

Ray Charles

Slim Thug

Yeah, hold up, Zilla, Jay, 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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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 nigga
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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