

Victory Flow

Slim Thug

Run it ok
Uh gyeah, run it
Ok uh, gyeah, run it
Ok uh, gyeah
Check me out right here, yo
Killa

Rappas don't rhyme forever
So while we here slim, me and you might as well rhyme together
Try to make it to the top, we gon climb together
When we make it to the top, we gon shine together
I got my mind together, ready to make this money
And my nine baretta, ready to take this money
Plus I'm down with chedda, we go [?] and [?]
I raise my arm and spray, if they bring harm your way
Listen, that's right I'd die for ya homie
Bust a few slugs, let 'em fly for ya homie
Bust a few thugs, let 'em die for ya homie
Hit them niggas with the heat, let 'em fry for ya homie
I ride for ya homie, let's take the case
And if the reaper come today, we finna take ya place
And if ya number one, killas finna take ya space
Cause ain't no walkin right here, I'm finna take ya space

I'm in position, no competitor can stop my mission
Made a few new transitions, two good decisions
Listen to the host of the team, with the most
On the dirty south coast, no other team comin' close
You finna see history, I'm tryna see victory
That's why I don't let these frauds, and these brauds get to me
It's automatic I static, I pull out the automatic
Rat-ta-tat-tat-it, till ya haters done had it
Boss of the mob, not personal just doin' my job
Callin' shots controllin' cops, nigga I work hard
Dear God don't run through me, I'm just doin' my duty
And bringin' the real life, when people seein the movies
Me and Killa the perfect match, like trains and tracks
We brang the facts, everytime we bang the wax
You other suckas can't match, this here batch
We shut down all attacks, nigga start from scratch
As we proceed, to give ya what ya need
We bout a hundred miles ahead, y'all ain't takin' the lead
Ya slow pokes just don't match, for our break a way speed
We in a whole nother leauge, then feed out greed
Throw in ya white towels, raise ya white flag
We up by ten rounds, you boys is lookin' bad
I'm lookin' sad, sit by the curb next to the trash
With ya piss poor effort, ya don't deserve cash
I mash for mine, never had to stand last in line
I'm the truth in the booth, when y'all talk trash in line
I designed the flow you spittin', bin fuckin that hoe you hittin'
Bin gettin' that dough you gettin'
You behind me nigga
When you look in front of you, you can't find me nigga
Cause I'm way too far ahead, havin' way more bread
Oh you don't thank so, watch me prove what I said
Compare my car to your car, ya piece to my piece

Ya stash to my stash, ya teeth to my theeth
Ya house to my house, I won you lost
That's why you still lil man, and slim the big boss
Slim t-h-u-g, just refuse to lose
Ya damn foos, I been runnin' this shit since high school
I don't bend break the rules, I pay no more dues
I'm the chief in these streets, I make the rules
Nigga