

# Slim Thug feat. Sir Daily, Doodie, Hit Em Up

[talking]

Who the fuck these niggaz talking to man  
These niggaz talking down on me mayn  
Man, let me wreck this lil' midget ass nigga  
Don't one of them hoe ass niggaz got a skin disease  
Or something mayn, man I'm fin to tear they  
Whole motherfucking label up  
This the Boss Slim Thugger baby, hit em up  
Fuck em ha, shouldn't of fucked with me boy

[Slim Thug]

First I'll fuck Lil Yo, and the label you claim  
You bitch made gay nigga, I gave you the game  
You only got some street fame, cause you was rolling with me  
Trying to follow the footsteps, of Slim T-H-U-G  
And all along, I use to think I did something wrong  
But fuck that, some niggaz just belong in thoughts  
Talking bout a nigga left you, bitch you ain't my girlfriend  
If I didn't, I'd be in the same position you in  
He say he moved up out the hood, is that what he think  
He moved a half a mile up the street, on Gulfbank  
You still staying with your mama, how you call yourself a rapper  
If you acting like you broke, you's a hell of a actor  
Who the fuck you think you are, bitch I'm the Northstar  
Your whole record label, can't fuck with me by far  
Motherfuck a Black Mario, that's your G  
You 26 selling dope, but can't move OZ  
J Dogg you ain't a Hogg, so I stripped off your title  
Waterhead ass nigga, is Pookie your idol  
You on some dope fiend shit, stop begging me for money  
Go get a ride Lil Yo, and tell him give you something dummy  
You fell off, whole label getting wrecked by the Boss  
Northstar and Stomp Down, just took another loss  
Before I quit, I can't forget about that other bitch  
Fuck A.D., and that bootlegging bitch Pic  
That's some bullshit talking, super weak ass niggaz  
Telling lies, everytime you try to speak trash nigga  
Gotta bootleg my c.d.'s, cause y'all shit don't sell  
Wanna battle with the Boss, all you bitch niggaz fail, I hit em up

[Hook]

Leave the North, when you see the Boss  
Get broke off, when you see the Boss  
Try to do me, but they far from ready  
Northstar and Big Ballin', ain't got no feddy, I hit em up  
Close your mouth, when you see the Boss  
Change your route, when you see the Boss  
Try to do me, but they far from ready  
Northstar and Big Ballin', ain't got no feddy, I hit em up

[talking]

That's how you spose' to hit a motherfucker up Lil Yo  
You niggaz getting on tracks like this, you gotta get ready  
You know I'm saying, and Big Pic  
I'ma let my lil' dogs, ride on your hoe ass

[Doodie]

Get out the way Slim, get out the way Slim  
And let me, address this bitch  
They keep talking bullshit, I pack bullets that flip  
Into a big bitch, by the name of Big Pic  
Making this a rap again, quick to snatch another win  
Let's see the shit you talk, with a nine under your chin  
Your kin wanna sin, your mouth got you in trouble  
Healthy zig-zag, trash ass motherfucker  
I speak and don't stutter, never biting my tongue  
Street sweeping your crumbs, leaving holes in your lungs  
Dropping bombs like Viet, I done peeped you nigga

Southpaw that's raw, while I'm sleeping nigga  
Steady chasing big figgas, while your bitch ass knock me  
Don't steal my style, cause you known to copy  
It's about to get sloppy, you can't fuck with me  
Let the game go, so we can rest in peace  
You keep fucking with me, you in peace with the rest  
Releasing my tech, because you got a hole in your chest  
You're whining about these checks, all you game is garbage  
Treat your rap like shit, flush it down the toilet  
Who the hell done farted, oh that's Pic's bullshit  
Bitch suck more dick, then a porno flick  
I'm a faggot you wish, nigga place your bids  
I'm about to do you dirty, like R. Kelly do kids  
One minute my nig', the Big Ballin' done got bucked  
Big mouth done got shut, it's Doodie I hit em up  
[talking]  
Ha, now y'all tell me who won  
They see me, they run ha  
[Sir Daily]  
Fa sho Slim, Sir Daily make these niggaz retire  
Whining ass cry babies, need to have pacifiers  
Grown men acting like kids, jealous and shit  
But if you cross us in the streets, we putting lead in your clit  
Hundred rounds spit buckers, ain't no testing the tougher  
Watts stuck you like a pussy, so who's next to fuck you  
Sir Daily a crash dummy, you a liar that's false  
Any nigga believe in that, must be sniffing that soft  
I go off at anytime, ain't no stealing my shine  
Hoe ass nigga wanna hate, cause they feeling my rhymes  
I never apologize, to the day that I die  
And when I die I'ma be gangsta, with no tears in my eyes  
From the cradle to the grave, we stay be gangsta ways  
With the Boss Slim stays, cutting paving the way  
Ain't never known to play, you out of line and out of touch  
Everytime them Outlaws touch the mic, you get crushed  
You a fucker boy thoed, nigga bleeding red blood  
You will never hear him say, Sir Daily got hugged  
Cause I go hard nigga, no fraud nigga  
I'm the dealer with the deck, here's your hoe card nigga, hit em up