

Associates

Slim Thug

Ain't no such things as friends only associates
So if you run up on me I'm pulling my gun out of my holster bitch
I don't like watching my back so when I bust I'm a unload the clip
But I'd rather expect you just give me the respect I'm suppose to get
Gangsta shit

All my niggas is gone my damn bitch done cut
I got sum shit on my dome an
Then they love me or what
I'm one deep with my chrome like I ain't giving a fuk
If I got to do this alone fuk it that's wassup
They say it's lonely at the top an you
Gon see who your real friends
No more fo doors I'm riding a coop benz
Keepin it moving ain't focused on shit but not losing
If you don't fuk with me don't fuk with me
It's not confusing
And when you speak on my name watch the words your choosing
You soundin like a hater to me it's so amusing
Instead of moving on trying to do your
Own thang
You recruiting for the we hate Slim Thug gang
But ain't shit change here mayne
I'm still the same
Life good up out the hood shit I can't complain
These niggas say they down but they
Just pretend
I'm ridin solo to the end
Fuk friends

Sometimes I wonder if god forgot about me
And would my people miss me if they had to do without me
Cause anything ain't no love
A nigga you think is yo homie is runnin up in yo girl everytime you leave he
r
Lonely
Each and everytime I leave my house all three of my guns is on me
Ain't none of you niggas is goin to
Be kicking or punching on me
And I learned my lesson about callin my homies when I need'em
Out of eleven one and a half
Shows up and the rest I still ain't seen'em
One deep till I'm on my back
Ya'll fellas out might be on my sack
I'll shoot a
Muthafucker if a muthafucker jump out of line then I'm a put'em back in line
2006 forever gloc 40 with hollows in mind
It's amazing how something so small can flip yo bitch ass anytime
I'm an og original gangster mayne organized general
Army ready to drop off chemicals
64 545 criminals
But it's buisness
Whenever I'm seen with a crowd that I'm not feeling
Enter the conversation and paper in my pocket I'm not feeling

I done seen a whole lot in these 26 years
Never thought I had peers that was undercover queers

Tell these snitches in my
Circle awhile back I wuld've murked yuh
I vouch for me an mine
Till the gavel drop down
An judge gave my time since I hogged up
The ripper
The last time I heard from my niggas
Still in denial in the begginin of my sentence
Two months turned to years and them years
Turned to bitches
Sittin in my cell doin sets of push ups
No money no mail that's okay that's wassup
Momma made a man but these streets raised
A soldier
Where they kill a real nigga make a mo daycloder
I never fold up
I'm a do my time bitch
I'm a make parole hoe
Get out and shine trick
You fuck niggas better stay out my way
I awready wanna blow off yo face
For violating the code nigga