

Slim Thug, Love 4 Ya

(Slim Thug)

Playa time dream team, ball more than the king
I guess it's in my blood stream, to be about my green
A new face on the scene, I'm the rap game rookie
Trying to do something new, I'm tired of cooking up cookies
We getting paid down here, living laid down here
Hit the club with bald fades, and braids down here
Slim, E and P, we Texas best
We three hard young G's, that don't settle for less
You can't mess with the Tex, Boss Hogg on chops
When I park at the club, my rims don't stop
They keep cutting, ten G's for these with the button
In the DTS strutting, I ain't want for nothing
From the bottom to the top, and I can't fail
I'm in a click about they mail, I know you can tell
We living swell, cause we got a lot of thangs to sell
I know the FED's on my trail, but I'm giving em hell

(Hook)

Have you ever met them thugs, that can ride like us
Cutting corners burning blocks, looking fly as us
Endo hydro, getting high as us
With the bad yellow broad, on the side of us