

## 50/50 Twin "Real Thuggs"

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(feat. Chamillionaire, Slim Thug)

[talking]

50/50 Lil' Twin, I'm in here with Slim Thugger the Boss  
And the cocky copy machine King Koopa  
We off this Nawfside of Houston  
We just wanna put it down for all the thugsters  
And the gangstas naw I mean, dig these blues cutty  
what

[Slim Thug]

Slim and 50 gon drop classics, to the day they drop our  
caskets

Some folks got that magic, and us three have it  
Dropping hits our fans blasting, over a million cashing  
Five years I'm still lasting, foot to the flo' I'm mashing  
Guarding traffic not crashing, controlling the wheel  
Independent holding a mill, without a holding a deal  
50/50, Slim and Chamill, getting it grown man style  
Our pockets to y'all pockets, like a man and a child  
Paid In Full and Boss Hogg, stay controlling the crowd  
You know the click you hear the speakers, and cars  
banging loud

You know the click that represent, and have H-Town  
proud

You know the click that live they life, like outlaws  
We the untouchable two, it ain't much we don't do  
If you try to touch our crew, well reach out and touch  
you

(don't make us) fill you with slugs, for grilling us with  
your mugs

Make doctors fill you with plugs, you dealing with thugs

[Hook]

If you ain't no real thug, go ahead give it up  
If you are a real thug, where your sets put 'em up  
Your life seem full of hard times, really rough  
Put the sad songs to the side, grind and get bucks  
Don't eat with your eyes, stack cash then stunt  
Dump your problems in the ash tray, fire up you  
some'ing

Why try to play catch up, breathe easy stay humble

Cutty your time is coming, are you hungry do you want it

[50/50 Twin]

I get down on the dice like what, better set of thugs  
Put some 20's on my mama car, let her Perelli's run  
50/50 slumped down, in a awkward machine  
Four screens six 15's, don't look directly at my ring  
Matter fact I got a ticket, for causing distractions  
I'm like officer my head itched, sir I was scratching  
I swang watch me swing, black Rover sitting clean  
Niggaz on my side mirrors, crawling European  
And a European dime, playing hide the ding-a-ling  
My chest don't bling-bling, hell I can't describe the things  
Four/five ice trays on your chest, you understand just what I mean  
Got plex naw I mean, P-shooter with two beams  
Boss Hogg Outlawz, Paid In Full, Rock 4 Rock  
My twin brother is on lock, and I gotta get him out  
The boy blue with Slim Thugger, and my I'm 50-Feezie  
My hustlers and my thugsters, holla back breathe easy

[Hook]

[Chamillionaire]

My candy frame got readjusted, (and why is that) it isn't wait  
I'm sitting straight on spinning plates, I hit the breaks they getting scraped  
Mo' showing love some niggaz hate, we get it now they get it late  
We put it down we innovate, can't keep us out we in the gate  
You hungry Twin go get a plate, I'ma tell you how much we finna make  
If niggaz hate that nickel plate, make sure they face disintegrate uh  
Y'all niggaz is agitating, your gat is a fashion statement  
You ain't gonna blast you faking, ha-ha (go ahead) I'm waiting  
I don't hear no shells falling, I don't hear no pistols popping  
Matter fact give me that gat, I'll take that witch you watching  
Niggaz be wish she-watching, you know you won't do nothing  
You ain't gon shoot and just gon sue, you better go get you Cochran  
No baller rapper, I'm a all-of-rapper

We did all of that already, and y'all did all-of after  
Matter fact to be exact, the fact is more then half of  
Y'all rappers new I'm through, I'ma give y'all that  
chapter Koopa

[Hook x2]

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