The Slap

The Stepkids

I'm every scene but gossip, my weeblization be thug
My music be all in the club an' my fo' 15's be sub
An' my drums an' my brake pads on my car be rubber
My oldest an' my youngest son always nuggin'Bumpin' me an' my Catholic savage, badness
Dumpin' on phony ass, fake ass plastic faggots
Grindin', dippin' an' divin' on fine, pressure
Rhymin', in the 'Lab like Dexter'Packin' Winchester an' a trey Sylvester
Catch a, bitcha, out there, oughta wet'cha
Kinda sorta liquored, liquor kinda sore, measure, grams
Digital scale, green eggs an' hamsYams, candy yams, spam, damn
Loaded my cheese, peanut butter an' jam
Sam'mich, mannish, me an' my Hispanics
Vanish, talkin' in codes like we from different planetsAy, what y'all players grindin' to?
What y'all bumpin', man? The slap
What they lackin' in the trackin'?
What all my black niggas listenin' to? The slapWhat about my [Incomprehensible]players an' West coast cats?
What they listenin' to? The slap
An' I know my down South, Midwest an' East coast folks
Is fuckin' with the slapI've got white girl for sale
An' I don't mean Caucasian, I'm talkin' about Yale
2 way goin' off, like a high school babe
A hundred bucks it cost me for my faulty chip saleAround the corner from Starbucks coffee, talkin' to my gal
My frontin' lil' broad up out of Tacoma, askin' for some mail
Like I'm some type of trick, really musty mouth bitch
Get smacked silly, get smacked sillyMusty mouth bitch, get smacked silly
Puffin' on a Phizznilly blunt, I'm really real
Herbal kill deal, chill pill, scrill deal
Feel 'til Phil, heal skillGrindin', grittin' an' grindin', lurkin', seekin'
An' searchin', skirtin', tellin' that Durban work it
Caitlin Candy's drinkin' an' gurpin'
E an'J brand burpin', [Incomprehensible]Chickens an' birdies pickin' a chef to serve it
Servin', to die for, top bleedin' the block for Ravi
Milkin' the block for 'fetti
Like a pregnant bitch's titties Ay, what y'all players grindin' to?
What y'all bumpin', man? The slap
What they lackin' in the trackin'?
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What they listenin' to? The slap
An' I know my down South, Midwest an' East coast folks

Is fuckin' with the slapTalk my way out of anythin', got my hands off in everythin'
If my money ever got funny
I'd pawn my Walter Potter engagement ring
If I was to pass away tomorrow
With a self-inflicted wound to the melon
Just remember, y'all, I had the mouthpiece of car salesmanWhomp, beat of a gorilla, peel a cap back to the tender fat
Put out a contract, bring you back your hats
Hypothetically speakin', not any time soon
Fly fittest, finest player leakin'
Daniel Boone, boom, boom, boomCreepin', fly right through your living room
While you're sleepin', peakin', tweakin', geekin', screamin'
Chicken is sneakin' but we was supposed to done had a meetin'
Renegin' fakin' in whom I trust
Standin' outside of the club schemin', scammin'Plottin' an' plannin' yammin', Yes, Sir an', Yes, Maam'in
Double agent, playin' a '50s loose cannon, new shoe
You ain't even cool, fool, dude, you a trick
Take it from the Water Man, straight big stickAy, what y'all players grindin' to?
What y'all bumpin', man? The slap
What they lackin' in the trackin'?
What all my black niggas listenin' to? The slapWhat about my [Incomprehensible] players an' West coast cats?
What they listenin' to? The slap
An' I know my down South, Midwest an' East coast folks
Is fuckin' with the slapThe beat keeps knockin' down my rear view mirror
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