

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]