

# Slide

midwxst

Yeah, yeah, oh  
Oh, oh  
Yeah, yeah, oh  
Oh (Buck, buck, buck)

Yeah, uh, I feel like I'm in the NBA, I'm finna lob it to Slump  
Yeah, and if you got problems with Eric, you know we unloadin' that gun  
Yeah, I get on the mic and I punch in, baby, I do this for fun  
You know, I feel like I'm a taser, leavin' my opps really stunned

Yeah, shades on my face, I don't fuck with the sun  
How you gon' talk but don't got any funds?  
I feel like Tom Cruise, I'm finna stunt  
We comin' for him, now he on the run  
My pockets big, I ain't talkin' 'bout Pun  
I got a sword on my back like I'm Trunks  
This nigga pussy, I might take his lunch  
I beat my opps to the punch

Chopper make him do the Nae Nae  
Eric and Wxst, so you know this the gang way  
He talkin' down when we hit him the same day  
M- My niggas movin' the bricks like a LEGO  
Chopper on me and it sharp like a cello  
She fucked on me, now she stuck like Velcro  
Shooter from New York, ain't talkin' 'bout Melo  
I'm finna play with the kitty like Hello  
Six hunnid rich as a bitch, okay  
M- My niggas uppin' the stick broad day  
Spanish ho, she tellin' me, "Olé"  
She eat me up like a chip, no Lays  
The XD is hittin' your lip, your face  
I get the money, it's no debate  
Your money movin' real slow, it's late  
Your diamonds not even cold, it's fake

Ha, ha, ha  
Ha, ha, ha  
Ha, ha, ha (Woah-woah)  
Ha, ha, ha

I think my new bitch is tired of me  
It'll be bad news if you slide on me  
Tell that boy, "Back up", got the fire on me  
Neck Uncut Gems how they shine on me (Uh-huh)  
She tellin' me I'm the one (Uh-huh)  
All these lil' boys is my sons (Uh-huh)  
Up the chopper, I'm makin' 'em run (Uh-huh)  
My shit be packin' a punch (Uh-huh)  
Slump got a stick, we don't fight fair  
My bro callin' on me, I'll be right there  
If she upset, bitch, I don't care  
Got a nice ass and some long hair  
This the winner's circle, don't belong here  
Made hella bands, been a long year (Long year)

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