

# Slim Thug, Playa You Don't Know

(Pharrell in background)

(Intro - Slim Thug (Pharrell))

Tell me when to go.. tell me when to go (c'mon!)  
(You ain't think we was gon do what we gon do niggaz!)  
(WHAT!) Straight from the streets of H-Town  
(Turn this shit the fuck up!) Slim Thugga!  
Boss Hogg Outlawz! (hahaha) Star Trak!  
OHHHHHHHHH!!!!

(Chorus - Slim Thug)

Playa you don't know  
You ain't seen nothing like this here before  
Playa you don't know  
You ain't seen nothing like this here before  
You ain't seen them Boyz how they get that dough  
Late night at the club pulling drank and dro  
Put 100 grand up just to get that ho  
Next day right back on the block for more, noo

(Verse - Slim Thug)

Attention! All my G's getting money hit the dance floor  
And show the club what we out here getting grands for  
A double shot on the rocks, what you playing for  
Buy a bottle by the bar, get your man's dough  
You know me fella, same ol' Thug  
Wit the chicks and drugs up in the club  
Dro smoke, getting high wit my folks  
Red eyes, I'm a hide behind Gucci shades lotes (?)  
Ho's say I'm a dog nigga, naw I'm a Hogg nigga  
I got money, so fuck it I'm a ball nigga  
Them other boys just out here rapping it  
While I'm a young nigga out here having it

(Chorus)

(Verse - Slim Thug)

I make boys get they weight up, haters get they hate up  
When you see Tha Boss coming I suggest you put ya date up  
Cause the Jacob looking good and it match wit the piece  
Errbody wanna know what's that on the boy teeth  
Ear lobes on hang, eight karats outta tell  
It cost a baller 100 g's for a pair, yeah  
I'm getting money and it feel real good mayne  
And ain't a damn thing changed, I'm still hood mayne  
All the broads used to cap, wanna fuck now  
Cause they see a young nigga getting bucks now!  
I pull up in the Range truck like what now  
It's real strange how they wanna get cut now

(Chorus)

(Bridge - Pharrell Williams)

Do the soulja bounce! do the soulja bounce! (how you do it?)  
Ya let ya shoulda's bounce! Ya let ya shoulda's bounce!  
Just let ya shoulda's bounce! let ya shoulda's bounce!  
Just let ya shoulda's bounce! let ya shoulda's bounce!

(Verse - Slim Thug)

I mean it ain't much to talk about  
When everyday I walk about a million dollar house  
Like a motherfucking Boss!  
If I want it I'm a get it, it don't matter what it cost  
You ain't gotta take my word, ask them boys down south

You ain't gotta take they word, you can find me on the North  
Take a trip to my city, ask somebody where Tha Boss?  
Used to hit the hood, trunk full of things of that south  
Now I'm getting 16 for 16's out my mouth  
So it ain't shit to me to look clean when I floss  
In the wide body slab with the candy blue gloss  
I ain't worried bout them haters gon talk whachu talk  
I'm on the grind getting mine, nigga fuck whachu though!

(Chorus - repeat 2x)