

# 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]