

# The Slap

## E-40

I'm every scene but gossip, my weeblication be thug  
My music be all in the club an' my fo' 15's be sub  
An' my drums an' my brake pads on my car be rubber  
My oldest an' my youngest son always nuggin' Bumpin' me an' my Catholic savage, badness  
Dumpin' on phony ass, fake ass plastic faggots  
Grindin', dippin' an' divin' on fine, pressure  
Rhymin', in the 'Lab like Dexter Packin' Winchester an' a trey Sylvester  
Catch a, bitcha, out there, oughta wet'cha  
Kinda sorta liquored, liquor kinda sore, measure, grams  
Digital scale, green eggs an' hams Yams, candy yams, spam, damn  
Loaded my cheese, peanut butter an' jam  
Sam'mich, mannish, me an' my Hispanics  
Vanish, talkin' in codes like we from different planets Ay, what y'all players grindin' to?  
What y'all bumpin', man? The slap  
What they lackin' in the trackin'?  
What all my black niggas listenin' to? The slap What about my [Incomprehensible] players an' West coast cats?  
What they listenin' to? The slap  
An' I know my down South, Midwest an' East coast folks  
Is fuckin' with the slap I've got white girl for sale  
An' I don't mean Caucasian, I'm talkin' about Yale  
2 way goin' off, like a high school babe  
A hundred bucks it cost me for my faulty chip sale Around the corner from Starbucks coffee, talkin' to my gal  
My frontin' lil' broad up out of Tacoma, askin' for some mail  
Like I'm some type of trick, really musty mouth bitch  
Get smacked silly, get smacked silly Musty mouth bitch, get smacked silly  
Puffin' on a Phizznilly blunt, I'm really real  
Herbal kill deal, chill pill, scrill deal  
Feel 'til Phil, heal skill Grindin', grittin' an' grindin', lurkin', seekin'  
An' searchin', skirtin', tellin' that Durban work it  
Caitlin Candy's drinkin' an' gurpin'  
E an' J brand burpin', [Incomprehensible] Chickens an' birdies pickin' a chef to serve it  
Servin', to die for, top bleedin' the block for Ravi  
Milkin' the block for 'fetti  
Like a pregnant bitch's titties Ay, what y'all players grindin' to?  
What y'all bumpin', man? The slap  
What they lackin' in the trackin'?  
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What they listenin' to? The slap  
An' I know my down South, Midwest an' East coast folks

Is fuckin' with the slapTalk my way out of anythin', got my hands off in everythin'  
If my money ever got funny  
I'd pawn my Walter Potter engagement ring  
If I was to pass away tomorrow  
With a self-inflicted wound to the melon  
Just remember, y'all, I had the mouthpiece of car salesmanWhomp, beat of a gorilla, peel a cap back to the  
tender fat  
Put out a contract, bring you back your hats  
Hypothetically speakin', not any time soon  
Fly fittest, finest player leakin'  
Daniel Boone, boom, boom, boomCreepin', fly right through your living room  
While you're sleepin', peakin', tweakin', geekin', screamin'  
Chicken is sneakin' but we was supposed to done had a meetin'  
Renegin' fakin' in whom I trust  
Standin' outside of the club schemin', scammin'Plottin' an' plannin' yammin', Yes, Sir an', Yes, Maam'in  
Double agent, playin' a '50s loose cannon, new shoe  
You ain't even cool, fool, dude, you a trick  
Take it from the Water Man, straight big stickAy, what y'all players grindin' to?  
What y'all bumpin', man? The slap  
What they lackin' in the trackin'?  
What all my black niggas listenin' to? The slapWhat about my [Incomprehensible] players an' West coast cats?  
What they listenin' to? The slap  
An' I know my down South, Midwest an' East coast folks  
Is fuckin' with the slapThe beat keeps knockin' down my rear view mirror  
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The slap

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