a date
I'll be the nigga that bust and don't give a fuck
Leave 'em stuck wit mack hollows all up in ya truck
Niggaz duck when shots buck don't push ya luck
Cause we the niggaz on and make 'em give it up

[Chorus: Billy Cook]

These niggaz better stay out my way (stay out my
wayyy)
Claimin ya wanna go to war, pick out ya day (pick out yo
day)
Scandalizin my name, hataz we gon play (wwweee
gggoonnn plllaaayyy
Ooohhh whhhooooaaa)
Slow loud and bangin, roaches will get sprayed

These niggaz better stay out my way (stay out my
wayyy)

Claimin ya wanna go to war, pick out ya day (ooohhh
scandalliizzzinn my
Name yyyeeeeeaa)
Scandalizin my name, hataz we gon play (cant you see
we gon
Pllllaaayyy)
Slow loud and bangin, roaches will get sprayed (you
will get Sprayed
Yeeeeaaa)

[Verse Two: Lil' Boss]

Too many niggaz be out fakin the funk
Fuckin around wit Boss you won't make it to the trunk
Hit a nigga upside his head wit him a couple of lumps
And jack slugs in the lac wit a couple of humps CAUSE!
I be the person, get ya for ya weight
I be the nigga risin up at the wait
Lettin another 44 slug up in ya face
Have a nigga dodgin the game, like he was Mase
Laws come wit me they gon have to give a chase
Cause I ain't the nigga that be catchin a case
I be the nigga
Scrapin the plate, shakin the fake, bakin the cake
Droppin the front. makin a break
Wrappin a pistol grip I'm finsta trip
And slot slugs shootin a nigga wit out missin a grip
I don't miss the blood I don't miss the crip
And the other shit, maabin gangsta shit
And my khakis saggin and my classic rag
Don't mean to boast or don't mean to brag
Since down wit S.L.A.B I been actin bad
Hataz get a.44 bag wit toe tag
Jus bought a cold coat for my throwback
Big bow laces and a new rag
Some these niggaz be actin like fags
Them not gangstas them niggaz trash

[Verse Three: Jay-Ton]

So I'm a mack, I'm a g and I ain't playin no games
Piss me off and I'll be takin my aim
Jay-ton, fresh out the gates, untamed
Off the chain when I'm swangin in the drop frame
I know these niggaz better get outta my lane
Fuck wit me nigga you outta yo brain
You don't wanna see me? the g thang
Quick as hell wit it to give a nigga pain
Damn there must be haterz in the place
You the raid I'm gonna spray a nigga face
Fuck the law I'm finna get another case
And you're the one doin the 8 month stay
And I hop off swole when I'm hoppin off the weights

Run up on a nigga hittin hard like fraits
Slugs make a nigga do the harlem shake
Sticks and stones make a nigga bones break
DAMN thuggin ain't easy baby
Pull up on the block in a black mercedes
Fuckin nigga talkin bout tryna fade me
Niggaz talk close shit on the daily
Run up on me I'm a whoop a nigga ass
[?] get deep a nigga ready to blast
Smash the gas and catch all in yo ass
I'm bout take a muthafuckin ghetto pass

[Chorus Two x2: Billy Cook]

Ohhh ohhh ohhh

Stay Out My Waaayyy
Ohhh Pick out yo daaayyy
We gon plaaayyy ohhh

Yeeeeaaa

[Verse Four: Trae]

There's been a lot of shit on my mind from back in the
game
I'm a asshole and a never inaccurate aim
When I pull up and hoppin outta wide body frame
Eveybody and they momma better hop up outta my
range
I ain't never been a nigga from a small town
Get the white chalk
Ima show 'em how to?
If they stood Ima knock a nigga jaw out
That will teach a nigga bout coming around the wrong
route
Hit the block in a drop top wit the lights off
Wit a shotgun
Then I knock a nigga lights out
Finna I bop and weave and hit him wit a right cross
Be next to see ya nigga gettin hauled off
I'm the nigga that be runnin the block and?
Yo niggaz know what I got a 17 shot wit a glock and a
mask on
Wit a clip that make a nigga get his ass owned
SHIT why they wanna get me started
Everybody know that I'm already retarded
With a attitude to prove that I'm the hardest artist
I'm shuttin everythang down regardless
Slow Loud and Bangin Ima rep for ever
Comin together for the cheddar and we bout whatever
Talkin donw on us you better get it together

South click finna get a btich nigga vendetta

[Chorus One]

[BreakDown: Billy Cook]

Weee weee weee gon play

If you wanna go to war pick out yo day

Heeeyyy these niggaz better stay out my way

Slow loud and bangin

Slow slow loud and bangin in yo eaaarr oohhh

whhhooowww

Quit scandalizin my nammmeee

Can't you see we goonnn plaaayyy

Stay out my way

[Till fade]

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