

Intro

Propain

Donnie Houston

Yeah

Love this shit right here

They say tomorrow's never promised, so live it like your last
Until your ass is 40 with no product from the past
My cousin died when he was 9, and you think you livin' fast
The other side is always greener, just be happy you got grass
Old Caprice with the buckets, we fix it just to flaunt it
Idolize the dudes who hustle, since a kid that's all we wanted
That slab'll get you killed, the elder think it's stupid
But that's the life we live when you was born and raised in Houston
One-way tickets out this ghetto don't come around too often
Unless your rhymes is awesome or you jumpin' 'round with Spalding
That's what youngin' minds is lost in, not a fuckin' dime is offered
To mothers in the slums, all we promises now is coffins, fuck the globe
Niggas doin' whatever when the budget's slow
Crime pays 'til the .9 sprays then you're gone and we just gotta love your soul
Niggas dyin', mane, tryna find fame, it's a cryin' shame, the game rubbed the
e bro
Got 'em buyin' 'caine, tryna dime slang, just to cop some kicks and a couple
clothes
But them just roadblocks, the limit is the sky
And most of the time we fail was 'cause our ass ain't even try
Underdogs but the top we tryna grab
I dedicate this song to all my niggas ridin' slab

We just keep on grindin'
Sun down, sun up shinin'
Clear my thoughts while I be ridin' slab
We can't keep from shinin'
Success is just a ladder we climbin'
Sun up, sun down, we be ridin' slab

Yeah

Dedicated to the people in the struggle
Dedicated to the ones tryna get out it
It's a long road, man
And you know, sometimes we can't see that light, that light at the end of the
tunnel
But we still keep it movin', mane, we still keep goin'
Still grindin', just tryna get it
Huh, ridin' slab, man
That's our culture
That's what we was brought up on
But it's a double meanin'
Just like with anything in life, man, you don't start off with much
You know you may have the old school car beat up or whatever
You gotta get it fixed up
You gotta get that paint, get them rims, get that music
Make it right
Ridin' slab
From nothin' to somethin'
And that's how we look at life
Children graduate, that's ridin' slab
Nigga get locked up, do his time like a man, come home, take care of his fam

', that's ridin' slab
Shawty got them kids ain't got no help, but she still on the grind, she's still makin' it happen, that's ridin' slab
It's the finished product, baby
I welcome y'all to our world
Rest in peace, Pimp C

This is for my niggas ridin' slab (Ohh)
Man, I know sometimes it's like this is all we have (This is all we have)
And even though they might not understand us (Even though they don't)
It feels good comin' down on them swangers (Come on)
And man, I swear that candy paint so pretty (So)
Drop the top, I pop the trunk, I'm puttin' on for my city (Ooh, yeah)
And let the grown woman lead the way (Lead the way)
I hope I live to ride another day (Ride another day)
Ooh, yeah
Ooh