

Slim Thug

"H Town's Finest"

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Featuring Kirko Bangz & Jevarian J

(Intro)

Wussup Willy?

Show me Mr. Rogers

Meeting with H Town's finest

Yall see

Some things don't need to be said, they already understood

Slim Thug, Kirko Bangz, Paul Wall

My lil homey

Fat Boy Jake

(Bridge)

I step up on the scene with a pocket full of green

When them haters look at me, I got my mug on me

And I ain't gotta say a thing, they already know that I be

The H Town's finest

(Hook)

Wutchu know about this?

(Wutchu know about this, bout this?)

Wutchu know about that?

(Wutchu know about that, bout that?)

Wutchu know about this?

(Wutchu know about this, bout this?)

Wutchu know about that?

(Let em know)

By tomorrow we gon top that

(Verse)

This h Town's finest, call me your highness

Still prime time, feel like Dian '89-ish

Walk up in that 5th, bitches follow like Twitter

If I say I want er best believe I'mma get er

Split er like a garr if I get er in my car

Got a pat down town, she ain't gotta drive far

They thinkin I'm a star, they wanna take pictures

Broke niggas hustle cuz they love you when you're richer

That's molly in them bottles, put aside for them models

Talk like the motto, bitch forks on my throttle
Get it out the lot and I got H Town's finest
Ass so fat, but her front better than her behind yea
Still shinin, still ain't went platinum
But I'm still stackin mills, still whip the rappin
Wutchu know about this, bout that?
Everything the boss say he already got, that's that

(Bridge)

I step up on the scene with a pocket full of green
When them haters look at me, I got my mug on me
And I ain't gotta say a thing, they already know that I be
The H Town's finest

(Hook)

Wutchu know about this?
(Wutchu know about this, bout this?)
Wutchu know about that?
(Wutchu know about that, bout that?)
Wutchu know about this?
(Wutchu know about this, bout this?)
Wutchu know about that?
By tomorrow we gon top that

(Verse)

Wutchu know bout this young nigga?
This young nigga, I'm done with him
Making that cash money baby
But I swear these hoes, can't stunt with em
Once a little nigga one time
If I hit the ho like one time
Swear the bitch gon fall in love
Fall on my dick, never on my mind
Runnin round with my niggas, I done had thoughts of
them triggers
But I ain't even gon talk about em
What a nigga got, my nigga
I'm in the city, boy I'm in my city
Cuz I fuck the finest my nigga
I'm in the city, Clyde in my city
My whip glide my nigga
Pull around them corners (pull around them corners)
All I do is get hoes nigga, I'm lookin like the doner
In H Town I'm the fuckin truth
Nigga lookin flight French on er
In the strip club, I thought plenty money
Throw plenty money, I'm a loaner
Yo main bitch get tossed up
Young nigga then bossed up
Hog life, that hog life
I'm a sick nigga, don't cough up

I pay the cost of the cost white but that cool 90 don't
cost up
I bust between your main bitch teeth
Do anything to make her floss up

(Bridge)

I step up on the scene with a pocket full of green
When them haters look at me, I got my mug on me
And I ain't gotta say a thing, they already know that I be
The H Town's finest

(Hook)

Wutchu know about this?
(Wutchu know about this, bout this?)
Wutchu know about that?
(Wutchu know about that, bout that?)
Wutchu know about this?
(Wutchu know about this, bout this?)
Wutchu know about that?
By tomorrow we gon top that

(Verse)

Wutchu know about swinging dime?
The boulevard on full
Cadillac on vou, G8's off low
That Texas shit, them out of towners don't understand
how we hold
But they don't know about nothing
All they know is what we told em
I'm swinging like a bumper car the way that style be
floatin
Them haters look disgusted when I pull up like a buckle
That double cuppin, top back
Bitch I'm bout that bread
My destination is Ben Franklin so fuck you and yo slap
the head
I got partners I'mma deal so I'm sometimes on the
edge
This one here for Robert B, I got partners in the fed
I got drugs and so my mans
I'm a south-west turnin heads
They talkin down, I know it
But who gives a fuck what a hater says?
Got scroo juice and soda, getting mixed down like
vocals
Bitch I'm never sober, I got Cuban links on my shoulder
Dough dough dough and so much
These bumpers are like vultures
So we grump through like red lights
Then it's back to bendin them corners

(Bridge)

I step up on the scene with a pocket full of green
When them haters look at me, I got my mug on me
And I ain't gotta say a thing, they already know that I be
The H Town's finest

(Hook)

Wutchu know about this?
(Wutchu know about this, bout this?)
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