

Slim Thug, Dre

(*talking*)

Yeah, hell yeah, wanna fuck with the Boss huh
Show you bitch made ass niggaz
Slim Thugger, Boss Hogg Outlawz

(Slim Thug)

Mr. Buster, where the fuck you at
Can't box or lick, so you better get your gat
You niggaz some broads, for fucking your road dogs
The click you threw up with, label you blew you with
That's why we don't respect your ass
Now it's time for the Boss, to check your ass fool
Use to be homie, use to be my ace
Now I wanna slap the taste, out your mouth
Make you bow down, Lil' Yo
Hating on me, now I'm hating on you lil' hoe
Oh don't think I forgot, let J-Dog slide
Let Capo ride, just another homicide
Calling me, begging for cash
Dopefiend ass nigga, I get dead in your ass
You should of stayed down, and got paid for verses
But now he ol' broke, bank snatching purses
Stealing cell phone, plumbing for money
You ain't no real G, you's a crash dummy
Talking that killa shit, bitch do what you do
You fucked with me, now it's a must that I fuck with you