

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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