

Talking Texas

Slim Thug

I'm from Texas, nigga where the Cadillac push us
Bitches blowing up my phone, but I'm in the kitchen cooking up the work
Still got bricks for the dirt
I be on my grind, gettin' mine, haters hearts hurt
Cause a nigga stay shinin', pullin' up in some foreign
Steppin' out clean to the grand Ralph Lauren
Bitches on my dick cause my paper stacks tall
And they see me everyday in the galeria mall
Bitch I'm 6'6 tall like I play basketball
But I'm still ballin', Slim Thugga never fall
15 years later paper still gettin' longer
And a nigga freestyle game gettin' stronger
Used to [?] on the corner
Now I'm sellin' this to fiends
Breakin' boys off, on swangs lookin' clean
And they looking thick, I'm talkin' all the menage
Got a pitch in my penthouse give them massage
Bentley in my garage, bitch I been ballin'
I ain't never stopped and hell yeah the ho's callin'
Stay blowin' up my phone, tryna get some paper
Garage full of cars, stay shitin' on my neighbours
When I'm pullin' out clean
Sippin' on lean
It's that boy Thugga and I'm shuttin' down the scene
Got a pocket full of green and a phone full of ho's
I be hittin' Pappadeaux, lobster on my plate oh
A nigga like me eatin' real good and I came from the hood
Been the boss, mane and the shit is understood
Still grippin' on wood in the foreign
Bitches ain't trippin', oh no haters I ain't boring
Roll with the strap, got the judge sittin' close
If a nigga fuck with me he gon' get burnt like toast
Cause I'm a real G and ain't playing games
And everybody in the streets know my motherfucking name
I putted in my work, I putted in my time
So now a G like me sittin' back to shine
Lookin' off top floors, still close candy do's
Thugga never trippin', you ho's know how we got by the paper
Fetti got a paper green, I ain't stickin' my dick in none of you ho's giving
me green
You bitches better brang it, Thugga stay swangin'
Hit the boulevard came through game changin'
Still gaining fame and I'm still gainin' bucks
And you bops mad at me cause I don't give a fuck
Them niggas is some simps
Bitch, we some pimps
Walking in the 5th with a motherfucking limp
Poppin' up golden bottles
Section full of models
Yeah a boss like me smash Ferrari throttles
Smash Ferrari throttles, going real fast
Mashin' 6-10 200 on the dash
All about the cash, hell yeah I'm gettin' paper
And I don't give a fuck about no motherfucking hater
R.I.P. Pimp C niggas like me keep it trill
And even when them other niggas fake, I keep it real
Ain't got no deal, I ain't got shit for me

Still gettin' paper, you ain't know I'm a boss
See Imma buy more paper, Imma buy more money
Broke niggas better look at a nigga funny
Yeah I got them looking sick
I took them niggas chicks
And now they all mad cause they bitches on my dick
BHO click and them niggas still rich
Told you 15 years ago, Imma keep makin' hits
Shot out to that J-Dawg, shot out to the Killa
Shot out Young Black I'm talking all my gorillas
C-Ward served daily, all my dawgs from the camp
And we still shinin' like some motherfucking limps
Ain't loving no tramp, bitch I dick 'em down and deuce 'em
I ain't even trippin', hit the boulevard and lose 'em
Cruisin' real slow while I sip on the cruiser
You niggas talking down, but you niggas is some losers
Bitch I'm a winner, shinin' since the beginning
It's that boy Thug Boss I'm still getting