Slippin'

MJG

I'm sick of, here come the niggas with blue steel
Maybe them niggas don't let you slide, maybe they will
I'm sending back slugs to niggas that want to creep
The killer tried taking me thinking I was asleep
MJ, don't give a fuck what they say
You think you livin' large you livin' a slim day
Ain't no motherfucker takin' the shit I worked fo'
See that's the reason niggas get killed and hurt though
Occupation is none, that nigga want to get a gun
Run up and try to get me lay down and get done
Weak bitch, I ain't got no time for cheap tricks
I'm looking through ya shit, I'm able to peep quick
Don't say that, dribble the niggas that try to fade me
First fucking possible chance they want to blaze me
Niggas who real and want to continue living
Put a cap in they ass if they try to catch you slippin'

[Chorus]
They want ya money
They caught ya slippin' baby
They're gonna take it away from you, it's true
They saw ya coming
They got ya running and
Pulled out they're weapons, what are you gonna do

Damn baby it's raining harder than a motherfucker
Hurry up and open the door
Alright baby just don't slip
Shit, ooh it's wetter than a motherfucker, where's ya restroom
First door to the right
We still on for tonight baby
Yeah baby we still on
Oh damn baby, this is a beautiful home you have baby
Thank you baby, let me go get some music on
Come on out of the closet baby, he's in the restroom
Ahh, shit, I'ma beat the shit out this pussy tonight
Oh shit, nigga fuck you, fuck
Give me that motherfucking piece you got on nigga
Oh shit it ain't even gotta be like this brotha, fuck that shit

Nigga I want the motherfucking Rolex
Nigga I want the motherfucking Nikes you got on, ho
Ah shit, nigga fuck this bitch you fucking with ho
Nigga give me, nigga give me what ya got

I beat em' like they daddy never did
The same punk who took it too far when we was kids
The knife got stuck in his back, slick move
You robbed another brother so what did the shit prove
You breaking down killers in bushes when they be hiding
They make a sound, one hundred rounds, I'm landing five
In they chest plates, staying at home
It would've been a niggas best place
Shame to find they in a hurry for a death day
Stopping the heart of any attacker
Got his bitch want to ride with me, don't have to ask her
Bringing action to the field whenever you niggas ready
When you hear the rubber burn, I'm hanging up out the Chevy
With a straight aim, nigga I blew em' up out the frame
Street tops scattered with tricks with false game
You can't pull me off of my toes, I'm still tippy
Now play with ya life, than try to catch a nigga slippin'

[Chorus: x2]

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