

Welcome 2 Houston

Slim Thug

Slim Thugga, Motherfucker!

Now welcome to the city of game, piece of chains and swangs
Pop trunk and bang, yeah I'm still here mayne
Born and raised on the stead block, braids no dreadlocks
Married to the hood me and Sunnywood wedlock
Niggas way my home, I'm an outside veteran
Reppin' H-Town, smoking sippin' on some medicine
That ain't nobody better than the boss when I flow
It's Slim Thugga Motherfuckers, still breaking boys off

Hmm, got plenty cheese, plenty carrots and you looking like some caterers
And it's looking like you haters and you fakes is imitating us
Shaded up, braided up and I bet that trunk you bladed up
Bet you still crawling on 4's, so they ain't fainting us
In the hood I'm a grinder, wood on the vinyl
TV VCR lay back with your mamma
You ain't never seen a grinder that grind the way I grind, huh
Top off the drop still listen to Tomma

Still, still wrecking boys off
Hmm, candy painted with the lows you can hate but that's the way we ball
Still wrecking boys off
Hmm, getting money's what I'm bout, I'm a get it while he's in his judge talk
Still wrecking boys off
Hmm, gotta do it for the north, got to do it for my hustler's in the south
Still wrecking boys off, boys off
Sill wrecking boys off
And when I do it I'm a do it like a boss
Still wrecking boys off

MIKE JONES!

I still represent H-Town: the city of the candy
They see me with a lotta, huh, but they don't understand it
They said they never see ya boy, how you gettin' this grind on?
Hannavilly take ya piggy I gettin' my shine on
I sold two million records now my paper on swoll
Now the mayor of the city, top down when I roll
H-Town, home of the candy paint
Home of the 84's and vogues and the purple drank

Yeah, it's the city that's slowed, the city that's throwed
The city where them boys get they candy painted lows
The city where they build big killer and stay blowed
Hustlin' ass D-boys got the game sold
Where they sip that drank (sip that drank) and drip that paint (drip that paint)
And drop that top (drop that top) and grip that grain (hold up)
6-10-I-10-59-45 in the belt
This clutch city where we play what we dealt
Welcome my H-Town

This town's my home it's where I do my dirt
Where the gangstas smoke water? we drank stains on the shirt
We ride swangin' chop blazed just to break boys off
From South Park to South West how we wave to that North

I'm talking tenth wheel and Carvadale and Greens Point Two
From Denport Harbor to West Airport all the way to Channelview
We steady bangin' on this screw, it's choppin' like Kung-Fu
Hit me on the 8-3-2, Paul Wall what it do

Ha

Nomtombout?

Purple so muddy I can barely even drive
A blowing down trees like a category five by
Southside of H-Town that on the sunny side
I can walk these streets if I was blind, nomtombout?
Yung Redd, take ya out the future
Stars imitate swear to God work the jeweler
Robert Davis, Fat Pat, this for you
Come on the Big Hogg got some roof
Mayne!

H-O to the U.S., T.O. till the N
God bless me with the million dollar Benz
See the grind money gangstas with the hand in the air
That Sunnyside in South Park I was raised out there
This is H-Town (H-Town), screwed up and slowed down
It's all love homie, keep rolling up the whole pound
Pull up in the monster just look at him hiding
Don Ke hard of the south, slab riding

H.O.U.S.T.O.N., T.E.X.A.S.

We going get it and come back with it until we take our last breath
From the city where I steady on drop the top
Z-Ro the Crooked, my ghetto ass is good at any hood, any block they got
The white cup is for the codeine and the cigarillo is for the kush
If you want it we got it cause that's not a problem we don't push
We used to be the dirty south, now we so dirty we sippy
So homie you must be touching it, roll if you don't feel me (you don't feel me)

Welcome to H-Town, this Third Ward talking
Coming down the slab like the fo's crib walking
Together we stand, divided we fall, yeah
North and the south together we ball
Fuck that, nigga it's a H-Town thang
Let me see ya touch the sky if ya feeling me mayne
It's Boss Hogg Kyleon, Micked and Mike D
The drank man daddy, you know where to find me

State to state dawg, I got a jock and a kid
Six back and out the drive away, dropping the weed
Y'all know we do it big, like a freight by the rig
Got stacks full of cash where I keep the money hid
Fresh to def homie, how I came in the doe
Prada shades on, smelling like a swanger or dro
Put your H'es up, represent your city bro
Counting money, iced out, like a million video

Southwest put your dubs up, let's go!

Now welcome to the place I love, place I was, raised to be a G
It's straight hanging the thugs, and my music slowin', throw my H'es up
Southwest why I know the real dudes and move birdies
I go to school early, baby blue moon jersey
Riding around, southwest side of my towns
Still Reppin' My Block, How Ya Liken Me Now
It's from Sharpstown, Braeswood to Alief, black and west stack
Paper together we stay deep it's all

Cheyah!

King Of The Streets and I'm rolling round Houston riding fo's
Boys better chill for this throw-away that they curtains closed
I ridin' slab but I'm tippin' it like a platinum rose
Soon as I make the doors presidential when they decide to close (real talk)
They want the Don to tell the haters that I got it locked (got it locked)
I shoot em up the west so whenever all the way to the top (dows up)
I'm so hood it be the true definition of me
Ain't no way ya speakers bout the H, without mentioning me
We the truth, nigga!

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!

Ayyo from H-Town, southwest stop drop and roll
If I chunk the dub up, the whole hood rock n roll
Braeswood, Woolfair, Clull creek, Spice Lane
West Bellville, Fort Worth Airport, Sandpiper, stack change
I'm so H-Town there's codeine in my blood
And I'm a shout it out with the meanest of thugs
And you ain't never gotta ask if there's lean in my cup
I'm a triple O.G., S.U.C. nigga what

Now I'm from Port Arthur, Texas, ninety miles away
For the last fifteen years, I been reppin' my state
I knew the real DJ Screw sip grape by the case
Eight's over ice straight product of the H
Southside, I never was so big socializer
With Bun you can talk, I fuck with the boss
Like Thug and Prince Civy or Rome or Wrice
This game a pie, I don't want it all i just need a slice

[Hook - Chamillionaire]