

## Funny

**Slim Thug**

Got bitches, got money  
Laughin' at them haters cause they lookin so funny  
Laughin' at them haters cause they lookin so bummy  
Get where I'm at before you talk down, chummy  
They call me Mr. Slim Thugga, mothafucker  
When I'm on the beats I go raw no rubber  
When I'm on a freak I go deep when I cut her  
Stay up, can't sleep, gotta get rid of this butter  
Fuck some bread, I'm lookin' for some head  
She say she go hard but she'd rather fuck instead  
Thugga bust the pussy open, beat it 'til it's broken  
5 minutes later I'm in my Camaro smokin'  
Hoes say I'm heartless, ladies say I'm nice  
Met her last night and I already fucked her twice  
Hog life, get bitches get money  
You niggas pockets on flat ridin on dummy  
Hustle hard, I'm tryna live large  
Grindin' 'til the Bugatti get parked in my garage  
Got a thick round chick givin' my dick a massage  
But my iPod playin slow jams at the Hog life, appetite for mo'  
I Can't stop all I know is how to go  
One one like Drizzy, bitches keep me busy  
Smoke that sticky icky 'til my head get dizzy  
In the club like "who is she? " I haven't seen her face  
Hour later, she comin' to see my place  
That fast in a flash out of blast  
Titties look pretty with a supersize ass  
Smash then I dash, only stayin' if she payin'  
Part time pimp, part time rhyme layin  
I'm so not, you so soft  
Boys talkin' down but they don't want it with the boss  
I got shooters like Dirk, don't miss  
Cross the line, 3 fingers up, you're hit  
Make your bitch ass get low like a kick  
B.H.O. ho we takin over this bitch  
[Chorus x2]