

## Slidin

Fredo Bang

It's Konzept P, tha beat knockin'

You can look me in my eyes, you can see the anger  
I got murder on my mind when I fill the chamber  
Yea, grab the stick, grab the stick, hit and stank em  
I'm gon' road kill a bitch, you know I'm gon' stank em  
Yea, the opps be talkin shit, but they know what we be bout  
I'm-I'm gon' park down the street and wait for him to walk out  
40-40 Glock, extendo, fist fight, gun play  
I told Lit Yoshi hit em in the face cause that's the best way...

(Blatt, pow, pow, pow) And you know that we be Slidin (slidin)  
(Blatt, pow, pow, pow) And you know your niggas dying (dying)  
(Blatt, pow, pow, pow) Yea, we got your mama crying (crying)  
(Blatt, pow, pow, pow) And that's on Gang, Bitch we Slidin (That's on Gang, Bitch!)

(Blatt, pow, pow, pow) And you know that we be Slidin (slidin)  
(Blatt, pow, pow, pow) And you know your niggas dying (dying)  
(Blatt, pow, pow, pow) Yea, we got your mama crying (crying)  
(Blatt, pow, pow, pow) And that's on Gang, Bitch we Slidin

I got a bunch of grandma killers hoppin out these tinted rentals (bow, bow, bow)  
Hollows rippin through your wooded house, tryna give you splinters (grrrrr)  
F-F-Fuck with me and you gon' lay, and I don't speak about no beef (I swear to God)  
I drop a bag on your head, and that's how my niggas eat (blatt)  
I shot em with my left hand, but I'm better with the right (better with the right)  
Yea, Free Tha Landlord, get you rolled off with a kite  
He-He had dissed me on the gram, my niggas asking what's the price (ahh)  
You never know how we becomin, might just slide on a bike (grrrrr)...

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(And you know that we be Slidin  
And you know your niggas dying  
Yea, we got your mama crying  
And that's on Gang, Bitch we Slidin)

That's on Gang, bitch!