Method Man F/ Left Eye "G-Shit"

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[Slim Thug]

I spit hits like a jukebox, stay thugged out like 2Pac Everytime something new drop, it's G shit not hip-hop I speak for those who rip glocks, and leave these haters lips locked

My underground sell mo' than your, real album ship out My underground sell mo' than your, real album ship out My underground sell mo' than your, real album ship out Slow down or sped up, I'll make you bob your head up Hustle till you fed up, tell you stack your bread up Falling off you'll never see, Slim got long jeopardy Real hits what you get from me, me and Watts like family

And I be damned if we can't do our job, and make you bob

I'm signing c.d.'s for you, your niece and your Uncle Rob

Saying stay down, jam everything we lay down If I can't drive to your town, I'll send this shit through Greyhound

(*scratching*) send this shit through Greyhound send this shit through Greyhound

Got boys from Kansas, hollin' bout how they jam this From Germany to Japan, they can't understand this This ain't no local shit, we worldwide bitch Got Swishahouse and Boss Hogg, in your ride trick They wanna drop like us, and stack a knot like us Can't pay they bills with they skills, so they copy us Some trendsetters, some go-getters Use to be down but shit, now they bootleggers

(*scratching*)
Now they-now they bootleggers
Now they-now they bootleggers

Hating on my profit, digging in my pocket And I'ma do what it take, to make sure you stop it See I got bills to pay, and plenty meals to make And if you in my way, the AK'll spray
I make a G a day, sometimes three a day
That's times 3-65, now y'all see my pay
That's last year, next year me and E album dropping
So Northside and Southside, it's time to do some
shopping

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