

## 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