

Slo-be Mode

EBK Jaaybo

Slo-Be mode

(Chris Bone)

Ayy

Since a puppy, I been certified
Ain't on the roaches, right now, I'm tryna hurt a fly
Moms see an angel, she ain't never seen my murder side
But moms know her son been diggin' graves, ain't never told her lies
Ayy, tell your mom stay in the house before I smoke the bitch
Cap in them songs like we don't spin, but niggas know we slid
The Glock was new kid yesterday, I just broke it in
Even if I'm caught, I'm still gon' act like I don't know the bitch
Blowin' up my phone from blocked numbers, what the fuck you on?
Stupid-ass slut gon' bust it open 'cause I got some cho
Don't act like you see niggas movin' weird, 'cause I'ma pop the door
Told my bro to X me from the hood if I don't slide for Slobe
Don't fuck with niggas from the North if they ain't Val or Verde
Ayy, real shooters, I make demons come around nervous
Play with my house and lose your kids like the child service
Niggas act that hard to come through slidin' through the ass servin'
It's not a nigga 'round me loafin', everybody strapped
Just left Scribner Street, where was everybody at?
And I'm with Rico from the ten when niggas come to Sac'
And aha, a flag just got squashed, bring your brother back
Suckas killed Slo-Be, now I'm home, another tomato comin'
Shooter on Niles, but in the county jail, he ain't on nothin'
Fuckin' with the opps that smoked my pops, almost smoked my cousin
Fuck West Lane, fuck the Tribe, I ain't squashin' nothin'
1K a rat, he ran his mouth and got his gang indicted
But that's the shit that they condone, the mean, he right beside him
Ain't hear that weak-ass song you made, stop actin' like you slidin'
I ain't have nobody with me when I slide, I bounce out and I'm drivin'
Close-range faceshot, that's how the nigga took it
You wasn't tryna kill your opp, he ducked into a bullet
Kasino mode, if you ain't slide, don't let me hear you push it
Seen me and that nigga dropped his pole, that nigga need a whoopin'
My brother told me rap these songs, I'm tryna wrap these niggas
Your bitch gon' give daddy the bag, you gotta cap to get it
Opened your mouth around real niggas, blood, who asked this nigga?
You know I want him dead, I'm drivin' all the way to Sac' to get him
Boolin' in that Audi thing, it's just me and Lee
Bounced out all on Airport, that was just me and Lik
Did my doug' on Nightingale, that was just me and Ri
I'm overweight, ain't chasin' niggas down, I'm walkin' up on feet
Ayy, who that nigga over there? I'm finna get on blood
Don't hit my phone about the bitch, P, she chose up
Seen him on the North Pole and he froze up
Relationship ain't never been an option, she let bro fuck
I hang 'round with a semi or a fully on me
G-23 get to barkin' like a bully on me
Caught an opp on Spring Street, had to get up on him
Every time them suckas outside, Jaaybo gon' bend the corner, 21