

# Water

Slim Thug

Huh

Know what I'm talking 'bout?

Slim fresh out the shop man, I say man, let me put some motherfucking music together for this shit

Big wide body ship, taking off at the light

Only come out when that sun out, '4s shining so bright

I was mixing '4s and Sprite before you came out your pop's pipe

I been a boss your whole life

Little nigga get your mind right

This is Texas

And you gon' respect this

Baddest bitches in the city, put them on my checklist

Your house ain't worth my necklace

Thuggers stay flexing

Hit the gym five times a week, so no stressing

Boss like dressing

Hope you get the message

Only got one life to live, I hope you catch your blessings

Look at me finessing

The flow I be undressing, your hoe

Told me please hit it slow

Then she say she can't take no more

Damn bro, life sucks

Like these Instagram sluts

With them big fine butts

In her DM tryna cut

What the fuck too many ballers

Throwing beers, tryna sprawl her

Picked her up in my Impala

Hit it once and I ain't call her

Thugger

Bill

Yuh, let me talk my shit

Uh, never hear Bill talk cheap

Sipping on mud, Ima talk in my sleep

Hoe breaking salt, but it calms my peace

1500 what I got on my feet

This Off-White what I got on my back

Selling off white, what I got in my pack

Don't play ball, but I play with them racks

City Gear niggas don't know about sacks

Just dropped 30 in the 5.0

Roger gon' blow when I ride through slow

20 x 9s in the beeze I'll go

VVS diamonds, yeah I got that glow

Woah, better when I slip and slide

Pretty little face with the hips and thighs

Screw in my deck, jamming hypnotized

'Wood full of gas smoke grip the 9

Cups stay muddy like Harvey hit it

Ain't 'bout the money, don't bargain with 'em

C-O-D, I don't argue with 'em

Tryna take something, I bet a carbon hit 'em

Boss-like nigga got an army with him

Take a nigga bitch, I'm charming nigga

Pocket full of paper like Charmin in 'em  
I'm with the smoke bitch I'm farming, grilling  
Yeah, bitch I put on for my city  
I'm in the coupe that don't come with no ceiling  
Won't take a deal for no less than a million  
Your bitch American, that's how I'm feeling  
Ice on my neck got me cool so I'm chilling  
Rapping ain't working so I'm back to dealing  
I ain't went broke that got him in his feelings  
Go get forensics I'm making a killing, yeah