

# 5 Ela Remix

## Slum Village

(feat. 5 Ela, Jay Dee) All of y'all, is on our diiiiiiiiicks  
Stop ridiiiiin, you might get penetrated  
And I'd sho' hate it, if you end up impregnated Well 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-slurh, suh-slow the fuck up We 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 nuttin Aiiyyo hold up a second fella, the Ela  
After S is, cash collectin, you jealous  
Cause we fly like some propellers, tell a  
'nother other we hella, my niggaz, well um You 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 dope Yo 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-stoppin I 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 rappers Youse 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 dick Back 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.

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