

Slow Down

Pimp C

Quart a Mo' (whas happenin?)

Sweet Jones

I see a lot of niggaz in this rap game man

Niggaz moving too mother fucking fast

Y'all niggaz need to...

Slow down (know what I'm talking bout, hol' up)

Niggaz poppin pills, sippin bar, smoking fry and God knows whatever else

Niggaz on that Malcolm... X

You know like that nigga Breeze said, man the hood gonna catch up with you man

You know what I'm saying?

Peep up in the city with the hoes showing ass and titties

I'm a ghetto star, and the game's a pity

Cause most niggaz get took by the street fame

And they can't hold on to their spot in this dirty game

I see a lot of niggaz sign record deals

But they fall off, cause they niggaz wasn't real

But I've been in this thang since '92

Getting my money, doing what the hustlas do

Through the wars, having no cars

Going to jail, rapping behind bars

Putting it down wit my beat

When we was broke out on the streets

Trying to come up on a motha fucking Swisher Sweet

I used to sell weed, then I sold crack

I used to ride in a old-school gold 'Lac

Fleetwood wit' cherry lights

I sold that bitch to that boy Moe, that's why we come down at night

Slow down (know what I'm talking bout?)

Bitch now I drive a big Benz (big Benz)

And spend big money with my motha fucking hustling friends

I don't buy the O, I buy the quarter-pound

I'm talking Indo nigga, I lay these bitches down

What's happening out in LA, LA

When I'm out there with the Boo-Yaa Tribe

And that's how I play (that's how I play)

And I'm hollerin at Yuk and C-Bo too

I hear whatcha saying and I'm a do what y'all wanna do

Cause fuck niggaz need to get hit up

Bitch niggaz don't deserve no truck

Snitch niggaz don't deserve to fuck

Nigga outta luck

That's why your records ain't selling and ya stuck

You need to slow down before somebody hit you up

You need to slow down before somebody fuck you up

You need to slow down before it comes to get you

Hit you in your wig and ain't nothing to split you

Slow down (know what I'm talking bout?)

You see this rap game is more than just rhymes and beats

It designed to make money, it starts in the streets

A lotta niggaz don't follow the rules and end up losing

Way before their time, cause their records ain't moving

Better slow down and rethink your strategy nigga

Have you still paying dues, you can't be mad at me nigga

I ain't looking for no handouts or looking for no friends (un-uh)

My brother always told me nigga, go and get your ends

And that's what I'm a do, it's the honest-to-God truth
I'm a stay up on these beats and I'm a stay off in the booth
So all you niggaz hating, waiting for me to fold
I'm bout to shift to another gear and pass you hoes
On the cool, I ain't nobody's goddamn fool
Just like you pack tools, nigga I do too
So in case you never knew nigga, you know now
What you ought to be trying to do is on the real
Is slow down
Slow down (know what I'm talking bout?) Hol' up, slow down, uh
Get your mind on your money
Cause your records ain't selling
Nigga [repeated]