

Slim Thug "Houston"

Visit "[Houston](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1 " Slim Thug]

Texas tatted on my arm, got Houston on my back

"Cause I love the city I'm from, hands up if you
feel that

I ball hard like a Texan, every Sunday catch me
wreckin'™

?, code name Boss because you can't catch him

And they catch them bops like Dre do

Ball hard like I play too, run that back like Jay do

Bet a couple ? and we play you

We came to win, can't take a loss

Ain't shit 'bout that H South,

Team strong we'll break 'em off, lay 'em
down then rake 'em out

Car roof like ?, when the sun's out I drop the top

H-Town we shinin' red white and blue in that lot

See you boys in the playoffs, bet you this year we on
top

And if you from that H like me, you already know what
I'm talkin' 'bout

[Hook]

I'm from Houston, Texas home of the Texans [x3]

Texas Tatted on my arm, Houston on my back

I'm from Houston, Texas home of the Texans [x3]

Texas Tatted on my arm, Houston on my back

[Verse 2 " Paul Wall]

I'm from that HOU TEX, non-believers get put to the
death

Then hard times, we get put to the test, but dedication
turn the last to the best

Stop complainin' just a little bit less and start to
quest on the road to success

We got now and we got next, say it loud with some
bass in your chest

Haters hate but now they on jock like Joseph and Queen
the corners on lock

I come through the line like Brian Kush and then I
can't be blocked like JJ Watt

Now we on top, no more middle, like Super Mario

I'm a hard hitter

Canâ€™t be stopped, donâ€™t be bitter, never give up
â€™cause Iâ€™m a go getter
In the groupie and I wade through you, she like Torro
and the whole crew
In battle red or liberty white out, I might come out in the
deep still blue
I thought boys knew, donâ€™t be surprised, tell them
boys about Texas pride
We ride for each other when we on the otherside and if
you aint ?

[Hook]

[Verse 3 â€˜ Chamillionaire]

Hold up
If you ainâ€™t from Texas, you didnâ€™t get the
message
Let me give you boys a quick lesson then
I swore to God to be fresh to death, I didnâ€™t die so
time to get fresh again
You know the H what Iâ€™m reppinâ€™ and itâ€™s
like 35% Mexican
And thatâ€™s so ironic (why?)
Every cup is like 35% beverage and 65% medicine
Plenty ? for thick specimens
A million fine and bad yelaâ€™s and thatâ€™s like
22% lesbian
And in my zone what you steppinâ€™ in, then I bet my
fist is gone check a chin
â€™Cause that trill in Bun, and that trill is Pimp, and that
trill is somethinâ€™ yâ€™ all never been
Hit your woman and let her in to my vehicle that I never
tint
That brain got to be official baby, no artificial
intelligence
Iâ€™m runnin in it like Andre, if yâ€™ all ainâ€™t from
Houston I ainâ€™t convinced
â€™Cause yâ€™ all touch down in our city once and
been rappinâ€™ like you are ever since

[Hook]

Visit [Slim Thug](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.