

# Slow Down (feat. Anoyd & Jitta On the Track)

Chris Webby

Yeah, you can name anybody  
I can make a fool out of  
'Cause I'm off E now  
Absolute Vodka  
And ya girl in the car man  
And she getting electrocute carmen  
Electrocute, cute in the red suit  
We in route by it  
Where we at  
You can't take train to be here  
Start you can chew to chew chew when the Chewbacca  
Still got the first rap that I wrote memorized  
And I know that combination in my school locker  
Wait, yeah  
That's high school days  
The I really really wish I could recycle days  
The generation either it could go two ways  
The Triple H shit or Shawn Michaels leg  
Yeah  
And it's really no surprise  
Ya'll upset me before  
I got slept on the floor  
So I speak for the broke like the Wi-Fi bad  
I connect to the port  
Yeah  
Giving thanks everyday that I'm not dead  
You can't evaluate a word that was not said  
Bumping in the cornballs outta nowhere  
I been running through nothing  
Corns and the cobwebs  
You know I back it up every time that I talk shit  
If rap had a page I would be the default pic  
Convention with a sword and I caught me a swordfish  
And when ANoyd here man it's really important  
I was jaded now I'm swerving in my lane  
Gasolina by the liter in my tank  
So I, so I pass the leader  
Mama Mia it's my race, ya  
So I pump my breaks, ya  
So I pump my breaks, ya  
Slow the fuck, slow the fuck down, yeah  
Slow the fuck, slow the fuck down

Slow the fuck, slow the fuck down, yeah  
Slow the fuck, slow the fuck down  
Hey yo  
(Select your player)  
V-12 in that framework  
While I blaze purp  
I'ma claim turf  
See I'm in the lead  
No catching me  
Y'all slow as Lil Yachty's brain works  
With a blue shell  
You got one shot  
If you mess with Christian  
I'ma catch you slippin'  
Got banana peels in my glove box  
Windows down and them subs knock  
My dude AG got the Midas touch  
So my oil good and my tires tough  
Hit the boost button  
Now I'm fired up  
Y'all gone lose something if you try your luck  
I'm eco friendly in a Beamer, Bentley or a Benz  
Putting that dro in the wind  
Trick Daddy in a sick Cadi on rims  
Don't make me do it again  
Show em daily like I'm Trevor Noah  
I just rev the motor  
Then I'm gettin' over  
Run the competition in my po-position  
Ain't no hopes of winning  
So just taker it slower  
Ain't no baking soda  
I'm that raw coke  
No cuts in 'em  
This is all dope  
Don't listen to none of them laws, no  
I hit the road like grand theft auto I was jaded now I'm swerving in my lane  
Gasolina by the liter in my tank  
So I, so I pass the leader  
Mama Mia it's my race, ya  
So I pump my breaks, ya  
So I pump my breaks, ya  
Slow the fuck, slow the fuck down, yeah  
Slow the fuck, slow the fuck down  
Slow the fuck, slow the fuck down, yeah  
Slow the fuck, slow the fuck down (ok)  
Hey yo  
(Shadow)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>