

## Danny Thugga

**Slim Thug**

Number 1 hustle [?]  
Still shinin' like a mother fucker  
I got your girl at the crib under covers  
I gave them a Molly, watch them fuck each other  
Every time I fuck I got hit me least like two bitches  
Ass so fat it look like two Nicki's  
I can't fuck with you boo, I'm two picky  
I can't smoke with you, I only do sticky  
Who the fuck tellin' that [?] still goin' hard  
Got your broad at the crib, about to pull a Ménage  
Happy ending, with a massage  
Which double R Imma pull out the garage  
Still on top, can't fuck with my squad  
Ain't talkin' bout reppin' talking about in my yard  
Imma real nigga, still stay one hundred  
Got it on my own, never been fronted  
Everything the boy tryin' to do, I done it  
OG in the game like Birdman stuntin'  
Used to be braided up livin' on the north  
Now my G's see me livin' like a boss  
Got a meal with my cars, and a million dollar house  
And I ain't talkin bout my crib man, I'm talkin' bout my spouse  
Can't foul out, still throw with the reppin'  
Can't fall off, it's do dangerous trappin'  
Snitches and the feds already on my head  
I guess that's what I get for all that capin'  
Jackets run up, hell yeah I'm packin'  
Lay they ass down in the motherfuckin' ground  
Imma G real, ya'll look like a clown  
Lookin' like BMF when we come through the town  
Hold up