

Slim Thug f/ Devin the Dude

"I'm Back"

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[Verse 1] I do this fo tha block (block), I do this fo the hood (hood) I do this fo tha streets cause the streets keep me good (keep me good) I do it for tha hustlas (hustlas), I do it for tha thugs (thugs) I do it for the Gs cause tha Gs show me luv (show me luv) I came in tha game 17 real loud, only thang on my mind make my momma proud Started rockin crowds, gettin dope from shows and as tha fame rolls then came the hoes Then came tha clothes, then came the cars, next thang I know I'm a ghetto supastar So here come tha haters travelin by tha packs But neva mind them cause aaaaaa Bitch I'm Back! [Chorus: Devin the Dude (Slim Thug)] I pour up a cup, fill the swissa with cud, and fire it up so I can gather my thoughts (let's get high) Mo' money mo' problems they say that's how it is when ya live like a boss (like a boss), Ya see I been on my grind fo some time and tha streets thought a nigga fell off (hell nah nigga), Bbut if I decide not to rhyme no more rhymes, I'm a still be well off (Cause Bitch I'm Back!)

[Verse 2] A born boss got nuthin to lose Still shinin in the game got nuthin to prove Got rich independent didn't need no deal Had paper before I signed, didn't need no meals Got hustles on tha side, I ain't got to rap And if all else fails I still got tha trap I don't fuck with you rappers ya'll fake to me I don't fuck with ou niggas ya'll snakes to me I don't care bout fame fuck bein a star Let them take all the pictures just gimme his car Then gimme his house, and his watch and chain On tha bank account, credit cards jot my name But I guess one come with tha other So here I go I'm a writin rap hustla I'm too blessed to complain bout that So where I gotta sign, take ya pictures Cause Bitch I'm Back! [Chorus: Devin the Dude (Slim Thug)] I pour up a cup, fill the swissa with cud, and fire it up so I can gather my thoughts (let's get high) Mo' money mo' problems they say that's how it is when ya live like a boss (like a boss) Ya see I been on my grind fo some time and tha streets thought a nigga fell off (hell nah nigga) Bbut if I decide not to rhyme no more rhymes, I'm a still be well off (Cause Bitch I'm Back!)

[Verse 3] They say tha truth will hit so fuck it I'm a go an keep 100 fo tha public I

dropped already platinum, but it only sold gold And
niggas lookin at me like I sold my soul Cause I'm rappin
with P (Pharrell) and not Mr. Lee But when ya on ya
grind sometimes ya can't see Before Mike came and
Paul was signed I was at Interscope tryin to find ma
mind Still Tippin wasn't toppin, 3 kings just dropped
And I'm a underground artist tryin to get on top So I
listened to my label, planned to break necks And
learned a whole lotta game from that Just stay true my
nigga and do u And fuck what another tryin to tell u to
do Continue to spit facts u can bump in them lacs And o
yeah this a Lee track...! Bitch I'm Back! [Chorus: Devin
the Dude (Slim Thug)] I pour up a cup, fill the swissa
with cud, and fire it up so I can gather my thoughts
(let's get high) Mo' money mo' problems they say that's
how it is when ya live like a boss (like a boss) Ya see I
been on my grind fo some time and tha streets thought
a nigga fell off (hell nah nigga) Bbut if I decide not to
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