

Slim Thug

"Trap Or Die Freestyle"

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Slim Thug:

Mo money

Mo probelms

I'm back in court

Baby mama tryna stick me wit dat child support(X3)

White folks tryna a nigga, bitch make me sick

That's wat I get fo thinkin wit my dick

Man these hoes are scantless, niggas ars snakes

They plottin in my pocket like I'm they big break

I be a damn fool to think shit all good

They lookin at a nigga like they take it out the hood

Big Boss of the South, niggas jackin my slang

I gotta deal now these niggas ain't actin the same

The album ain't even drop, still considered a rookie

And niggas already out here catchin that pussy

Cause I'm makin what they make in a hour

That's why I got the club takin campayne showers

Switch cars every season, a hundered thousand or

better

I got addicted to the smell of new leather(back to the beginning)

H-Town trensetta, niggas follow my lead

They try to catch up, but an't follow my speed

Boss Hogg Outlawz run da muthafuckin city mayne

Call me da Down South P petey mayne

Fuck what cha think, and fuck how you fell

We gettin paid down here nigga, for real

Dem feds want a hotter nigga cause I'm livin large

I got a million worth of cars up in da garage

Dope game ain't same down in Texas

Boyz get knockin straight get to talkin wreckless

Quit and take the streets fame and riches

Can't take they cars so quit and start snitchin

SO, excuse me if I seem a little cautious

But it's a lot of niggas tryna to knock down us bosses

I'm dodgin crooses, rollin alone

One deep wit the chrome, It's the Boss, I'm gone.

PJ:

Pj, bitch, now gotta pop up on the scene

Gotta sold everything from the blow to the creme

When I hit the roll

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