

## Method Man F/ Left Eye

### "Boy"

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Oh baby..

[Slim Thug]

You can't fuck with me, not on these beats  
Not in these streets, any day of the week  
You gon see defeat, call ya all ya  
That's what you motherfuckers get, for talking that  
noise  
I put the chrome on that large, if it go on my toy  
Not Rawface, but when I bling it bring that joy  
I'm bringing other suckers pain, cause I'm running the  
game  
They feel ashamed, everytime somebody mention my  
name  
Where my championship ring, I'm winning it all  
A triple-double in the rap game, showing I ball  
Got high scores, at the house I got some high whores  
And walk around the crib naked, doing my chores  
Like Chamil get it right, you know Slim hit it right  
If I get it tonight, your man won't get it tight  
It's me Slim yeah, holla back at ya  
Come stack with ya, live fat with ya  
Watch my back, and in return I'll show you the game  
Stay down on my team, and you'll get you some  
change  
I hold's my own, you gotta get your hood  
Buy yourself a note good, and that's understood  
Giving shout out's on tapes, protecting yourself  
I do this shit by myself, and I'm making my wealth  
I wreck you hoes for fun, I'm number one  
Your whole career is done, I hope you got a gun

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