

Already Platinum

Slim Thug

Ha-ha-ha-hah hah hah hah hah
Yeah! Yeah! Slim Thugga!
I don't think they ready for this beat
We gon take them boys to Texas right quick

You know Tha Boss talk shit, walk shit, floss shit
Like it don't cost shit, that's why I'm Tha Boss bitch
Got a million worth of cars, bought a million dollar house
From making words rhyme out my million dollar mouth
You can see the watch gloss when you see Tha Boss walk
I keep my lips closed cause it cost when I talk
I'm so flashy, rims so glassy
Pull the dropper out, we gon show them boys nasty
Hood rats harrass me, I don't want the drama
They wanna get put up so they could be me baby mama
But I'm a chill, I'd rather work wood wheel
And throw them vogues and grills on candy automobiles
I'm still tipping on vogues, closing candy blue doors
From the old caddy coupe to the new blue Rolls
I'm from the hood living good, so I'm pimping
I ain't got my plaque in yet, but I'm already platinum

Mayne I'm already platinum
Mayne I'm already platinum
You know I'm already platinum
Mayne I'm already platinum

Skating ass mister, money making ass mister
That Star Trak sign getting way damn bigger
Put Snoop in a coupe, I put Slim in a slab
I put them motherfuckers out wit that one-two jab
Wit the - glamorous jewels, wit the chandelier hues
Everytime I wave my wrist it makes the channel 3 news
In that 100 EX, that two-door shit
Look in my rear view, listen you're too close Thicke
You got it wrong, I don't touch the heaters
Though my Ice Cream sneakers got the drug dealer beepers
Don't let your Ego eat ya, shh! let me teach ya
All that brrrr make ya chest look just like some pizza
Huh!! You see what's happening, we King Kong smashing em
When new bitches is on my arm, the paparazzi is snapping em
The future's ours - and yours is blackening
Me and Tha Boss nigga, we already platinum

You ain't saying shit, you're weak and prom too
I'm making money making beats, and plus I pop too
Playa chill, don't get ya body chopped & screwed
Have ya sucking through a straw just to opt for food
About face and walk our way on too
Let the ladies in here do what they gon do
Seem like my wrist been dipped in diamond fondue
It's not just me, my man got one too

I got my mind on cash and my grind on smash
Nowadays I gotta count my money by the bags
I done ran through the rags, now I get to see riches
Went from having rats to the superstar bitches

Used to never leave out them Northside blocks
Now I'm going to parties in Miami on yachts
And the grind don't stop, everytime you hear me rapping
Without the plaque in, I'm still already platinum

It feels so good ma, ma to be platinum
Ha-ha-ha-hah hah hah hah hah
EVS diamonds and Bentley macking
Ha-ha-ha-hah hah hah hah hah
So sick this VSOPN a passion
Ha-ha-ha-hah hah hah hah hah
And after that you and I will be smashing
Ha-ha-ha-hah hah hah hah hah