

Slim Thug "Who They Talkin 2"

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[Slim Thug]

Guess who's back again, here to wreck the track again

I split flames, and leave haters blacker than a African

Guess who's back again, here to wreck the track again

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When I attack I win, ain't no draws in this

You hearing it out the Boss Hogg, ain't no flaws in this

You bitch niggas got me pissed, trying to slander my name

Trying to cut a nigga wrist, after I hand you the game

Y'all some five percent homies, three bitch ass phonies

I guess I gotta show the world, that y'all ain't got

nothing on me

You think you the Northstar, bitch you ain't the

Northstar

You disappeared off the earth, fell off by far

He don't even got a car, just a white cup of bar

A one and a two liter, you ain't no block bleeder

I'm talking bout that little sorry hoe, named Lil Mario

When I left the house, I wanted to see just how far he'd go

Nowhere ain't shit changed, since back in the game

He's still broke with no hope, and I guess I'm to blame,

ha

[Hook]

Guess who's bizack, back and stacking that do'

Getting green, is all we know

I won't leave my gat, gat in my lap when I roll

Try to jack, and get your bitch ass froze

[Slim Thug]

And who was this other cat, still scoring fifty packs

He 26 but selling dope in the bricks, since way back

I think they call him Black Mario, or Snake Skin

I don't even know this nigga, but I heard him hating

I am the Kappa, I heard you on the twelve tracks

Slim Thug you ain't no thug, I'll lay you flat on your back

Off top boy you wack, drop your pen and your pad-a

