

## Slime Shit

Young Thug

Slat!

Aye, get out your motherfuckin seat to this one, you know?

Slat! Slat! Slat!

Hundred rounds in a Tahoe

Nigga, lighting up your tacos, hey

Give him surgery, no lipo

Down, man, that bitch will pull you down

Pull up to a nigga town

I'm prepared to take 'em down, nigga

Hey, this that slime shit, hey

YSL shit, hey

Killin' 12 shit, hey

Fuck a jail shit, hey

Drinking activis, hey

On that snail shit, hey

Cookin' white brick, hey, hey

Bricks and bales shit, hey, hey

Bitch, I'm super rich

Bitch, I'm stupid rich

I-I go ape shit, call that Ludacris, hey, hey

I'm not new to this, hey, I'm so true to this, hey

I done put a whole slime on a hunnid, bitch, hey, hey

Slime Boogey, slime or get slimed

These niggas be bitches, a lot of them snitchin'

A lot of them droppin' a dime

I come to the the point in my life

That I just want one of my wives

I think that I want that new Spider

We rich so I know that it's light

I'm so too legit, on some Hammer shit

Diamonds dancin', bitch

YSL, VVS

In the V.I.P and I got that pistol on my hip

You prayin' that you live

I'm prayin' that I hit

Hey, this that slime shit

Need a slime bitch

Compromise shit, down to ride shit

Fuck them police, in a high speed

Let her out on Bleveland

Let her out on Bleveland

Hundred rounds in a Tahoe

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Give him surgery, no lipo

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Bitch, I'm stupid rich  
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I done put a whole slime on a hunnid, bitch, hey, hey

Got banana clips for all these niggas actin' monkey  
These niggas savages in these streets  
They need hooked on phonics  
Got ten trap spots, they bunkin, all of 'em doin' numbers  
They just be talking, I swear these lil fuck niggas don't want it  
I'm grindin' up my money and I'm still in the trenches  
Workin calculators, when we fuck with weight we count them digits  
Got bergalo and troupe, they with me (for real, they thugs)  
Bang a neighborhood, 60's, Tiny Locs, they official '  
I get, I get it, I get it, however, I get it, I get it on my own  
These percocets, they got me so high I swear I'm in my own damn zone  
Thousand dollars on cologne  
All these extras, I bought me a home  
And it's big like a dome  
Hold, up country boy callin' my phone (man I just saw them)

Hundred rounds in a Tahoe  
Nigga, lighting up your tacos, hey  
Give him surgery, no lipo  
Down, man, that bitch will pull you down  
Pull up to a nigga town  
I'm prepared to take 'em down, nigga

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This that slime shit  
This that mars shit  
This that 100,000 dollars in a jar shit  
Down to die about this rap shit cause it's too much money  
They say we gettin' money  
Now these niggas actin' funny  
And they all fake, like some bitch titties  
Tell they bitch another lie cause we ain't fuckin' wit 'em  
And they groupie niggas and they ho type  
Fuck the judge, YSL, this that mob life

We got these bankrolls on us  
We have flavor  
Now I ain't goin back and forth with ya'll  
Hello? Yeah, I'mma bet me a 100,000  
All motherfuckin hundreds  
Shit, yeah