

# Ray Charles

Slim Thug

Yeah, hold up, Zilla, Jay, Thugga, Thugga, Thugga, Zilla

I'm in love, I'm in - I'm in - love, I'm in - I'm in - love with that paper  
Fuck these niggas  
Middle fingers up, middle fingers up to a hater  
I don't see these niggas man Ray Charles  
All my bitches bad and they hate ya'll  
All these forgies are like acorns  
Never fall off nigga, straight ball

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I'm in love

I'm in love with that paper  
Middle fingers up to my haters  
I'm on the penthouse outta Vegas  
On that ranch with no neighbours  
Please don't ask me for favours  
I work too hard when you was lazy  
I was up all night taking flights  
Get my grind on you was lazy  
Stop staring at a nigga crazy  
What you staring at would amaze  
I see you came up from the pavement  
Should be proud a street nigga made it  
Fuck you sitting on waiting on a new case  
Then a probation  
I'd rather be in a drop top with a bad bitch at the gas station  
Filling up with that 93, beeing where ya'll trying to be  
H Town down west by the gallery you might find the G  
SMoking up by the street  
Valley grade that the player made  
Sip, drink Moe then next Spade  
Don't be about till I see my grade

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I don't see these niggas  
Don't wanna be these niggas  
I'm just being me nigga  
Keeping it G nigga  
I'm still that niga  
That real ass nigga  
That ain't over hating on nobody  
Still out here with guerillas  
Still smoke weed with the killers  
Still get paid from the dealers  
Still getting that game and guess what?  
I'm still the trillest  
But only real fellas  
It's the hustle talk  
And while you over there hating  
I just got the band out the vault  
To pull up my new house  
Still coming high like a motherfuckin boss  
You niggas out here looking lost  
Some of the hustlas mad cause they ass fell off  
Got two bad bitches butt naked in the bed  
Waiting on a nigga to knock em out  
Got a 50 milligram blue pill that'll make shelly  
Cut em up and sell them

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