

Slappin In the Trunk

Mistah F.A.B.

[Verse 1: Mistah F.A.B.]Mistah F.A.B live lav and I'm gettin breadPlus I run in the bay like I'm Roger CraigI be all in the city eatin lots of cheeseWith my young hyenas that be poppin
E'sThrowin up my tee'sPuttin on my faceShake it like I'm shootin dice in every placeWhen I hit telegraph, I roll through the hat storeBuy 6 A's caps man then I'm good to goTell AC I'll holla walk out the doorHop in my scraper, but I dont close the doorLeave 'em wide open all the way back to OaklandMy game behind the wheel is one of the dopestMy tranny is slippin, but I'm still dippin'Police right behind me, & I ain't even trippin'A ticket ain't nothin' I get em all the timePolice wanna hate but they can't stop my shine[Hook]Slappin' in the trunkKnockin' in the trunkSounds like it must be a body in the trunkCuz there'z Slappin' in the trunkKnockin' in the trunkSounds like it must be a body in the trunkShhh Dont tell nobody, Dont tell nobodyShhh Dont tell nobody... It's a body in the trunk[Verse 2: Young Uno]Rappin on the track wit Mistah F.A.BIt's Wolf Pack in the field with Thizz E.N.T15 slappin' in the trunk Thump, ThumpNiggas hangin' out the scrapers goin' dumb, dumbIt got more bass then the shit on the streetsI'm like Shaq in Miami cuz I still bring the heatWhen the middle touch the pinky and that thumb go upIt must be that lil nigga comin' fuckin' shit upFrom the city of the hyphy and the sideshow bizDoors open, trunk stumpin' nigga's scrapin' they shitIts that thumpin' in the trunkThat knockin' in the trunkIt must be them kickers that's fuckin up ya trunkIm still Lil Uno Young hyphy of the clickAnd I go dumber then ya average special Ed kidYou can call me crazy but I'm just a lil twistedCuz I drop more bars then a candy called Twix[Hook][Verse 3: Keon Kash]There's a heavy in the Chevy and I'm slappin' in the trunkPuffin on that purple man I'm stankin' like a skunkHigh ball on the on the scene gettin' stupid doo doo nutsOn the flow hands high and I'm screamin' like whatWith my boy Across and I'm tryina flossFitted caps white Tee and now feelin' like a bossNow I'm yokin' poppin' pease lookin' fresh in my white teeBaby get an eye, Im like oo I think she like meBoojie's poppin' nikes oo I'm hella hyphyDraft up in rhymes and in yo system like an IVGot no time for hood shitTrigga gettin' pulled shitBut I scrape a nigga if he come here with that bull shitFire on the track plus the beat gon slapDroppin' like a body like a bitch on the trackSo when you here me comin I be knockin' in the trunkBut I probably gotta body up in my trunk

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