

SLOPES

Warren Hue

You have to say something to me, like we have to have a conversation, real quick?

But you really have to, yeah?

Aye

Summer time shit, I got bands, aye

Benjamin and me, best friends, aye

Swerving these hoes, I'm tried of shawty's

I hate when they not on the ground, woah

Oh my God, Warren like, hello, I'm back on my bullshit

Don't sugarcoat, baby

Fuck it, I still want to coup to be navy or cream color

Coco like woah, woah

I need a crib up in Soho, New Yorky like Biggie

I treated chella like dashing up Biggie

Still got the pack up smoke in my city

Here from Habana she text me you miss me

Bitch, I got bands and they stuck in my pants, woah

Feel me?

Pockets, they dancing like Britney

Bands on me, can't fit my Yeezy's (Yeah)

Dior, the girl when they fit me (Yeah)

Back in Jakarta, they hofer my downfall

Like, come on, like, bitch, I been messin'

And they mad, man

Why you mad, man?

And they mad, man, yeah, yeah

Pull it with a fit, and they mad, man, woah

Show money bags in my backpack (Oh)

Introducing warrior granddad (Oh)

Seven on a wrap, motherfucker, lie roach

I don't dress a bitch with a bright, bright coach

She gon' touch ice while I bend her slope

Ski, ski, west leg, game two stick, one dick

Want to wake the ass up and po

Quarter million dollars on one stage (Quarter million)

Niggas wanna come and switch my plate (Switch)

White man in my pocket, no race (White man)

Shorty a fan with a little bitty waist (Hey)

Bought a new vert, somebody come race (Vert)

Pop two, perc, can't feel my face (Percs)

They don't wanna work, these niggas be lazy (Lazy)

They just wanna surf, I ain't fuckin' with a wave (Uh)

Issey told you I ain't tame, man

Fuck it do you feel me now, I gotta move weight

I ain't tryna move fake no way, yeah (Oh)

Oh, fuck 'em, I just been in my thing (Yeah)

Cut 'em 'cause the mood on strange (Yeah)

Climbing got it all on tape

Trapping like a bird when he caught his case (Brr)

The one that was hatin', ain't make it, got erased (Race)

Food on your table for you eat, say grace (Amen)
I'm going number one, can taste it (Number one)
I was born up a star, I'm an alien (Star)
I'mma sell out arenas and the stadium (Arenas)
I got my gang and my family ain't tradin' 'em (Gang)
Niggas hate let 'em drown, they ain't savin' 'em (Drown)
I turn the pain into pride, I should be proud of him

Woo

Benjamin in my pocket and I'm countin' 'em
Backstage full of people I don't like
So I say amen, gotta pray for the pigment (Aye, man)
Every year, gotta change my alias (Woo)
B-O-T-Y, shawty like the name in the stain
Tell my soul how to track my roles when they watch
Ain't mad, man

Ain't mad, man
Ain't mad, man
Pull it with a fit, ain't mad, man, huh
Show money bags in my backpack, huh
Introducing warrior granddad, huh
Stepping on rap motherfucker like

I was born on a star, I'm an alien
They don't wanna work, these niggas don't want to work
I was born on a star, I'm an alien
I'mma sell out arenas and stadiums
I got a gang of my family ain't tradin' 'em
Niggas hate let them drown, I ain't savin' 'em
I turn the pain into pride, I should be proud of him

Nah, nah, fuck that