

Slim Thug, The Interview

(Woman interview)

What's good everybody?

It's your girl Alana D.

Chillin' with my boy the boy slim thug

He's from Texas

Now son you've been doin' it real big for awhile

But please, tell us what's the secret to your success?

(Slim)

I'm a bonafide hustla

Used to have to bust bricks down in half

in order to see the cash

That's in the past

Niggas outta see the stash

Went straight to the bentley

Skilled, the S-class

I was a star before I signed autographs

This the beginning, y'all ain't seen my last

When I call myself a hustla,

I ain't talking about moving rocks

I'm talkin' bout them 9's and them aks and them glocks

When y'all was on the corner

out there runnin' from them cops

I was out there sellin' all them local crack spots

Boyz in blue and we creep deep

Motherfuckin' police

we make the rules in the streets nigga

(woman interviewer)

I feel you

I feel you

Now we talk about the style of Texas

NOw many seem to think cause you got that Texas style

That's gonna limit your success

Tell us what you think about that

(Slim)

I'm an H-town nigga

So FUCK y'all niggas

Got a fo'-fo' thatta buck y'all niggas

Stay out my way

Cause nigga I'm not for play

Ya niggas say you G's

That must mean you niggas gay

He's from H-town

But he don't stay where I stay

I'm from the land of the killers

He don't lay where I lay

So get it right motherfuckers

Don't try to put me in the same shoes as them suckers

There's a real thick line between rhymers and some hustlas

Them niggas ain't no gangstas,

Them niggas is some bustas

(Woman interviewer)

Okay talk to 'em

I see you here with all these diamonds, all these chains

You drivin' around in bentley's

But I don't ever see you with any security,

Please, what's the word on that

(Slim)

Pistol grip pump in my lap at all times

They be checkin' other fools, but they ain't checkin' mine

You run up tryin' you gon' be lyin' down dyin'
When you hear that clock clock sound comin' out of the iron
I ain't no fuckin' punk, I suggest you niggas chill
Cause if I pop this trunk, then somebody gon' get killed
This ain't no rap act, my nigga I'm really real
Go on run your ass up, and watch me stop you with the steel
Niggas must be on peel, cause it's evident they
think the boss went soft cause I got a record deal
I do this rap shit cause makin' hits pay my bills
And I could give a fuck what you other suckers feel
For real

(Woman interviewer)
Aight yo, keep doin' your thing
We lookin' out for you brother
You got anything else in the works
What can we expect from you in the future?

(Slim)
Boys in blue, comin' soon