

# 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  
Guess who's back again, here to wreck the track again  
I split flames, and leave haters blacker than a African  
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