Slim Thug, Who They Talkin 2

(Slim Thug)
Guess who's back again, here to wreck the track again
I split flames, and leave haters blacker than a African
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Guess who's back again, here to wreck the track again
I split flames, and leave haters blacker than a African
When I attack I win, ain't no draws in this
You hearing it out the Boss Hogg, ain't no flaws in this
You bitch niggas got me pissed, trying to slander my name
Trying to cut a nigga wrist, after I hand you the game
Y'all some five percent homies, three bitch ass phonies
I guess I gotta show the world, that y'all ain't got nothing on me
You think you the Northstar, bitch you ain't the Northstar
You disappeared off the earth, fell off by far
He don't even got a car, just a white cup of bar
A one and a two liter, you ain't no block bleeder
I'm talking bout that little sorry hoe, named Lil Mario
When I left the house, I wanted to see just how far he'd go
Nowhere ain't shit changed, since back in the game
He's still broke with no hope, and I guess I'm to blame, ha

(Hook)
Guess who's bizack, back and stacking that do'
Getting green, is all we know
I won't leave my gat, gat in my lap when I roll
Try to jack, and get your bitch ass froze

(Slim Thug)
And who was this other cat, still scoring fifty packs
He 26 but selling dope in the bricks, since way back
I think they call him Black Mario, or Snake Skin
I don't even know this nigga, but I heard him hating
I am the Kappa, I heard you on the twelve tracks
Slim Thug you ain't no thug, I'll lay you flat on your back
Off top boy you wack, drop your pen and your pad-a