

Slippin Away

Slim Thug

(Got Damn Samm)

I'm slippin', fallin', tryna find my callin'
A wife on my menu? Should I continue ballin'?
I'm the type to go all in, never catch me stallin'
My name Big Slim, all y'all must be small then
How I'ma catch up when I'm always in the lead?
I'm tryna slow down, but have a need for speed
I try to dumb it down, blowin' pounds of the weed
But Hoggs want it all, I guess you can call it greed
Avoid all drama, only thing commas
Only answer the phone for my kids and my mama
On my own island, say what's wrong? What's right?
Forty-plus, it's time to work less and live life

Gas god, clouds got me feelin' outer space
This smoke fire, Slapwoods straight to the face
I get high every day, I don't do breaks
Smoke before I hit the gym, I still stay in shape
Feel great like I did as a kid
Plenty cars, big crib, I ain't smokin' on no mid
I'm smokin' on the finest, feelin' like your highness
The number one grinder, somewhere you can't find us
Did it major and the minors, them checks added up
So did my cars and broads, they all bad as fuck
Get rich, get ghost, move close to the coast
Retired in Costa Rica, mamacitas on boats, huh