

# Slide

Yella Beezy

Let's show us, I said, "Oh us"

(Shun On The Beat)

Ayy

Can't nothin' slide, on my sides  
Closed eyes, four-fives  
Glock nines, roll 'em down  
If you try, you will die  
Suicide, you will lie  
Two shots through his mind  
Through him down, don't fool around  
Blew him down, you will die  
Can't nothin' slide no more (More)  
Can't nothin' slide no more (No)  
Can't let nothin' slide no more (More)  
Can't let nothin' slide no more  
Can't nothin' slide no more (No)  
Can't nothin' slide no more (More)  
Can't let nothin' slide no more (No)  
Can't let nothin' slide no more (Hey)

You can't hide, I'm too wired  
Come outside, yeah I'm live  
I'm too live, got that iron  
If you try, you will die  
You won't fly, no goodbyes  
You too quiet, oh you quiet  
Grab that iron, cut 'em down  
Gun 'em down a few times  
You know I'm serious with it  
Flag his ass for the interference  
Tag his ass with the mini-Semi  
I don't leave no witness, I'm a man of business  
Pants sag, I got plenty twenties  
Black mag with the kickin' Smith 'n  
Fast cash got my fingers itchin'  
Bitch get to trippin', no we can't kick it, hey  
I got some stone cold killers  
If you ain't with it, need to go home, nigga  
I promise I'ma shine when the show's on, nigga  
That nina will fuck you with your clothes on, nigga  
Down for the ride, better hold on, nigga  
Big wax bullets explode on niggas  
I swear I'm your pusher, my dough roll, nigga  
Big old FN, remote control these niggas

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I'm with whatever whatever  
You know I'm with what whatever you're with  
You niggas be messy, y'all talk like a bitch  
I'ma start knock out some spit when you talk when you shouldn't  
Crip nigga lay down the law in this bitch  
How you real, and I see the flaw in you, bitch?  
All you niggas do is talk when it's business  
I swear I cut up, cut up, and get raw in this bitch (Ooh, yeah)  
Flexin', that's too pressure  
Yeah I fuck a lot of hoes, they call me Yella Hugh Hefner  
Knew better, you would do better  
Tell your lil' shotta he probably need to shot better  
All my killers too clever  
Young nigga ridin', gettin' money in a new Tesla  
Nigga strapped up with two Deserts  
Them last year vibes, I swear I'm on a new level  
I swear I got all my guns  
Kill all these niggas, put that on my son  
Young nigga come with a ton of bombs  
I'm bombin' up, free my nigga Young  
Tell me where you're goin' to run?  
Hit you with the Ricky, yeah, go'n and run  
Get-gettin' sticky, yeah we down for fun  
Got a baby chopper with a hundred drum

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