

## Associates

Slim Thug

Ain't no such things as friends only associates  
So if you run up on me I'm pulling my gun out of my holster bitch  
I don't like watching my back so when I bust I'm a unload the clip  
But I'd rather expect you just give me the respect I'm suppose to get  
Gangsta shit

All my niggas is gone my damn bitch done cut  
I got sum shit on my dome an  
Then they love me or what  
I'm one deep with my chrome like I ain't giving a fuk  
If I got to do this alone fuk it that's wassup  
They say it's lonely at the top an you  
Gon see who your real friends  
No more fo doors I'm riding a coop benz  
Keepin it moving ain't focused on shit but not losing  
If you don't fuk with me don't fuk with me  
It's not confusing  
And when you speak on my name watch the words your choosing  
You soundin like a hater to me it's so amusing  
Instead of moving on trying to do your  
Own thang  
You recruiting for the we hate Slim Thug gang  
But ain't shit change here mayne  
I'm still the same  
Life good up out the hood shit I can't complain  
These niggas say they down but they  
Just pretend  
I'm ridin solo to the end  
Fuk friends

Sometimes I wonder if god forgot about me  
And would my people miss me if they had to do without me  
Cause anything ain't no love  
A nigga you think is yo homie is runnin up in yo girl everytime you leave he  
r  
Lonely  
Each and everytime I leave my house all three of my guns is on me  
Ain't none of you niggas is goin to  
Be kicking or punching on me  
And I learned my lesson about callin my homies when I need'em  
Out of eleven one and a half  
Shows up and the rest I still ain't seen'em  
One deep till I'm on my back  
Ya'll fellas out might be on my sack  
I'll shoot a  
Muthafucker if a muthafucker jump out of line then I'm a put'em back in line  
2006 forever gloc 40 with hollows in mind  
It's amazing how something so small can flip yo bitch ass anytime  
I'm an og original gangster mayne organized general  
Army ready to drop off chemicals  
64 545 criminals  
But it's buisness  
Whenever I'm seen with a crowd that I'm not feeling  
Enter the conversation and paper in my pocket I'm not feeling  
  
I done seen a whole lot in these 26 years  
Never thought I had peers that was undercover queers

Tell these snitches in my  
Circle awhile back I wuld've murked yuh  
I vouch for me an mine  
Till the gavel drop down  
An judge gave my time since I hogged up  
The ripper  
The last time I heard from my niggas  
Still in denial in the begginin of my sentence  
Two months turned to years and them years  
Turned to bitches  
Sittin in my cell doin sets of push ups  
No money no mail that's okay that's wassup  
Momma made a man but these streets raised  
A soldier  
Where they kill a real nigga make a mo daycloder  
I never fold up  
I'm a do my time bitch  
I'm a make parole hoe  
Get out and shine trick  
You fuck niggas better stay out my way  
I awready wanna blow off yo face  
For violating the code nigga