

Slowed Down

Slim Thug

Texas boys, Houston Texas
From mo'fucking Acres Home to the mo'fucking Tre

Everything is slowed down

Huh, yeah that drank got me leaning
I ain't smoke all day, kush got me fiending
I'm dreaming, cup got me sleep walking
Don't know what I'm saying, but I'm gon' keep talking
Walking fresh J's, stay dressed like I'm paid
I'm millionaire dreaming, fuck seeing minimum wage
Lac sprayed candy, haters can't stand me
Pack the four-five, 'case them jackers apprehend me
I shoulda won a Grammy, realest nigga rapping
I don't wanna fuck your slut, tell that hoe I'm capping
Cause I'm in a 'rarri, or I'm in a Rover
Either or I'm sipping bar, you never see me sober

Don Ke H-Town legend, I do it mean
Po' up some'ing nice, we lean and ride clean
Sipping on drank, tasting on mud
When that oil touch the streets, this winter it might flood
Coming down nasty, hit the block twice
I kill em with the freestyle flow, but I got a price
Ice the cup's thick and heavy, get em ready
We knock em off the ceiling, I'm home this pimping's steady
I ride round with that loud pack, but still need that cup
This 13 and Hogg Life, y'all niggaz know what's up
It's H-
Town and it's understood, we the true home of that purple
Get laid stay paid, no squares in my circle

H-Town, Fleetwood King where ya at ha
Mexicans out that 'Stead man, this shit don't stop
We gon' have the whole motherfucking world po'ing up man
I see you boys out there in that Clarke, Propain G love
Shout out that Southwest, that Eastside
I see you my nigga, all my niggaz out here in Acres Home
J-Dawg, S-G-S where ya at this Texas nigga