5 Ela Remix

Slum Village

(feat. 5 Ela, Jay Dee)All of y'all, is on our diiiiiiiiicks
Stop ridiiin, you might get penetrated
And I'd sho' hate it, if you end up impregnatedWell at least 4 out of 5 niggaz in the place know whattup's or what
Be yellin peaceful cause I got the piece put up
In a box with the rock in the back of the, Lex it protects
I done told 'em that I'm usin my exRomancin the lady
Bitches come to take a chance on my meat
I see that you can't wait to get into my pants
Come and dance on my lap, all real we can get buck
Hoochies on the dance show
Sh-sh-sho' nuff, s-s-slow up, shut up
Shut the fuck and start workin me off
Bitch you pressin yo' luck, who says we're fuckin you up
Shh-shh-sluh, suh-slow the fuck upWe got that boom, bip, ni-gga don't slip
Talkin that punk shit, will definitely get yo' punk split
Your major malfunction, make me set trip
Now we dumpin, on yo' bitch, so don't ask me for nuttinAiyyo hold up a second fella, the Ela
After S is, cash collectin, you jealous
Cause we fly like some propellors, tell a
'nother other we hella, my niggaz, well umYou can't be a bitch in this music shit
You got to put yo' dick in this music shit
My crew put the dick in on the ultimate
I guess you plays the bitch and we beez the pimp
Mr. Kitty Cat, head on the mat, show me where's it at
Knock-kneed pigeontoed, stone cold asshole
Put your mouth on my meat, just call me Rollo
You can't have me, I'm just too dopeYo fuck the cop market, the glock clockin
The dough sockin, the beat rockin, bitch knockin
Your rap mockin, woop woop, stop jockin
Your rap floppin, my whole crew is non-stoppinI put it towards y'all a little somethin about the S
A little bit of fact that revolves, the five helluva elements and all
Visualizin fiver liver, saliva flyin
So the last of the real rap and also assimilizin the slack of slack rappersYouse a bitch, I know what's in the mind of a bitch
Switch, throw yo' hands in the air and suck a dick
Bitch, I know what's in the mind of a bitch
That's why a nigga like you always suck a dickBack to, what I sayin befo' we, anti-you
Steppin to meet we, yeah right then who

Wanna do this not a fair fight, true we
Do what we do just to, shed light on you and you and you...You can open up yo' eyes and watch my crew do this
We got more feel than a clitoris
In yo' eyes I see a lot of deceitfulness
Bring your whole hood and still can't get with thisY'all some hoes, butt-fucked to get enough
What the fuck, just a hoe nigga that can't get it upAnd we BLASTIN~! Fuckin up your whole crew
And laughin, cause me and mines is check cashinOn your back like my 22, hey boo how is that
Matter of fact I need to be smackin yo' ass for how you actAiyyo we pussy eatin, eatin pussy for a hobby
Marinatin, scoopin hoes in the lobbyOur job be, takin what other niggaz got
It's the 5 to the V'n and we cold rocked the spot...
We cold rocked the spot... rocked the spot
And we cold rocked the spot...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/