

Soulja Slim, Yeahh

[talking]

Yeah, it's a different year, you heard me
It's a different year, uh

[Hook x2]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Nigga yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Nigga yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm that nigga, nigga fuck what you talking bout

[Soulja Slim]

You checking my status, ain't you
I'm a Down South nigga, I'm a hell of a gangsta
I got em fucked up, they gon know how I do it
I'm always known, for making cut throat music
I don't fuck around with him, he too dick in the booty
If I say the nigga name, then he'd prolly sue me
He hurting I'm rolling now, then keep it real
Making me or you, show me how
Stole the game, from the bitch nigga like that
There's over one million ways, you could get jacked
Well I'm a street jack artist, I can respect that
That's like me and you hitting a lick, you shoot me in my back
You fucking with the wrong nigga, I'm telling you
Shadow your motherfucking image, make it hell for you
You might feel I'm over due, well come and get me
I keep my heater on me, burn a nigga crispy, make him history

[Hook x2]

[Soulja Slim]

Second verse is worse than the first, your people
Need a corner rebirth, and order a box of white t-shirts
I'ma knock your ass off, I ain't the last Don
I'm the last Dog, one in the manger was under the Nolia
Nigga never could take over Magnolia, Slim here to stay
Nigga know why I smash, anything that's in my way
Hate I'm set tripping, you in ways round my way
If you once, you should know how I handle a AK
Respect me, live by the trigga die by it
Every nigga from New Orleans, keep a gat up on they side
Stay the fuck from round my Bentley, yeah I use to get high
Your bitch told me you say that, after I nutted in her eye
Big girls don't cry, here's a towel wipe your face
Let him know and know he a rat, and he got fucked up stay
Only thing you could do, is suck a nigga dick
Us Cut Throat niggas, keep another nigga bitch

[Hook x2]

[Soulja Slim]

You see, this shit ain't nothing to me
If it wasn't for this, I'd be still in the street
Fuck I'm talking bout, stuck in the street 24-7
Pulled up on the AVE., nigga sold me a Mack 11
That's a throwback gat, gotta stamp that there
Give him dollas, and he can have that there
Make sho it ain't broke, and nothing wrong with the pin
I walked on back, and let ten off in the wind
Dog this ain't fully, he done filed it down
Soldier haters please, just hate me now
I'm Jump-Sly Slim, don't jock my style
You wanna be like me, but you don't know how
The first thang be original, cause if

You get your own style, nigga feel you mo'
And if you gotta be a man, on that river bro
Nigga know, I'm a motherfucking genero'

[Hook x2]