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# Kiki "All I Have"

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(\*talking\*)

What's up baby, Paul Wall
I'm Slow, Loud And Bangin' baby
Color Changin' Click-Clack two in your back
Chamillionaire.com, I'm just saying though
We ain't even much tripping on these females
Like that you know I'm saying, these honey dips
We ain't loving these dips
Naw we loving our cars, you know I'm taln' bout
We loving our slabs, we treating our slabs
Like they our gals, you feel me
But uh, we gon let this music speak for itself
You know I'm tal'n bout, it's gon explain it
What's up Trae, break em off

#### [Trae]

See my slab is all I got, and it won't never change You can see me top down on the block, bobbing and weaving through lanes

With the Color Changin' Click, so sick with a trunk banging

Paint staining leaving the block wet, just like as if it was raining

I ain't the one to be capping cat, but my slab be off the chain

Four T.V.'s and a PS3, tinted up high when I swang Maabing in the old school, but I'm looking so playa With a 4-4 cocked under my seat, cause I'm ready for haters

With wood all on my do's, 20's shining like I was smiling

Profiling like I'm a G, and a G is what I'ma be I'm on dubs with my drop top, with a trunk popped On a bop that wanna be jocking, my balling'll never stop

### [Paul Wall]

When I pull up to the red light, people breaking they neck

Cause everybody rub a neck, and like I got in a wreck I'm in a slab Jimmy slab, so I guess I should mention

That my purple people eater's, the center of attention My car's kinda similar, to the leaves in Autumn Cause the paint changing colors, and the T.V.'s falling I'm in a foreign BMW, with the chrome all shimmering The INS harass me, cause my car's an immigrant My gray goose Mercedes, got a green card as well With lap top T.V. screens, is sponsored by Dell Chamillionaire.com satellite, I'm logged on when I drop Posting messages until I arrive, I love my slab baby

[Hook: Charlie Berry]
See my slab, is all I haaave
Candy paint dripping, buck on leather
T.V.'s shining, swinging on glaaass
Top fell back, in sunny weather
Watching haters watch, as I fly paaass
In a old school, that floats like a feather
Roll slow up the block, and crawling my slaaab
Now they all know, we stacking our cheddar

## [Jay'Ton]

I'm addicted to balling, my screens steady be falling Dedicated to being playa, so them boppers be calling And loving the way I swang, banging and gripping grain

Riding the boulevard, till the neighbors start to complain

Balling is a habit, and I can't stop if I wanted I pop the trunk clicking screens, so my face'll be on it I tried to stop and catch a bop, but my rims kept going I'm crawling two miles per hour, so everybody be blowing

I'm 17 diamonds gleam, harder than Mr. Clean Shining showing reflection, so niggaz think it's a dream I'm a Southside S.L.A.B. nigga, representing it wreckless

With plates under my slab, that read "don't fuck with Texas"

#### [Lil B]

My seats recline in my slab, that's all I have fuck a lady Cause I'm infatuated with droppers, and bubble eyes on Mercedes

Candy coated paint when I floss in the winter, or summer time

Still I be slip and sliding on buck, while my trunk stay on incline

I shine and I grind daily, bopping hoes wanna date me and rape me

But a nigga be dismissing 20 of em, my slab lady Lately a nigga been in a daze, thinking bout the wood on my dash

So I commits to swing and bang beat up blocks, with my mind focused on cash

Won't crash holding my wood grain, Hiram-Clarke repping my hood mayn

Lil B repping S.L.A.B., Slow Loud and yes a nigga do bang

In a slab that's all I have, I'm still balling out of control Sitting low crawl slow in a fo' do', as I drop my top screens unfold

(\*talking\*)

For real, know I'm tal'n bout
We love our slabs, more than these hoes
We put our money into our slabs, not these hoes
It's pimping, you know I'm saying, but shit
It's plain to see, I love to take the top off my bitch
Raise they ass up and wave it on you hoes
Slow, Loud And Bangin' style, you feel me
I know y'all feel me

[Hook]

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