

# Real Slow

## Lil Boosie

Lil Boosie Bad Azz  
Take A Ride Wit Me Nigga  
Real Slow

I Roll Slow Through The Ghetto Kid's Holla' Boosie  
This Life A Nigga Livin' Like I'm Starring In A Movie  
    Fresh Out The Jacuzzi Lil Powder On My Chest  
Got 30 On My Neck Turk And Mel Just Cut The Check  
    The Old People Hollin' Bad Azz Boy You Blessed  
Just Keep Your Head Up And Let God Do The Rest Cuz  
    I Ride Clean With Gucci Glasses Eatin' Fettuccine  
    In The Rooms With Savages Got The Screens In The  
    Back Seat, Girls Screamin' In The Back Seats Black  
    Tank, Black Hot With A Dime Piece Yeha I'm For Real  
    And I Wake Up Every Morning Tryin To Get That Mil'  
    Told My Momma I'm Change You Will See That  
    This World Full Of Trouble And I'm Boosie B  
The B That's For Bad Azz Fast Cash That's What A Nigga  
Chasing Headin' To The Top Cuz I Ain't Got No Patience

[Chorus: x2]

Real Slow Take A Ride Wit Me Nigga Where The 5 0 Ride On A Nigga  
Real Slow Take A Ride Wit Me Nigga Where The Good Niggas Die By The Trigga'  
    Real Slow

I Made A Right On Murda Murda Huh  
Time To Smoke On Me Some Purple Purple Nuh  
    Let My Top Back And Cock My Glock Back  
And Now I'm Crusin' Night Time Hit Had To  
    Quit Distributing I Called Up Fire Red  
    She Say She Got Something For Me  
    Shawty She Strait Thugin' That Girl  
    Can Take Something Eat Piccadilly  
    Four Times A Day All The Bad Bitches  
    Like Boosie You Ain't Gained No Weight  
    Motivate Me Girl And Let Me Know I'm Da Shit  
Tell Em' Bout Me Girl So They Can Know I'm Da Shit  
    I Let Down My Window And Stick Out My Wrist  
    I Let The Doors Up And Jump Out Of My Shit

And All The Chicks Be Fascinated Cuz I'm Fresh Faded  
The Hood Glad I Made It Get Your Bread Hatch Baby  
20 Miles Per Hour In The Heat Of The Night  
Crusin' Down Airline Livin That Life

[Chrous x2]

I Made A Right On Holly Road Saw Some Lil Niggas  
Throwing Fours The Lil Nigga In The Black Say Them 24's  
I Told Him Yea And You Can Get Em If You Get A Roll  
On The Block The Cops Hot So We Ride Slow  
No Beat Just The Highs And The Highs Low  
Stop At The Fina Got A Tee And A Bandanna  
A Baby Bottle Of That Lean And A Grape Fanta  
Got My Shit Cut Fresh By My Nigga Poohla  
Falling Asleep In The Chair Me And My Ruda  
I Had To Shake Back Quick Off Of Nestea  
Got Out The Chair Iced Up And A Fresh Tee Steve Harvey  
That's Me Car Up In Reverse I Put It In Drive  
One Destinated Roller But We All Get High  
Slow Motion When We Ride But We All Go Live  
Comin Through That South Swerving Side To Side And We Ride

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Lyrics submitted by BRittany.

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