

Slapp

Stalley

I'm in ya lane with my Lac
Woofers bangin in the back
Turn it up make it slapp
Turn it up make it slapp
Turn it up make it slapp
I'm in ya lane with my Chevy
Bass bangin so heavy
Hope the whole world hear me
Make it slapp yeah
Turn turn it up yeah
Make it slap yeah
Make it slapp
Make it slapp

SS digital dash bucket seats
Pipes hangin off the ass
Trunk goin Gorilla the whole box frame rattlin glass 5 mph down the ave
Doors swingin eyes hangin off the paintjob
Sunlight flicker
Stars give the same mirage bendin corners hard, showin off
Foot hangin thru the door
500 horses stompin
Got the whole hood bangin, bet they hear me out in Compton
Right here from Harsh Ave
Where it all started at
Muscle truck extended cab
73 Caprice choppin niggas lose they mind when they see it slapp
Boppas love to hear it slapp
Tv's in the front and back
Pullin off 10 deep
That's how we be rollin out showin out 15's 18's we be blowin out
Volume to the max
Never ever holdin back
Weak niggas think they doin sumn until I pull up and drown em out

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Still unruly when we come thru ya residential Alpines beatin 18's crackin pencils
Shatter muscle car dreams
When the Chevy Impala leans
From the flick of the switch
Make it start dancin down the streets
Like in New Orleans sounds like a second line is in the backseat
Brass trumpet tootin

Noise pollutin
Dayton spokes cruisin
Flip flop shine
Got the block feudin on what color I'm ridin
Sunk so low it looks like I'm hidin
Queen passenger seat ridin
Car reflects everything that I am
Classic and old skool mixed with new skool
Fully dressed new shoes cleaner than a whistle be
Every time I pull up, stares, like they was missin me
Sittin so high you need stairs when you enter the "V"
Lookin down at my competition
Remember when I didn't have a pot to piss in
Now I got windows to throw it out of
And 12 door speakers to blare it out of

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