

Slim Thug & Killa Kyleon

"Victory Flow"

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[Talking]

Run it ok

Uh gyeah, run it

Ok uh, gyeah, run it

Ok uh, gyeah

Check me out right here, yo

Killa

[Killa Kyleon]

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, thats 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 niggaz wit the heat, let 'em fry for ya homie

I ride for ya homie, lets 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 aint no walkin right here, I'm finna take ya space

[Slim Thug]

I'm in position, no competiton can stop my mission

Made a few new tranitions, two good decisions

Listen to the host of the team, wit the most

On the dirty south coast, no other team comin' close

You finna see history, I'm tryna see victory

Thats 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 dont 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
Wit ya piss poor effort, ya dont 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

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