

Slappin

E-40

This motherfucking yay
Got me not knowing how to act
Bout to fuck on this bitch in the back
Yeah, get her ass fucking slapped
Yeah, and this motherfucker slap
Aye, aye, said this motherfucker slap
It's slappin
Said this motherfucker slap
What's happening?
Said this motherfucker slap

I got the mouthpiece of a ventriloquist
When I'm talking business, I barely move my lips
I don't want no suckers and counterfeits in my mix
I don't want them around me, I don't need em
If you find a real one like me, tell em I want to meet em
It all depends on how you breed em
And who they come up under
Your plug might be jealous cause you took his thunder
Let him know you recognize him as a factor
One of the rules of power, never outshine the master
Slurricane in my cup, category fifth
All on SnapChat, taking hell of flicks
Some of my fellas is sober, some of em smoking dope
Some of my fellas is older, some too young to vote
Rapper now but used to be a dealer, a dealer
Got enough paper to have your best friend kill you
Release the silent ones up in the Benz
What you yelling?
I'm yelling real nigga over everything

Homeboy bought a rollie and his shit get taken
Invisible sets, rocking like my shit went missing
When the ice hit the light, it twinkle and glisten
If my shooter get shot, then I'm a finish his mission
Currently on my second tour ever, this feels like heaven
They calling me the dude no Devin it's for my sevens
I if I'm summit, I buy, buy nothing
I'm my own damn boss, I can put you onto something
And on tuesdays I'm rocking with my Uzi
Slap a dumb whore to knock me off a Toupee
Yolo whipping and product repping Crest Toothpaste
I flip a coin and take a life just like I'm two face
Elevated on my high horse now can't come down
My achievements speak loud I'm a lil child
Walter hit me on my cell, look like Neffy knock this out
I need that blapper shit that slapper shit
That'll blow a speaker out

Aye, aye, learn about it
Having so much money it takes me two weeks to count it
Baby girl got kicks, make her booty shake, she got talent
Hit it from the back, her knees shake and she lose her balance
Woah, woah, hold up, thirty-six, twenty-four, she a double D cup
Doing splits on the floor, bust it open in the club

All them bitches jealous cause niggas showing you love
Popping my collar, drinking my drink, and making my presence known
Vanille Tobacco Tom Ford cologne I got on
You can tell by the way I carry myself I'm a star
These Cartier buffs my face cost more than your car
From a dollar man to a millionaire they stop and stare
Look at my IG, I'm everywhere
That and they just be liking me cause they know I'm the guy, guy
Blowing this tree put it in the air like wifi