

# Slappin In The Trunk

## Mistah F.A.B.

Plus i run in the bay like im Roger Craig  
I be all in the city eatin lots of cheese  
Wit my young hyenas that be poppin ease  
Throwin up my tee's  
Puttin on my face  
Shake it like im shootin dice in every place  
When i hit telegraph, I roll through the hat store  
Buy 6 A's caps man then im good to go  
Tell AC ill holla walk out the door  
Hop in my scraper, but i dont close the door  
Leave em wide open all the way baq to Oakland  
My game behind the wheel is one of the dopest  
My train is slippin, but im still dippin  
Police right behind me, & i aint even trippin  
A ticket aint nothin i get em all the time  
Police wanna hate but they cant stop my shine

Chorus:

Slappin in the trunk  
Knockin in the trunk  
Sounds like it must be a body in the trunk  
Cuz there'z Slappin in the trunk  
Knockin in the trunk  
Sounds like it must be a body in the trunk  
Shhh Dont tell nobody, Dont tell nobody  
Shhh Dont tell nobody... It's a body in the trunk

Young Uno:Rappin on the track wit Mistah F.A.B  
It's Wolf Pack in the field with Thizz E.N.T  
15 slappin in the trunk Thump, Thump  
Niggas hangin' out the scrapers goin dumb dumb  
It got more bass then the shit on the streets  
I'm like shaq in miami cuz i still bring the heat  
When the middle touch the pinky and that thumb go up  
It must be that lil nigga comin fuckin shit up  
From the city and the hyphy in the sideshow biz  
Doorz open trunk stumpin nigga's scrapin they shit  
Its that thumpin in the trunk  
That knockin in the trunk

It must be them kickers that's fuckin up ya trunk  
Im still lil uno young hyphy of the click  
And i go dumber then ya average special leg kick  
You can call me crazy but im just a lil twisted  
Cuz i drop more bars then a candy called twix

Chorus

Keon Kash: There's a heavy in the chevy and im slappin in the trunk  
Pumpin on that purple man im stankin like a skunk  
Hig ball on the on the scene gettin stupid doo doo nuts  
On the flo hands high and im screamin like what  
Wit my boy Across and im tryina floss  
Fitted caps white Tee and now feelin like a boss  
Now im yokin poppin pease lookin fresh in my white tee  
Baby get an eye im like oo i think she like me  
Boojie's poppin nikes oo im hella hyphy  
Draft up in rhymes and yo system like an INB  
Got no type hood shit  
Trigga gettin pulled shit  
But i scrape a nigga if he come here wit that bull shit  
Fire on the track plus the beat gon slap  
Droppin like a body like a b\*\*\*\* on the track  
So when you here me comin i be knockin in the trunk  
But i probably gotta body up in my trunk

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Lyrics submitted by mari.

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