

Kim Cares

"Wreckin"

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(*talking*)

Ah-ha, we Slow Loud And Bangin' you heard me
You could believe that, y'all ain't ball what we bringing
this year
We busting heads ducking FEDs, you heard me
You better watch your broad, cause she will get tossed
Believe that, Clue holla at your boys man
We down here doing it just like y'all
We bringing it man, we coming for it

[T.C.]

I'm dope, like a pound or ki
Shut the fuck up, and listen to me
Your boy bout Mack-matics, hustle game drastic
The way I make them birds flip, like gymnastics
Pull the duct tape and rope out, on a dope route
23 inch rims, the boy gotta poke out
Duck a FED, lil' one bust a head
Get the bread all day, that's how I play it
Ain't got time for that dumb shit, cousin catch a cut
When I drop my nuts, whodi heads bust
Spend a lot of big faces dog, in God we trust
And if you flexing up, whacking you is a must

[Trae]

Let me introduce you, to the young gunners
In a six, top down living stunners
I'm a pimp, game I gotta run em
My money, bitch you ain't getting none of that
With a brick and tank I'm hauling that, on the way to
Louisiana
I got stangs off in Savannah, with my nigga Shot in
Atlanta
S.L.A.B. Slow Loud And Bangin', it's plain to see we ain't
changing
The block get bled wherever I'm hanging, everyday all
day I'm stanging
D-Bo and Rick in a Expedition, T.V.'s in a 2K3 edition
Black on black tint, so niggaz missing
With a throw away glock, that a nigga ditching
I ain't the nigga, that you wanna play with

I might click, then I might start to spray shit
Everytime I come out they cop this, cause they know
they cannot stop this
M double A-B, anytime I swang you know I'm a G
S.U.C S-L-A-B, for life till I D-I-E

[Lil B]

Lil B, popped up in a six
On a constant grind, steady hitting licks
Riding hell-a-chrome, getting hell-a-dome
From a thoed, Louisiana yellow bone
With my nigga T.C., you boys really don't want it with
me
Moving bricks, from N.O. to A.C
Still repping S-L-A-B, S-L-A-B
I be the one that'll leave you numb, with my lil' kin folk
Jay'Ton
Dropping bombs, gripping guns
Slow, Loud And Bangin' is number one
But this ain't Nelly, shots letting off through your pelly-
pelly
If you try to shortstop my feddy
Like Archie Eversole nigga we ready we ready
Told you boys, we was ready for war
Like the Mafia, we above the law
Breaking jaws doing raw, sending bullet holes through
your foreign car
Only for the pay day, running through hoes like a Texas
Relay
On the block, with Shae and the BJ
I'm still pushing, these rhymes like weight

[Kendro]

Don't get the underground twisted fool, a nigga played
it
Now they hating and hack and deleting, faggots out
my bracket
Cooly D's on swoll, but it really feel like it inhaled some
potent chronic
Dro flows loc blows, still tracks like hop scotch
Back off in the mix I'm in it, still I be diminishing
contenders
And I him they ass up, like suspenders
With seven to your back, like Mario Elly
Pop a pill-y of the X, and run it all through em really

[Jay'Ton]

I be that nigga sitting thoed, through the lot
A nigga like me, gotta bleed the block
Your little boy Jay'Ton, gotta drop the top
With brights and tearing, the G-Spot

I might take a hoe to Mo, knock her down
You know how we do it, up in the H-Town
That's the Down South, golds in my mouth
I be that pimp, with hoes on a route
Gotta get my cash, pick it up and then I hit my gas
Burning off, like a shotgun blast
Ready to put my foot, in your ass
Then again, I'm in another mode
When I'm throwing bows, on 84's
With a yellow hoe, and a calico
Slow Loud And Bangin' till the day I go

(*talking*)

Ha, sit back and feel this one
S.L.A.B., Volume motherfucking 4

Trae in here hollin' at you, you know how it go
S.U. motherfucking C. baby
S-L-A-B, Guerilla Maab, South Klique
H-Town's finest, you feel me
Oh yeah 3-Deuce you on lock boy
But you know I'ma hold it down for you
S.L.A.B. forever, know I'm saying
R.I.P. Screw-U, Mike D I see you just touched down
Put it in they face, my nigga
Gotta keep it gangsta, what up Carlos
At that Top Dollar, appreciate you
For the motherfucking instrumental
Now they can't stop us from making hits, ha-ha

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