

# Slow Down (Hellfire Machina Remix)

## Brand Nubian

Slow down  
Slow down  
Slow down Hey baby your hips is getting big  
Now you're getting thin you don't care about your wig  
Now Woolie Willie got a pair of my sneakers  
I wonder where he got 'em 'cause I hid 'em behind my speakers  
The object of your affection is the tree-top connection  
Or basically you love to smoke the wools  
The crackheads attract man they come up to my door  
I don't smoke gems so what they knocking for  
Kids love to feel on you, feds got a seal on you  
Street time is limited to days  
On your crack card you're getting only A's and C's for come back  
Damn it's a shame you're the mighty queen of vowels  
With a wide-eyed look and a rotten-toothed smile  
Used to walk with a swagger  
Now you simply stagger  
From one spot on to the next spot on to the next spot on to the next  
Bitch get a job  
From me you won't rob  
'Cause I'll smack you with a hose filled with sand  
Now give that to the crack man  
You was fly once now you're losing all your fronts  
Started out light on the tip of woolie blunts  
Now you gained a stripe, graduated to the pipe  
Took a long pull, hype  
Yeah, head crack head crack  
You smoked up that stack and admitted you was fat  
(Hey yo X, wasn't that your girl?)  
Yeah I had to drop her  
'Cause she caught on the plastic and I just couldn't stop her Slow down  
Slow down  
Slow down  
Slow down  
Slow down I knew this girl named Tropicana  
She's always juicing  
Producing cash from a sexual task  
She loves men that trick like Halloween and treat  
You ain't paid then your grade is incomplete

You've got to flash dollars, to prove her  
And when you do, she sucks it up like a Hoover  
Taking all your papes like inhalation of ace  
Her nasal passages is filled with money, and it's massive  
(What I am is what I am)  
Well, what you are is a stunt, man  
You're on a hunt and your plan is to take all you can  
From my man and scam  
I've seen your kind before you're not original  
Just a sick mixed up individual  
Giving up the crotch for a fresh gold watch  
Marking off the goods you got going up another notch  
Your ways and actions are like those of a savage  
If the price is right, then anyone can ravage  
Even Monty Hall can have himself a ball if his assets are in order  
What's really scary is you're somebody's daughter  
So don't come around trying to make a profit  
At the expense of another man, stop it  
'Cause you see you're a freak show of the town  
Know what I think you ought to do is Slow down

Slow down

Slow down

Slow down

Slow down

Slow down

Slow down As the jewels jingle from the hot young and single little stunt

A forty and a blunt, that's all she really wants  
But she'll spend your papes and she'll use up all your plastic  
And if you swing an ep you'd better wear a prophylactic  
'Cause things are getting drastic

Slide up in the wrong one you'll end up in a casket

(Slow down)

Sister, there's no need in speeding  
She was doing lays before she started bleeding  
What makes a bitch want to act in this fashion?  
Pulled more stunts than my man Action Jackson  
A real gold winner just like Bruce Jenner  
Lay the bitch on the bed and then you run right in her  
Puba makes no mistakes

She said "Rock me tonight (For old time's sake)"

Picture that

(Slow Down)

You little hooker

Honey got a problem with the bends  
Meaning she likes to bend over, and then she spreads the skins

The hoe is just hoe and that's without no controversy  
She can make the bedsprings sing a song of mercy  
Come on toots you can take a thousand douche  
Scrub that ass and I'll still pass  
(Slow down)  
You're living foul  
(Slow down)  
(Slow down)  
Now see it ain't no reason for you to be out here skeezin'  
'Cause it's not the season  
So if you want to live foul and be a dumb diddy dumb dumb bitch  
Well go ahead  
You're living foul And I'd like to give a special shout to my DJ Alamo on the help out  
Right by my side Slow down  
Slow down  
Slow down  
Slow down  
Slow down  
Slow down

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