

Slim Thug **"Boy"**

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Oh baby..

[Slim Thug]

You can't fuck with me, not on these beats

Not in these streets, any day of the week

You gon see defeat, call ya all ya

That's what you motherfuckers get, for talking that
noise

I put the chrome on that large, if it go on my toy

Not Rawface, but when I bling it bring that joy

I'm bringing other suckers pain, cause I'm running the
game

They feel ashamed, everytime somebody mention my
name

Where my championship ring, I'm winning it all

A triple-double in the rap game, showing I ball

Got high scores, at the house I got some high whores

And walk around the crib naked, doing my chores

Like Chamil get it right, you know Slim hit it right

If I get it tonight, your man won't get it tight

It's me Slim yeah, holla back at ya

Come stack with ya, live fat with ya

Watch my back, and in return I'll show you the game

Stay down on my team, and you'll get you some
change

I hold's my own, you gotta get your hood

Buy yourself a note good, and that's understood

Giving shout out's on tapes, protecting yourself

I do this shit by myself, and I'm making my wealth

I wreck you hoes for fun, I'm number one

Your whole career is done, I hope you got a gun

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