

Trae f/ Slim Thug

"Nuthin 2 a Boss"

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(Chorus)

I get money - I get, I get money - I get money, it ain't
nothin to a boss nigga

I get money - I, I, I, I get money, I get money it ain't
nothin to a boss

I get money - I get, I get money - I get money, it ain't
nothin to a boss nigga

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[Verse 1 - Trae]

Picture me posted on the corner, my pants saggin
below my ass

with somethin weighin down my pocket, from people
countin my cash

I'm a hop inside the drop and let the top down, and
squat down

then I make 'em pump they brakes like I'm a stop sign
told you I rhyme gangsta, I got it locked down -

Houston, Texas my home

my paint stay wetter then a bitch - on this nice selection
of chrome

and if I ever choose to roam homey, I'm good where I
go

better ask yo'favorite ghetto star, how I get down on
the low

my hustle fuh sho, when I'm gettin this dough

you better believe if I talk about it I got it to show

my neck and wrist enough to drop a hater jaw to the flo'

and don't worry bout the price it cost bitch I got money
to blow

It's nothin to a boss!

(Chorus)

[Verse 2 - Slim Thug]

I make the money but don't let the money make me

but my money make alot of haters hate me
'cause I'm a shine, I ain't tryna tone shit down
I'm a put it in they face and show I'm paid now
I'm livin laid now, use to be broke strugglin
till I got up off my ass and started straight hustlin
got out and got it on my own, wasn't gave nothin
you ain't heard that lil'young nigga stayed thuggin
went from the streets, to the beats now I'm makin hits
momma happy cause her son gettin paid legit
I been the shit mayne, before the paper came
you can take away my money, but can't take my game
I'm the boss nigga, gyeah....

[Verse 3 - Trae]

Now in the hood I'm gettin paid - slam butterfly do's
gettin money just guarantee me a bunch of fly hoes
so I choose to let 'em have it, it's evident talk is cheap
I put about thirty in my mouth so now they feel me when
I speak(yeah)

I'm Trae Tha Truth you better go ask 'em who the
streets
and ask 'em who that, in that black on black with ostrich
sittin on the seats
my money speaks plus I'm surrounded by a couple
freaks
I'm so much in my zone I ain't been home in bout a
couple weeks
they use to tell me I was broke, I told 'em not for long
and pulled up on they ass in somethin, that cost bout
forty stacks alone
see in these streets I'm like the president ridin on
chrome
saggin my ceasers with my t - shirt on - like I'm a boss

(Chorus Till End)

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