

# **Slim Thug f/ Chamillionaire, Mike Jones, UGK, Paul Wall, Yung Redd, "Welcome 2 Houston"**

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[Verse 1: Slim Thug] Slim Thugga, Muthafucka! Now welcome to the city of game Piece of chains and swangs Pop trunk and bang, yeah I'm still here mayne Born and raised on the stead block Braids no dreadlocks Married to the hood me and Sunnywood wedlock Acres home my home I'm a Northside veteran Reppin' H-Town, smoking sippin' on some medicine That ain't nobody better than the boss when I floss It's Slim Thugga Muthafuckas Still breaking boys off [Verse 2: Chamillionaire] Still breaking boys off... Hmm, I got plenty cheese, plenty carats and you looking like some caterers And it's looking like you haters and you fakes is immatating us Shadied up, bradied up and I bet that trunk be bladed up Bet you still crawling on 4's So they ain't phasin' us In the hood I'm a grinder, wood on the vinyl TV VCR I'm layed back with your momma You ain't never seen a grinder that grind the way I grind, huh Top off the drop body missin as Osama [Hook- Chamillionaire] Still breakin' boys off Hmm, candy painted with the gloss you can hate but that's the way a playa floss Still breakin' boys off Hmm, getting money's what I'm bout, I'm a get it while these haters just talk Still breakin' boys off Hmm, gotta do it for the north, got to do it for my hustler's in the south Still breakin' boys off Sill breakin' boys off And when I do it I'm a do it like a boss Still breakin' boys off [Verse 3 - Mike Jones] MIKE JONES! I'm still representing H-Town, the city of the candy They see me with a lotta cars, but they don't understand it They said they never see ya boy, out here getting his grind on Phantom, Bentley take ya pick I gettin' my shine on I sold two million records now my paper on swoll Now the mayor of the city, top down when I roll H-Town, home of the candy paint Home of the 84's and vogues and the purple drank [Verse 4 - Bun B] Yeah, it's the city that's slowed, the city that's throwed The city where them boys flip the candy painted loads The city where they blow big killa and stay blowed and Hustlin' ass D-boys got the game sold Where they sip that drank (sip that drank) And drip

that paint (drip that paint) And drop that top (drop that top) And grip that grain (hold up) 6-10-I-10-59-45 and the Belt This Clutch City where we play what we dealt Welcome my H-Town [Hook] [Verse 5 - Paul Wall] Hustle town's my home it's where I do my dirt Where the gangsta's smoke water With drank stains on the shirt We ride swagin' chop blades just to break boys off From South Park to the Southwest all the way to that nawf I'm talking Tidwell and Carverdale and Greenspoint too From Denver Harbor to West Airport all the way to Channelview We steady bangin' on this 'Screw', it's choppin' like Kung-Fu Hit me on the 8-3-2 It's Paul Wall, What it do... [Verse 6 - Yung Redd] Ha Know I'm talk 'bout? Purple so muddy I can barely even drive I'm blowin' down trees like a Category 5 Southside of H-Town or on the sunny side I could walk these street if I was blind, know I'm talk 'bout? Yung Redd, take ya out the future Stars imitate swear to God I was a jeweler Robert Davis, Fat Pat, this for you To my homie Big Hawk I salute Mayne! [Hook] [Verse 7 - Lil Keke] H-O to the U.S. T.O. to the N God blessed me with the million dollar Pen See them queit money gangstas with they hand in the air That Sunnyside in South Park I was raised out there This is H-Town (H-Town) Screwed up and slowed down It's all love homie Keep rolling up the whole pound Pull up in the monster just look at him hiding Don Ke heart of the south, slab riding [Verse 8 - Z-Ro] H.O.U.S.T.O.N. T.E.X.A.S. We go get it and come back with it until we take our last breath From the city where our stadiums drop the top Z-Ro the Crooked My ghetto pass is good in any hood, any block they got The white cup is for the codiene and the cigarillo is for the kush If you want it we got it cause that's not a product we don't push We used to be the Dirty South Now we so dirty we sip lean So homie you must be touching it If you don't feel me (you don't feel me) [Hook] [Verse 9 - Mike D] Welcome to H-Town, this Third Ward talking Coming down the slab like the fo's crip walking Together we stand, divided we fall, yeah North and the South together we ball Fuck that, nigga, it's a H-Town thang Let me see ya touch the sky if ya feeling me mayne It's Boss Hogg Corleone Nigga that Mike D The drank man daddy You know where to find me [Verse 12 - Big Pokey] State to state dawg, I got 'em jockin' the kid Six backin out the drive away, dropping the wig Y'all know we do it big, like a Freightliner Rig Got stashes full of cash where I keep the money hid Fresh to death homie, how I came in the do' Prada shades on, smelling like a swanger of dro Put'cha H'es up, represent'cha city bro Counting money, iced out Like I'm in a video [Hook] [Verse 13 -

Rob G] Southwest put'cha dubs up baby, let's go! Now  
welcome to the place I love Place I was, raised to be a G  
It's straight hang with thugs Jam my music slow and  
hold my H's up Southwest SWAT I know the real dudes  
and move birdies I go to school early, baby blue Moon  
jersey Riding around, southwest side of my town 'Still  
Reppin' My Block', 'How Ya Likn' Me Now?' It's from  
Sharpstown Braeswood to Alief, black on black 'Lac  
Paper together we stay deep, it's all [Verse 14 - Trae]  
Cheyah! King Of The Streets and I'm roam around  
Houston ridin' 4's Boys better chill for this throw-away  
leave they curtains closed (lights out) Im in the slab but  
I'm tippin it like a platinum rose Suicide make the doors  
presidential when they decide to close (real talk) They  
want the throne but tell the haters that I got it locked  
(got it locked) I shoot em up the West so whenever all  
the way to the block (dows up) I'm so hood it be the true  
definition of me Ain't no way ya speak about the H  
Without mentioning me The Truth, nigga! [Hook]  
[Verse 15 - Lil O] Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah! Ayyo I'm  
from H-Town, southwest stop drop and roll If I chunk  
the dub up, the whole hood Rock N Roll Braeswood,  
Woolfair, Clear Creek, Spice Lane West Bellfort,  
Fondren, Airport, Sandpiper, stack change I'm so H-  
Town there's codeine in my blood And I'm a shouted  
down a war with the meanest of thugs And you ain't  
never gotta ask if there's lean in my cup I'm a triple  
O.G. S.U.C., nigga what [Verse 16 - Pimp C] Now I'm  
from Port Arthur, Texas Ninety miles away For the last  
fifteen years I been reppin' my state I knew the real DJ  
Screw sip grape by the case Eight's over ice, Straight  
product of the H Southside, I never was no big  
socializer With Bun you can talk I fuck with the boss  
Like Thug and Prince Civy or Rome or Wrice This game  
a pie I don't want it all I just need a slice [Hook]

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