

Boy

Slim Thug

Oh baby..
You can't fuck with me, not on these beats
Not in these streets, any day of the week
You gon see defeat, call ya all ya
That's what you motherfuckers get, for talking that noise
I put the chrome on that large, if it go on my toy
Not Rawface, but when I bling it bring that joy
I'm bringing other suckers pain, cause I'm running the game
They feel ashamed, everytime somebody mention my name
Where my championship ring, I'm winning it all
A triple-double in the rap game, showing I ball
Got high scores, at the house I got some high whores
And walk around the crib naked, doing my chores
Like Chamil get it right, you know Slim hit it right
If I get it tonight, your man won't get it tight
It's me Slim yeah, holla back at ya
Come stack with ya, live fat with ya
Watch my back, and in return I'll show you the game
Stay down on my team, and you'll get you some change
I hold's my own, you gotta get your hood
Buy yourself a note good, and that's understood
Giving shout out's on tapes, protecting yourself
I do this shit by myself, and I'm making my wealth
I wreck you hoes for fun, I'm number one
Your whole career is done, I hope you got a gun