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

Lyrics submitted by mari.

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