

Ridin Slow (Feat. Slim Thug, Play-N-Skillz)

Bun B

R.I.P. Guru
GangStarr 4 Life
Goddamn, Primo!
Long time comin', baby
History in the making
It's goin down, talk to 'em, Preem"Say, this here, Pimp C
We fuckin' wit Primo, it-it-it's, it's goin' down, baby"
"My mic is loud and my production is tight" - [Big L]
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin' witchu!"Okay, Bun is on the mic, Premier's on the track
The South is in the house, now what can fuck wit that?
And what can fuck wit this? I take shots and don't fuckin miss
First on your baby mama bucket list
You on some sucka shit, might as well suck a dick
'Cause you bein a bitch just for the fuck of it
And when I fuckin' spit, niggaz get to tuckin' shit
Tryna duck down wherever they can fuckin' get
They better ask somebody
'Fore I have big truck pass the shotty and blast somebody, bitch!
Mastered the flow, the gun and the hand game
Now I'm resurrectin' a real nigga campaign
Fake ass niggaz, we snatch 'em out the damn rain
Take they damn chain, hit 'em with the damn thang
Bang! Now that's what happen when the trigger blow
Aiiyyo Premier, let a motherfuckin nigga know! [Chorus]
"Say, this here, Pimp C
We fuckin' wit Premo, it-it-it's, it's goin' down, baby"
"My mic is loud and my production is tight" - [Big L]
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin' witchu!"
"Say, this here, Pimp C
We fuckin' wit Primo, it-it's goin' down, baby"
"My mic is loud and my production is tight" - [Big L]
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin' witchu!"Okay, Bun is on the mic, Premier's on the track
The South is in the house, now what can fuck wit that?
And who can fuck wit me? You not built up
I'll break ya bitch-ass down and leave you filled up
See that's how blood get spilled up, 'cause you all grilled up
And got the hammer on you, but it's still tucked
'Cause you scared to pull it, even mo' scared to POP
You ain't a gangsta, you need to stop

I'm a type of nigga pull up at a evening spot
Squeeze and pop niggaz 'til they weave and drop, ock!

You the type that gotta call in the goons

I come one deep, strapped like an army platoon
When I get to (Gladiatin') on haters like Leonidas
Niggaz gonna have to admit that he the tightest

You talk a big game mayne, but mine's bigger bro

Aiyyo Premier, let a motherfuckin' nigga know! [Chorus] Okay, Bun is on the mic, Premier's on the track
The South is in the house, now what can fuck wit that?

And who can fuck wit us? Better bring your mic game

Mike Jordon, Mike Tyson, Big Mike mayne

Big dough, big flow, big fight game

Take you out the zone, put you in the right frame
Take you out yor home, middle of the night mayne

Wrap you up tight, put yo' ass on the night train

That's right mayne, and it's the right time

In the right game to get rich like a white mayne

Tryna see how much paper that I might gain

While I still keep it trill in what I write, mayne

Yeah, so let's see who we could trouble most

By hittin these haters with a double dose

Toast! We got it locked like a figure-fo'

Aiyyo Premier, let a motherfuckin' nigga know! [Chorus] Bitch! Yaaaah!

PA to PV, nigga

Bun Beeda, DJ Premier

Legends, in the, game

You don't know? Now you know, bitch!

Threw ya hoe-ass around, while real niggaz come down

Hah! Yaaaah!

Premo, I was waitin on that shit, nigga

I been waitin' on this shit since "DJ Premier was in Deep Concentration"

Hahaha, my motherfuckin' nigga

Love you, boy

Real rap shit, real nigga shit

We gone!

Songwriters

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