

## Slim Thug

### "Holy Water Flow"

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(Intro)

It's about that time man  
I'm squad H Town  
It's time to get it

(Verse)

Back to work, grindin til it hurt  
Mixin up the purp, twistin up the purp  
Hoggin since birth, the realest on earth  
Hog like shirt, got me work without work  
You got a bad bitch, too bad I hit first  
Paid 5 now who ain't mine?  
Got I'm feeling thirsty  
Put them niggas in a hearse, whip game kill em  
Choppas in the bag, I ain't gon conceil em  
On another million, tryna feed my children  
I ain't gon stop, stack it to the ceiling  
Million after million, million after million  
I ain't gon stop, watch me stack it to the ceiling  
You saying that was fast when you see that rrari pass  
Murda tight the gas, wanna smash on the gas  
When I see your ass pass, camera on flash  
Take a flick with yo bitch then I smash  
No class, same old thugger  
Shit if don't hit, somebody gon fuck er  
Smooth like butter, you'll never find another  
Gutta like me, that's why these niggas don't like me  
Hat low, gold chain, new kick  
Old school, loud pipes, new bitch  
New year, guess I'm on my new shit  
Niggas talkin loud but they won't do shit  
Walk into the club, smellin like a pine  
Had a dress code and I got some mo lime  
Blazzin up ho, now you can't hit that  
This dick the only place you put yo lips at  
Sit back, let me put on this work plate  
Over yall, 50 bitches think I'm bout that bird plate  
But I just rap ho, yea my car stroking  
Why them niggas gossip? I be stuntin on them assholes  
Pass low, let em see me in my flip  
Mama dropped the beat on 22nd of December

That was back in '85, now I drive an '86  
I'm back to the future on Marty Mcfly as shit  
Missed with that nagget, you blowed on my high bitch  
Nig because a nigga fucked doesn't mean that you my  
bitch  
Killin niggas, I'm spittin that loud shit  
Rollin as a up, I'm tryna get high bitch  
Take em to the crib and I'm lettin em try shit  
Take em to the mall and they watchin me buy shit  
Cuz I ain't bout to trick it, you can help me get it  
Let me dial a motherfucker, stay shittin on you  
gimmicks nigga

(Verse)

Money and the power, smoking on the sour  
Hit the gas, hit it, Maserati engine growl  
Shittin on em, movin through the traffic like a ball  
Watching everybody here turn around like a owl  
Slow coupe, getting to that paper with a focused mind  
I do mine while they story tellin, no lyin  
We grind so the money all accounted for  
I don't pay my bills, that's why my accountant for  
Mo gas than the Kamako, rolled up and lit  
Pouring up the double cup with my partner fish  
Codeine and Coca-Cola, you might think I'm trippin  
The bucks I'm getting so a fuck I'm not giving  
Post up like Griffin when I'm mashin for them Benjis  
Light up that hindu and wash it down with frenchies  
I'm sittin in the Kodas, everything on polders  
Drank stains on my shirt, leave me with the stock  
brokers  
Hold up

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