

Ridin' Slab

Propain

As a kid I used to watch all the dope boys floss
Dreamin' for the day when I could (Break them boys off)

Uh, bad bitch and we tippin' slow
Hit the scene turnin' heads
So fine she get me hoes, click and pose
Chrome heels on her but the lips is swole
Turnin' lanes she drop the top
They askin' where the stripper pole?
Niggas know, in any parkin' lot I crash spots
15s up in the trunk, bought my bitch them ass shots
I blast Glocks, on any jacker, get a homicide
To take her, gotta kill me
That's the real meaning of ride or die, I'm home

Shawty say she wanna ride with a G
Ride with a G, ride with a G, she wanna ride with a G
So I let her roll with me, I let her roll with me
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Ay, I got the dash lit digital
Ridin' slab critical
Take ya to the play pad boo, give you a physical
I promise not to lose control, I love the hoes
From the drop to the bedroom pole, I'm so cold
California kush, California king
Girl you fuckin' with a true street dream that's gettin' cream
Back to this beautiful slab that I admire
Fresh mink, wiped down chrome on every tire
I'm here to take a look at your mind in no time
That umbrella grind just blockin' your true shine
Upgrade your game and leave them broke dummies
760 huggin' the ground on new Asanti's
Hood nigga reppin' the block, that didn't change
Still let the top fall down and cut a lane
A G, kinda diggin' your style but love money
Slab King, crawlin' the turf, it's 100

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You see these cars is like our chicks
And the chicks is like our cars
Top off, sky showin' baby
Wish upon a star
These other lames broke you down
I'm just here to fix your parts

And if that slab ain't for sale
Then I'll forever rent yo, heart
Hold up, you got me stylin' when I show up
My partna say I'm trippin' you got mileage on your motor
But they don't know the feelin'
People wildin' when we show up
Pop that truck, them neons glow
Them speakers poundin' like a smoker
I'm forever grippin' grain, I swear this love is real
Feel so good when you grip that wood
Man I love a chick hood, that'll show that grill
Hit that ave' when I tip that slab
Take a nigga bitch fast
Hoe young Pro trill

Real SLAB riders don't rush for the Kappa Beach
Real SLAB riders don't rush for the, uh, uh
The, the MLK Holiday
We wait and pull out, when we pull out it is a slab holiday
You know what I'm sayin'
It don't matter when I come out, it's a holiday then
Everybody comin' outside cause I'm outside
You understand, yeah, Don Ke, Slab 101

You know they say like
You can't keep too much stress on the heart
There come a time when you just gotta let that shit out
Yeah, look

Heaven knows, this world ain't my home it's like torture here
With all the wrong I committed I'm glad the lord forgives
I promised I'd change, like imma started here
Then son up my words soon as the broad was near
Crazy, tweetin' bout who the fake is
Turn around, I'm dappin' up all them same niggas who hatin'
Born out a bastard, can't name the nigga who made me
If he is, I hate that fact, I'm ashamed that he wouldn't claim me
Fuck it, I'm thinkin' bout all my cousins in the country
Dawg, it seem like a minute since I done fucked with ya
I be on the grind, I swear to y'all I be hustlin'
Probably think I'm Hollywood, I know they think I don't love em
Niggas in my hood, be talkin' bout I be stuntin'
Cause I come through in the coupe
With the windows down on them buttons
Niggas act like I don't deserve it or somethin'
It'd be different if the shit wasn't mine and I was frontin'
Back when I was rockin' them hand me downs from my cousin
Broke as shit, them same niggas was laughin', playin the dozens
Snappin' at my momma cause Jordans wasn't in the budget
Sorry baby I was young, ain't really know bout the struggle
But all I knew was no heater, we keep it warm by the oven
When it rain you can't sleep cause that water drip in the bucket
Rose out the dirt and these bitches ain't gave me nothing
So you right, a nigga stuntin' I'm ridin' through yellin' fuck em
Fuck em, regardless I swear these niggas hate
And tempers raise when these haters think your positions greater
Same bitch niggas that I been knowin' since [?]
Jealous cause I'm out here puttin' food on the dinner plate
You don't ever mention my help, all the tuition paid
The, commissary, the bail money, these niggas fake
And shit'll make you hate your own hood but
I know that'll make mafio [?]
I miss the days when everybody would keep it real

Now they tell me whatever I wanna hear
And money root of the sum, I gotta pray for them
P-R-O in they eyes is just an ATM
Grown ass men in they mind, think I should pay for them
I guess niggas think when I grind, my bread is made for them
Understand I got a niece and a nephew
And a dream to fly my momma to France, seeing the best view
Could help a million people but if I say I can't help you
Niggas quick to say I'm fake, like your concern is so special
Rest in peace my Grandpa, who I'm knowin' heaven accepts you
More than Malcom, Pac, and Michael, was honored to say they met you
But you took a big part of my soul the day you left
You left my granny lonely, family in shambles, and we can't get through
Still pissed at the world, but I forgive you
Took it out in 86' but damnit a nigga miss you
My own partna stealin' that's really fucked with my mental
Tell a nigga that you got him but really they out to get you
A couple thousand dollars how far you think that'll get you
Boy, Karma is a bitch and I heard that she wanna kiss you
A whole lotta fuck shit, niggas tryna kill me
Cause you was doing fuck shit, out here livin' filthy
So now we ain't partnas, you ain't ever gotta speak to Pro
Dumb ass nigga, never bite the hand that feed you bro
Shed a lotta tears, like really I can't believe my bro
But cut the grass, nip through, the snake, trust he'll show
Never did shit but try to help him come up
Backfired in my face