

## Slim Thug

### "You Gonna Luv Me"

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It's Da Backwudz, y'knahmtalkinbout?  
Once again with Nas, Slim Thug  
Talk to 'em homey!

[Slim Thug]  
You gotta love me mayne  
You gotta love me mayne, why would hate me mayne?  
I'm a young nigga on the grind gettin paper mayne  
I'm the six-six tall baller draped in chains  
It ain't my fault your girlfriend wanna date me mayne  
I'm with them Backwud boys blowin back woods  
H-Town to A-Town, always keep the sacks good  
From the hood, Northside of the city  
Where them boys turn corners and them 'llacs lookin  
pretty  
Fo's crawlin, you can tell that I'm ballin  
NexTel stay rangin cause them boppers is callin  
Boyz N Blue, Boss Hogg Outlawz  
Ridin toppers through the town in them candy L-Dawgs  
(geah)  
That's how we do it down in Texas, city of the H  
Where instead of 9 to 5's, boys pushin weight  
We go-getters, side hustle flow spitters  
Still hungry for the green on the hunt for mo' figures

(Dat Backwudz, dat Backwudz, dat Backwudz, go)

[Da Backwudz - Big Marc]  
I'm still comin down, painted like Crayola  
My page-ola stackin like Palace or Coke-Cola  
I'm cold as deep freeze, I scope 'em like heatseekers  
Snatch up and I bang her with my meat cleaver  
Oh; weight shiftin how we burn calories  
Saturated fats, pockets no {?} in my salary  
(What's my name) Big Marc, see me in a big car  
Fo'-fifty-fo', drankin XO

[Da Backwuds - Sho'Nuff]  
Okay, check my attire, sit higher than bird wire  
Pirellis like elevators, my doors is suicidal  
I'm mack-nificent, flashin like paparazzi

Hustle flows Million Dollar Man, DiBiase (ohh!)  
In any suits, a Chevy no Beamer Coupe  
Mo' game than Maxx Payne, your lady playin my flute  
(yeah)  
Because we keep it gutter (gutter) pistols pop your  
bubble  
Queensbridge (Nasty Nas) H-Town, Slim Thugga

(A-Town!) N.Y., stand up man (Backwudz!)  
Nasty Nas, Illmatic, let's do it!

[Nas]  
Know I've been around, bought the cars  
Played the game, wore the ice  
Hit the hoes; can't repeat the same habits all my life  
Shot the guns, had the run  
Popped the trunk, QB style  
Let it loose, hundred shots  
All y'all standin one of y'all drop (woo!)  
From this cannon that I got  
Me and my man'll run to your block  
See if our Land'll brighten your knot  
You understandin why we so hot?  
Expensive clothes, different flows  
Bentley Benz, Range Rov's  
Rolls Royce; all because my gold voice is so choice  
Lame nigga, I flame niggaz whoever came wit'cha  
I got retire out the game figures  
But I'ma stay and hit'cha, no I'm not playin wit'cha  
Yachts lay in the river  
Out to take yo' cash if I ain't made it wit'cha  
I hope you hate a nigga like me  
Cause I'm loved, by your wifey  
I'm a thug by day, a killer nightly  
In the sheets with a freak, or with heat on the street  
I make money, take yo' honey to the top floor suite  
C'mon!

(Told ya! You gon' love me, yeahhhh)

[Outro - repeat 2X]  
It's Da Backwudz, slabbin through yo' back hood  
We got dem thangs that'll make Shaq act good  
Known to put dem shiny thangs on the 'llac hoods  
Known to do a little dance if they act good

{\*sped up sample to end: "You're gonna love me!"\*}

