

# Thicka Than Water Flow

**Slim Thug**

G'eah Slim Thugger, Killa Kyleon may  
Bitch ass niggas, need to close they motherfucking mouth Killa

The big Boss here to set it off, lay on your flo's  
Before we cock these 4-4's, and blow your brain out your nose  
I'm tired of talking to you rappers, you dudes is trans-sex  
Trying to make a nigga guess, with your down low plex  
Don't sing it nigga bring it, let's gon get it on  
Matter fact fuck all that, say my name in your songs  
You punks is emcees, don't battle with real G's  
You ain't heard niggas is broke, they killing for small fees  
My killers got kids to feed, I fulfill they needs  
And drop em a couple thee, to make your bitch ass bleed  
I don't like having problems, so I solve em quick  
So I bust a tech nine, till the bitch won't click  
The click I'm with is made niggas, hustlers slash grave diggers  
I pop ya or put a hit out, whichever one save figgas  
I got lawyers on my team, that I pay good green  
That tend to keep my record clean, cause they beat everything  
Teflon don, don't shit stick to the Boss  
But these sticky green sticks, that I stick in my mouth  
You think you fucking with my folks, ha-ha you got jokes  
Talking bout you got dope, you bitch niggas is broke  
You frauds don't even smoke, please stop your lying  
Befo' you get in some real shit, and niggas start dying  
And these bullets start flying, at your mama home  
Keep busting towards your dome, until all my drama gone

Boss Hogg Familia, (thicker than water)  
Black talons got em leaking shit, (thicker than water)  
Promethazine got the Sprite mix, (thicker than water)  
Slim Thug, Killa Kyleon niggas not we

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It's on and hopping out of my van, Glock in my hand  
I'm fin to hit private for blocks of surran, them bullets stopping your man  
If they come try to test Kyle, they'll enter his chest while  
And stop his life like west nile, live in the water with reptiles  
Trained killers, that pray on the weak  
My trigger finger lay on the heat, you lay on the street  
My click playing for keeps, no shorts no losses  
If you don't come up off it, you seeing hearts and crosses  
We not marks we bosses, like Sam and Nick  
Merk you behind lil' shit, like grams and nick's  
Get with the fam' and split, in a Lincoln Continental  
Four bodies in the trunk, now it's a stinking Continental  
Be thinking confidential, ay go hide the pies  
Then get with your click, to divide the pies  
Anybody need work, I provide them pies  
With out of town licks need, so I'ma provide them fives nigga

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