

Slow & Tip Toe

Trae tha Truth

[Intro - Trae Tha Truth]

Yeah

Know what I'm talking bout?

Screwed up click

H-Town[Hook/Chorus - Trae Tha Truth & Big Moe]

Hoes be on my zipper

I'm bald fade with the clippers

I'ma I'ma hit the boulevard slow and tip

Hoes be on my hoes be on my zipper zipper

I'm bald fade with the clippers clippers

I'ma hit the boulevard slow and tip toe[Interlude - Trae Tha Truth]

Tryna take a n!gga's trunk off mane

June 27th n!gga, come on[Verse 1 - Trae Tha Truth]

Coming down the boule moving slow

I was draped to drip right out the door

Everything was clean like what you know

You aingt down with Screw you got to go

Riding glass, me I call it fours

I'm the sh!t, you sense it through your nose

Bang all through your body like it's blowers

Pop the door, you feel it through your toes

Rack for rack, I guess I got to count it

After that, it's racks I got to count it

When I'm done, I package, out of town it

I done lost my mind and never found it

Keep a light like I'm Coors

Brand new house, I'm pissed, too many doors

I guess my sh!t way better than yours

I was getting platinum, steel, getting awards

I'm gon go tonight, I'll show you rif

You not tryna win, I'm not your type

Fresh out Texas, might just take a flight

Hit your b!tch and greet her with the pipe

From the back or in the throat I might

Beat it up, you think I'm tryna fight

Something foreign, skin she got was bright

Chain was black, the diamonds on it white[Hook/Chorus - Big Moe]

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I'm bald fade with the clippers

I'ma I'ma hit the boulevard slow and tip
Hoes be on my hoes be on my zipper
I'm bald fade with the clippers
I'ma I'ma hit the boulevard slow and tip[Hook/Chorus - Big Moe]
Hoes be on my zipper
I'm bald fade with the clippers
I'ma I'ma hit the boulevard slow and tip
Hoes be on my hoes be on my zipper
I'm bald fade with the clippers
I'ma I'ma hit the boulevard slow and tip
Hoes be on my[Verse 2 - Trae Tha Truth]
I rep the hood, bottom of it
From the West, therefore you gotta love it
Foreign classy but I gotta thug it
Fvck the crib, I'm tryna shine in public
N!gga I aingt finna play with em
I'ma swing any day with em
I'll trip and the K get em
Jump line, you'll stay with em
I used to be creased up, jeans creased down
Down 16, going south, east bound
I was caught up in the game, no rebound
You aingt sounding like Truth, can't be round
I was slow, loud, and banging
You don't know that n!gga, what was you drinking?
I rep the city from Collin to Rankin
I went to business with Benjamin Franklin[Hook/Chorus - Big Moe]
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I'm bald fade with the clippers
I'ma I'ma hit the boulevard slow and tip
Hoes be on my hoes be on my zipper
I'm bald fade with the clippers
I'ma I'ma hit the boulevard slow and tip
Hoes be on my

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