

Slim Thug & Killa Kyleon

"Thicka Than Water Flow"

Visit "[Thicka Than Water Flow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

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

[Slim Thug]

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 niggaz 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 niggaz, 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 niggaz is broke
You frauds don't even smoke, please stop your lying
Befo' you get in some real shit, and niggaz start dying
And these bullets start flying, at your mama home
Keep busting towards your dome, until all my drama
gone

[Hook - 2x]

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 niggaz not we

[Kyleon]

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

[Hook]

Visit [Slim Thug & Killa Kyleon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.