

Ooh, ballin'
Who that is that's callin'? Tell 'em that I'm slime

While the silver still slow, the crest is still holy
You should throw it up, I mean it, throw it up
Oh, and every place we go, they already know it's us
They already know that it's us

It's us, it's us
It's really us, it's never them
Every time I think about 'em, I just interlock my hands
Slowsilver general, the first one in command
I can show a thousand pictures, you just wouldn't underst... (s-s-s-
slowsilver03; read it and weep, aha)

I was outside posted with the mob, like shit
"Only woman that I love is my mom," type shit
"But I brought this fame, I came along," type shit
"If you need anything, I'll make a call," type shit
Ovine hall type shit, "I'm the boss," type shit
"They make songs," type shit, "I just talk," type shit
I just...

I just hope I don't gotta get 'em gone, type shit
Get 'em gone, type shit

Ooh, I don't know why you're upset
You doin' shit for free that I would not do for a check
Ooh, baby, I just wanna live
I'm the man in the city, I feel like Pep in this bitch
I'ma step in this bitch
Whole party go up and we blast in this bitch
I'm the man in the city, feel like Pep in this bitch
When we step in this bitch
Oh, we pullin' up and wepeppering him
(Excuse me?)
(Aha)

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Heh