

Slim Thug, I Ain't Heard Of That (Remix)

(Intro)

Chaaaange Clooothes Reeemixxx-ahh!
(WOO!! C'MON!)

(Chorus - Jay-Z)

I don't take 'em out to eat
I ain't here to trick or treat
I ain't trying to fix your weave
I ain't heard of that!!
I'm just here to train ho's
Put 'em on the main road
Teach 'em how to 'Change Clothes'
I know you heard of that!!
Change your whole attitude
It's time to take off your cool
If it make you wanna move, then move
My niggaz get up on it, live bitches throw it back
Ma, act like you want it
I know you heard of that!!

(Verse - Slim Thug)

I'm the Young Texas A-Rod, K.G. of the game
LeBron James, you niggaz must not know my name
I'm Slim Thugger motherfucker! Tha Big Boss of the South
And I don't just talk it wit my mouth
I back it up wit my vow
Before Jimmy cut the check, it was 50 on my neck
And over 50 in my ear, I'm the Rookie of the Year
I'm here - for the 'Takeover', not out to replace Hova
But there's a new hustla in town, yeah the break's over
Don't get me confused wit the rest of them dudes
I've been Tha Boss down South, I'm just new to a few
Please believe, them niggaz don't do what I do
I got everything them platinum rappers got times two (WHOO! C'MON!)

(Chorus)

(Verse - Slim Thug)

I'm banging them chicks you dream about
Swanging them whips you sing about
Rocking more bling bling than your whole team seem to got
Ask your girl, she'll tell ya the truth
Your boys cool, but you can't fool wit the Boyz-N-Blue
I got something on my neck worth more than yo house
I got something in my yard worth more than yo spouse
I got something on my wrist worth more than ya team
And that car you think clean ain't worth more than my ring
Who yo know roll Bentley 'fore the album drop?
And still got three from Pharrell to make the album hot?
Yeah I hear y'all but don't see you niggaz
Y'all just making words rhyme, y'all ain't seeing no figgas

(Chorus)

(Verse - Slim Thug)

Y'all ain't balling, I saw the shit you drive
You need to call MTV and tell 'em pimp your ride
I'm tired hearing all y'all wimps wit all y'all lies
Fake niggaz dissapear, real niggaz let's rise
I'm rich bitch like Dave Chapelle
Ask Geffen and Interscope why I gave 'em hell
My advance was more than most rappers get paid from sales
I made 'em pay for all them days I was living in hell, yeah!
Now my estate sit on top of the lake

It feels great, I got an R&B chick as my mate (Thugger!)
I does it big my nig, I deserve a plaque
It's Boss Hogg Outlawz, I know ya heard of that!! (WHOO! C'MON!)

(Chorus)

(Verse - Jay-Z)

Young in his button ups, but I'm still cutting up
Don't have me zip down this jacket, open the oven up
The heats drawn and then I heat performers up
Like Long Johns, or LA G warmers
Then be gone in this week's preference
The six duece wagon, never the five seven
You don't need cable to see How I'm Living
All you need is a table in the VIP section
Like Fab, the rap has been good to me
I'm right back to show you, what's hood with me
Since I've retired I've tried to acquire the Nets
Live Wire I told you I aspire for best
Long cry for being under the eye of under the IRS
You're boy's on fuego, like San Diego
You're boy been focused since tre-0
And I ain't talking bout my age though
My payroll - lane to lane on them thang-th-thangs
I give you nightmares, when the year change I change
Nigga I'm right here, we can go thing for thing
We go toy for toy, nigga bling for bling
We can go bitch for bitch, nigga wrist for wrist
You go 0 for everything, I'm six foot six, Young!
.. Chaaaange Clooothes Reeemixxx-ahh!

(Chorus)