

Killing Toad

"What You Gone Do"

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(*talking*)

S.L.A.B., Slow Loud And Bangin'

Niggaz thought we was missing in action

But now we back in they face

Tell me what the fuck they gon do, now that we

(*Ludacris*)

We bout to take off, so F what you heard

Because my side mirrors flap, like a fucking bird

And for the fools we gon clock one, and we'll pop one

Cause my folk riding shot gun, with a shotgun - 2x

[Hook - 4x]

Tell me what you gon do

When, I'm coming for you

[Jay'Ton]

Who a nigga 17, that you know with a strap

It's Jay'Ton, coming from the lower part of the map

Watch what you say bitch, cause your phones is tapped

I'm riding in my Buick, creeping with my heat in my lap

When you see me coming move, 'fore you get ranned over

Can't you see, that the Down South is taking over

If you don't believe me bitch, I'ma have to smoke you

You gon be that next witness, meeting up with Jehovah

Tell me what you gon do, when I grab my tool

And I cock that bitch back, fin to (act a fool)

So tell me what you gon do, when I swoop the block

And kick your do' with thugs, that'll (act a fool)

[Lil B]

You a chump ass nigga, that I really don't bar

That's why I'm grabbing a Mack, letting off shots through your car

Who I are, Lil Beezie fa sheezie I leave em greasy

When you get out of line, I promise you gon have to see me

Believe me, I bust rounds until my clip is empty

You tell me fuck around and rush with a pitbull attitude, not friendly

You rookie, that's sweeter than a fresh odor spanked
Ma cookie
Better duck before I bust, and leave you wetter than
some hot pussy

[Mike D]

Give a fuck, nigga
Pulling up slow-mo, ready to buck nigga
I'm out the rooftop let out duck nigga, too late you got
stuffed
That's what they get for playing with me, I don't give a
fuck
Mike D Corleone, bitch I'm back home
Playing spot back, so nigga bring that shit on
That glock your own, gon be hurting tonight
Hit it ghetto-burg yellow tape, working tonight
I'm like good yay dog, if you serve it right
But don't play my nerves nigga, I'm the nervous type
I got a itchy itchy itchy, itchy trigga finger
Let the K drop out, a hundred shots in you

[Trae]

Hit your block, in a black mask
On they ass, flipping in a Nova
Coming out, strapped up like a soldier
When I hit the lights, you know it's over
Ain't no drivebys, on you wise guys
On the low, coming and slide guys
In a Maab, labeled no guide lines
In all black, with no bean pies
Tell me what you gon do, when I'm coming
They be coming the rhythm, I ain't bumping
And I bob and I weave, and a left
And a right quick blow, till your head be lumping
And it ain't, no Baretta
When I'm face to face, coming to get you
Hit you with Guerilla Maab, and that S.L.A.B. squad
With red dots, so we don't miss you

[Hook - 4x]

[J-Doe]

I'm so tired, of being humble (humble)
I'm fins to hit your block, in that Matchbox black
Hummer
Hit the lock, and let it rumble (let it rumble)
'Fore it's missiles twist and turn, plus them hoes tumble
Hold the rock, we never fumble (never fumble)
When it hit, you feel the burn scream and just mumble
It's S-Dub Vaulters (Vaulters)
Walking around, with two toasters on the holsters

And if it's drama, I'm the closest (I'm the closest)
Don't need to invite us, bitch we the hostess
It's Dub-V and S.L.A.B. (S.L.A.B.)
Somebody call Sound Scan, cause these tracks getting
S.L.A.B-ed

[311]

Y'all already know, we the cream of the crop
Whatever bitch that's throwing his gums, then that's
the bitch we gon drop
We keeping it hotter than a sauna, your whole click fin
to get rolled over
Like a stick of dro when I blow you, left-right uppercut
when I fold you
S-L-A-B repping, betting none of you niggaz can come
and bump with it
Holding it down throughout H-Town, all the way back to
Tex-City
3 let it get loose again, S.L.A.B. hitting hoes choosing
and
Running these old turtle ass niggaz, back up in they
shells again
We bout to blow you to the table, crush the tension
We done had enough of the small talk, and enough lip
from you bitches
So keep your smiles and kisses, friendly shit out that
bitches
I'm the type of nigga that'll turn a so-called gangsta,
back religious

[Big Pup]

Here I come, coming to get you
You niggaz don't get the picture, till 40 rounds come
hit you
I'm the hard nigga, in this bitch with Maab niggaz
And we disregard niggaz, cause we taking charge
nigga
You was running your mouth uh, now that's gon
Make a nigga run in your house, and put the gun in
your mouth
I see the fear in your eyes, bitch
If I so much as see a tear in your eyes, I'm gon
materialize
You better realize, me and my niggaz we be Guerillas
Some go-getters, so if I want you I'ma go get you
I'm bout to go nigga, nothing else matter
When the 40 hit your brain, won't nothing else splatter

[Hook - 4x]

