

# Slim Thug, Return Of Tha Boss

(\*talking\*)

Somebody's burning close to the ground  
I ain't gon panic, I've been here before  
But I ain't gon lay down, naw naw you sucker  
I ain't gon lay down, (\*laughing\*)

(Slim Thug)

It's the return, of the young boss  
None other than the young Slim Thugger, bout to break them boys off  
Spread the word I got plex  
I'm destroying these hating niggaz, who got next  
I'm bout to clear the set like Lil' Wayne, for disrespecting my game  
Your one second of fame, killed your whole career mayn  
You niggaz oughtta be ashamed, talking down on me  
But you're cutthroat, that's why you turned around on me  
Phony homies, you haters ain't got shit on me  
You haters went left on me, so I left you by your lonely  
I did that, and never took a second look back  
You haters can't go, when the key be off track  
But fuck that, I had to separate myself  
And ever since I did that, I've been making my wealth  
Feel bad for your health, if you ain't on my team  
Y'all ain't packing what it's gon take, to make this green

(Hook)

I wish y'all realize, what it takes to make this do'  
There's no motherfucking way that I, can show you how we roll  
I wish y'all realize, what it takes to make this green  
Moves I'm making with my team, so simple as it seems

That's gangsta for ya, gangsta for ya..

(Slim Thug)

Get your money nigga, don't be a dummy nigga  
Stop hating and watching me, get your own figgas  
From me to you, while we making these c.d.'s  
It's gon help your record sales, more than it help me  
They gon bang mine regardless, you niggaz is garbage  
But y'all buy this shit too, so you see the hardest  
He got 21 niggaz, featured on his shit  
It's all Mr. Slim Thug, spitting out these hits  
I'm The Boss, enough said bobbing boys head  
From the brick to the stead, Slim Thug go FED  
I'm done bread my nigga, I was raised to get paid  
And green sheets of paper, was made to get made  
All day everyday, I stay about it  
If I ain't a real hustler, then how the fuck a nigga got it, ha  
Ricky Lake fake nigga, kill all that talking  
And get your mama out the hood, and stand tall when you walking

(Hook)

(\*talking\*)

When you suckers gon realize  
That ain't nobody crooked where I'm at man  
I earned all this here, grind for this shit  
It ain't easy as it look baby  
You gotta have skills, and you gotta have hustle  
You know I'm saying, you niggaz lacking both  
So shit, I suggest y'all just get a  
Motherfucking job or something, Slim Thugger  
Bossman, get off my piece nigga, ha

