

Slow Down

Derek Minor

Tell them, tell them boys pour up, drink till you throw up
If they, if they hatin', hatin' you gon' tell 'em get their dough up
Party, party, party through the night till the sun up
Hustlin', hustlin' all day, no breaks till you come up

You better slow (down, down, down, down, down, down, down)
You better slow (down, down, down, down, down, down, down)

You got green, purp, brown, white, gone almost every night
Bad one at the crib, when you get home she gon' get you right
You don't play games and they know what's up
If it ever go bad you gon' pop your trunk
And you spend dough on that Keisha, them boys better duck when they see it
You got plenty guns, if you need to, you gon' fire off with that nina
It's get dough, then more dough, it's smoke dro, then more dro
You feel like that's real life? Oh no
Get all the girls that you want, that ain't gon' make you a man
Waste all the time that you want, you ain't gon' get it again
Body yourself and keep thinkin' you winnin'
But you know in your heart that this ain't really livin'
I am your brother, I want so much more for you
You could be more if you listened and slowed down

You ain't really 'bout that life, you ain't never been in no trap
You ain't never bust no strap, bang no loud, you ain't never sold no crack
See the only thing you poppin' is a pill, homie chill
To drop on you G, but we know that ain't real, who you killed?
Talk so hard my dude but we know it ain't true, I know that's fake
You claim you what? Hold up, who initiated you? It's cool, I'll wait
See I know real killers, real killers, real gang bangers, real drug dealers
And they ride around with that work, and tell me they don't go to church cause they thugs
And they pack them pistols in the back of vans in the back of vans, seasoned shooters holding Zatarains
Light your block up like Afghanistan, duh, duh, duh, duh, choppers like a Taliban
Homie understand, when you playin' with the flame
That you're bound to get hurt
Tryin' to be a bad boy, 'posed to mess around and get smart
But we know you ain't down to get murked
You better slow down

Man, hold up, tell them boys to pour up
I love the feelin' till you kneelin' on the floor to throw up
Man, hold up, see I done came down
We either snoozin' or we doin' time
Either way we losin' time
We tell them boys to slow down, they like what for?
Cause it's about to go down, oh you ain't know bruh?
All of it, yeah all of it, ruins lives but y'all all love it
I ain't innocent though cause we all does it
But I'm close enough to see it's all nothin'
Chasin' after the wind, you never will win
It feels good again and again but leaves you empty again in the end
Chasin' after the wind, you never will win
It feels good again and again but leaves you empty again in the end
Hold up

Tell them boys pour up (Choppers like a Taliban)
Tell 'em get their dough up
Party, party, party (Feel like that's real life)
Hustlin', hustlin' all day, no breaks til ya come up
You better slow (down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down)
You better s-s-s-slow (down,down, down, down, down, down, down, down)