

## **Pimp C f/ Corey Mo**

### **"Slow Down"**

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Quart a Mo' (whas happenin?)  
Sweet Jones  
I see a lot of niggaz in this rap game man  
Niggaz moving too mother fucking fast  
Y'all niggaz need to...  
Slow down (know what I'm talking bout, hol' up)  
Niggaz poppin pills, sippin bar, smoking fry and God  
knows whatever else  
Niggaz on that Malcolm... X  
You know like that nigga Breeze said, man the hood  
gonna catch up with you  
man  
You know what I'm saying?

[Pimp C]  
Peep up in the city with the hoes showing ass and titties  
I'm a ghetto star, and the game's a pity  
Cause most niggaz get took by the street fame  
And they can't hold on to their spot in this dirty game  
I see a lot of niggaz sign record deals  
But they fall off, cause they niggaz wasn't real  
But I've been in this thang since '92  
Getting my money, doing what the hustlas do  
Through the wars, having no cars  
Going to jail, rapping behind bars  
Putting it down wit my beat  
When we was broke out on the streets  
Trying to come up on a motha fucking Swisher Sweet  
I used to sell weed, then I sold crack  
I used to ride in a old-school gold 'Lac  
Fleetwood wit' cherry lights  
I sold that bitch to that boy Moe, that's why we come  
down at night  
Slow down (know what I'm talking bout?) [repeated]

[Pimp C]  
Bitch now I drive a big Benz (big Benz)  
And spend big money with my motha fucking hustling  
friends  
I don't buy the O, I buy the quarter-pound  
I'm talking Indo nigga, I lay these bitches down

What's happening out in LA, LA  
When I'm out there with the Boo-Yaa Tribe  
And that's how I play (that's how I play)  
And I'm hollerin at Yuk and C-Bo too  
I hear whatcha saying and I'm a do what y'all wanna do  
Cause fuck niggaz need to get hit up  
Bitch niggaz don't deserve no truck  
Snitch niggaz don't deserve to fuck  
Nigga outta luck  
That's why your records ain't selling and ya stuck  
You need to slow down before somebody hit you up  
You need to slow down before somebody fuck you up  
You need to slow down before it comes to get you  
Hit you in your wig and ain't nothing to split you  
Slow down (know what I'm talking bout?) [repeated]

[Corey Mo]

You see this rap game is more than just rhymes and  
beats  
It designed to make money, it starts in the streets  
A lotta niggaz don't follow the rules and end up losing  
Way before their time, cause their records ain't moving  
Better slow down and rethink your strategy nigga  
Have you still paying dues, you can't be mad at me  
nigga  
I ain't looking for no handouts or looking for no friends  
(un-uh)  
My brother always told me nigga, go and get your ends  
And that's what I'm a do, it's the honest-to-God truth  
I'm a stay up on these beats and I'm a stay off in the  
booth  
So all you niggaz hating, waiting for me to fold  
I'm bout to shift to another gear and pass you hoes  
On the cool, I ain't nobody's goddamn fool  
Just like you pack tools, nigga I do too  
So in case you never knew nigga, you know now  
What you ought to be trying to do is on the real  
Is slow down  
Slow down (know what I'm talking bout?) [repeated]  
Hol' up, slow down, uh  
Get your mind on your money  
Cause your records ain't selling  
Nigga [repeated]

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