

I spit hits like a jukebox, stay thugged out like 2Pac
Everytime something new drop, it's G shit not hip-hop
I speak for those who rip glocks, and leave these haters lips locked

My underground sell mo' than your, real album ship out
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Slow down or sped up, I'll make you bob your head up
Hustle till you fed up, tell you stack your bread up
Falling off you'll never see, Slim got long jeopardy
Real hits what you get from me, me and Watts like family
And I be damned if we can't do our job, and make you bob
I'm signing c.d.'s for you, your niece and your Uncle Rob
Saying stay down, jam everything we lay down
If I can't drive to your town, I'll send this shit through Greyhound

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Got boys from Kansas, hollin' bout how they jam this
From Germany to Japan, they can't understand this
This ain't no local shit, we worldwide bitch
Got Swishahouse and Boss Hogg, in your ride trick
They wanna drop like us, and stack a knot like us
Can't pay they bills with they skills, so they copy us
Some trendsetters, some go-getters
Use to be down but shit, now they bootleggers

Now they-now they bootleggers
Now they-now they bootleggers

Hating on my profit, digging in my pocket
And I'ma do what it take, to make sure you stop it
See I got bills to pay, and plenty meals to make
And if you in my way, the AK'll spray
I make a G a day, sometimes three a day
That's times 3-65, now y'all see my pay
That's last year, next year me and E album dropping
So Northside and Southside, it's time to do some shopping