

## Slim Thug

### "O.C.D"

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Swag, bitch I'm fresh about the bag  
Every time you see me I be fresh about the tag  
I keep a dough 50, keep them hoes on, yeah,  
That's right, I keep a fly ride to keep them saying it's  
the shit  
Stay clean I'm a ocd nigga, don't get it twisted  
Cause I kick it, I'm a g nigga  
Say you fly, you ain't g6 nigga, that's me nigga  
Build a stack, and the shoe 2g's nigga  
See nigga, my swag got your budget  
And you ain't gotta like it, but your bitch sure love it  
It's nothing, it's nothing, it's nothing when you hustling  
I sat ocd, so stay the fuck away from me

It's for the stacks, dubs for the women  
All on deck, g is I'm living  
I'm a street nigga, with a lot of green  
Stupid with a bunch of gwap, that mean I got swag  
Bitch we turned up, these niggas cut down  
Oh that's your man yo, he's just a buzz now  
I'm a street nigga, with a lot of green  
Stupid with a bunch of gwap, that mean I got swag

Real nigga, one hundred, 99 they adding up  
Chase the paper I'm speed nigga,  
Looking back when I pass you up  
Now pass the cups, I'm leaning  
2 zips I'm dreaming, with a bad bitch  
Your last bitch, she mine now cause I cashed yeah  
I'm talking money, you're talking slow, they all ears  
I'm talking more, your pockets [?] they speechless  
What the fuck are you talking for?  
Fresh like a hotdog plastic, stuck on the ground like...  
Pedal to the floor, I'm mashing  
And that red coupe look like ammo  
Street nigga not know sesame, money making my  
recipe  
Garlic weed and that french toast, making bread my  
specialty  
All I do is count like Dracula, get more, get more, stack  
it up

Money make a [?] freaky  
Reverse, reverse, back it up,  
She wine fine [?] my neck, my fist like Colorado  
Rocky nigga, I'm Stallone  
Serve my [?] my cologne [?] nigga  
Run that bitch like they do  
Money my main your ex bitch  
Running that [?] like [?] boo

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Grim [?] that fly, bitch you know I'm that guy  
Candy tripping with my whip look like it just got  
baptized  
Beating at the truck, you niggas see me when I pass by  
I'm super tight, don't ask why [?]  
Gucci belt on my [?] bitches saying I'm pretty  
Fat ass and them titties, got her coming out her [?]  
Bitches be coming and bitches be going,  
They loving the way that a nigga be flowing  
I'm spitting the game and it's getting them open  
I put my peninsula up in her ocean  
[?] bitch I'm swanging in your lane  
Mad because they screaming Nelly [?] and not your  
name  
My money growing on [?] them stones [?]  
We somewhere naked [?] I know things

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