Know what I'm sayin'
We just some young Texas niggas
Hol' Up
Thugga

We ride Forgies in Florence clothes Black doors on fours Forty pointers in the bizzle Put on Ferragamo on clothes Put on car shows for hoes Making sure we get chose Once you see the wrist glow That's when you see your bitch go Bad bitches love bosses and them big exotic houses She takin' selfies in the stars In the red room we flossin' Never askin' what it costs Cash out and I'm gone I know you haters can't believe I'm gettin' paper this long My old schools is new Only bosses in my crew I'm a hustler motherfucker, you can't do what I do Every year something new that's boss like tradition Meet with the mayor in the mornin' No more cookin' in kitchens

Yeah, that's big boss talk
Trying to put a hundred million in the vault
These niggas hatin' but we let 'em talk
Pull up to the dealership and buy 'em all
Yeah, that's big boss talk
Trying to put a hundred million in the vault
We do it for the south, do it for the north
Pull up to the club and watch that money fall

I put elbows on the 'lac I push that bitch to the max Presidential go roly with the white house in the box Used to pray in the night Lord I wanted a slice Win me a pizza hut, yeah by shaking the dice Bury some of my homies Tatted all of your names Had your son sitting with me, last time we sat at the game Coming forward with the starters Look like I'm Harden on stage Got on my baby blue jogs, set of solid gold chains Screaming "God is the greatest" Two blocks for all of my haters Her name slipped my mind, I know her pussy amazing Set the truck on the swangas She gon' fuck her some famous Fuck with' Thug out in Texas You know bosses relate

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